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HUMAN LIFE:

ILLUSTRATED IN

MY INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCE

AS

A CHILD, A YOUTH, AND A MAN.

BY HENRY CLARKE WRIGHT.

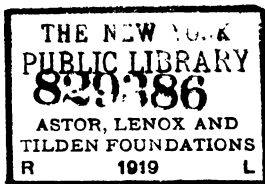
"There is properly no history; only biography."

R. W. EMERSON.

BOSTON.

PUBLISHED BY BELA MARSH, 25 CORNHILL.

1849.



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INTRODUCTION.

Two objects are aimed at in the following pages. One is, to present human life as it is illustrated in the thoughts, feelings, actions, and revolutions of an individual human being; the other is, to show the absurdity of that religion which sends us away from the earth, and all human relations and obligations, into unknown regions of space, to find something to love and worship as God.

The history of a church or government is but the history of the fagot, the gallows, the sword, the bayonet and bombshell; of fraud, superstition, hypocrisy, wrath and revenge. Trace the history of human beings, who, as priests and politicians, religionists and citizens, represent ecclesiastical and governmental institutions, and you learn nothing of them as parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbors. The history of man, as a human being, is one thing; his history, as a church or

state, another and a very different thing. The following is an attempt to trace the history of a responsible human being, and not of an irresponsible social organization. Human life is beautiful and lovely, as it is manifested in the domestic and social relations, affections and sympathies; but as it appears in the councils and doings of religious and civil organizations, it is like a demon of superstition, wrath and revenge, whose progress is marked by tears and blood.

I believe in the existence of a God of justice and love; who made man, and put him under laws which are holy, just and good, and which cannot be violated with impunity. Though He exists separate from and independent of man and this universe, yet he can be truly loved and worshipped by us only in the exercise of affection, and of just and kindly offices towards our fellow-men. To love them with a love that seeketh not her own, is to love God; and to hate them, is to hate God; to do good to men, and to prepare ourselves for this work, is our only true and acceptable worship of the Deity. What is called God by Christendom and Heathendom, is but a convenient cover for the crimes that men perpetrate on men, under the names of war and slavery. The being that ever did or ever can sanction these wrongs, by whatever name called, or however revered and worshipped, is but a cruel and bloody spectre of the brain, a phantom God, and has no affinity to Him who made man, gave forth the principles of Christianity, and tells all his children to put away anger, malice and revenge, and to be

gentle, just, loving and kind. Henceforth I would love and serve my Maker by loving and serving my fellow-beings; and dwell in Him by dwelling in his children. I would worship Him whom I have not seen, by exercising love and good-will towards those whom I have seen. A religion and God that sanctify slavery, and war, and every crime, in this world, can do nothing for us in any other state of existence.

Many, whose smiles and affection have cheered my pathway in childhood, in youth and manhood, will perhaps be grieved and shocked by what I have written. I can only say, I was long ago disgusted with a religion without honesty, and with a God without truth, justice or mercy. To be an honest and Christian man, and a worshipper of the true God, I have been obliged to renounce such a religion and such a God. I have done so in this volume; and can only hope that others may be induced, by my unhappy experience, to cease training their children to believe in a religion and a God that are at war with the self-evident truths and facts of their social and spiritual existence. If this book shall help to bring men into a closer affinity of spirit with Him who is love, justice and truth, and induce them to show their love and reverence for Him in affection and sympathy, and deeds of kindness, justice and equity towards their fellow-beings, my aim in publishing it will have been accomplished.

The present volume brings down my experience in human affairs to 1835. It is interspersed with extracts from

my journal kept in Europe, from 1842 to 1847, in the form of letters addressed to William Lloyd Garrison. Should my life and health be spared, I intend to publish a volume next year, mainly composed of extracts from my journal, kept in Britain and Ireland, and while at the Water-Cure Establishment in Graefenberg, and during my travels on the continent of Europe.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Boston, March 22, 1849.

LETTER I.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

ROCHANE COTTAGE, ROSENEATH, SCOTLAND, }
Thursday, June 3d, 1847. }

DEAR FRIEND :

I have often been importuned to give an account of my experience in HUMAN LIFE. I intend to occupy the few weeks I am to spend in this romantic spot in trying to redeem the pledge I have given to comply with that request. I am on the shore of Gare Loch, amid the impressive scenery of the Western Highlands. I have spent most of the past two summers here, in the family of the Patons, of Glasgow. The family consists of a brother, named Andrew, and two sisters, named Catharine and Eliza, the latter of whom is married to James Anderson. They constitute one family. There is also a child, daughter of James and Eliza Anderson, now about six years old. As her life has been blended with mine during my stay among the Highlands, I shall hereafter have more to say of her as my playmate and companion in all my wanderings, by the shores of these Lochs, over these Heather Mountains, and through these Glens.

I have spent most of my time the past two years in Scotland, lecturing on war and slavery, and have made my home in the Paton family. Andrew is a merchant in Glasgow, and in the spring they take a furnished cottage in the Highlands, on the shores of some one of these Lochs, and here they spend some four months for the benefit of pure air and bathing. To go down the Clyde and among the Highlands, to spend the summer, is a general practice among merchants and manufacturers in Glasgow. They bring their families down, and leave them here to enjoy the air, the bathing and scenery. The men come down Saturday to spend Sunday with their families,

and then they return to the city Monday morning, to pursue their avocations during the week.

These movings "down the water," as they call it, take place in May, and the first of June. They are moving scenes, and furnish a pleasant picture of social and domestic life in Scotland. You would think all Glasgow was on the move. Every thing in the shape of a steamer is crowded, daily and hourly, and they float down the Clyde loaded with women and children, and all sorts of household goods and pet animals. As I purpose, in this review of my existence, to mingle a little of the present with the past, I will give, in the shape of letters addressed to yourself, extracts from my journal, written as I go along the pathway of life. I would say, that for many years I have been accustomed to carry a "Patent Memorandum Book, with Metallic Pencil," in my hand or pocket, in all my journeyings. In this I have written down whatever seemed worthy of note in passing scenes, as illustrative of the opinions, character, manners, customs, and social, religious and political institutions and condition of those with whom I have mingled. The following is taken from notes written on board the steamer to-day, as we came down the Clyde.

STEAMER SUPERB, ON THE CLYDE, }
Thursday, June 3d, 1847, 4 o'clock, P. M. }

"At 3, P. M., we all came from our home in Glasgow, 16 Richmond street, to the Broomielaw. James, Catharine, — wee Catharine, as the child is called; or my 'Wee Darling,' as she calls herself and as I call her, — and myself, came with the baggage, and entered the steamer Superb, to go down to our Highland cottage home. There was a great bustle at the Broomielaw, pushing and pulling among porters, passengers and policemen. We finally got all things aboard, and at four started off. Here we go, in fine style, and the breeze is fresh and cool. The heat in the city is intolerable. We now pass Govan, two miles below Glasgow, — a sweet, quiet spot, on the left bank of the river. Down we go, and now are passing Renfrew, also on the left bank, where people land to go up to Paisley, some two or three miles distant. Now we pass Bowling

Bay, on the right bank of the river, where the Clyde and Forth Canal enters the Clyde; and there is the dwelling of John Murray, one of the boldest and most untiring advocates of liberty of this or of any other age; and behind it, the lofty and beautiful hill called Dun Arbeck. This is ten miles below Glasgow. On we go, and now pass Dun-Glass, where it is said are remains of an old Roman wall.

"Now we approach the Rock, or Castle of Dunbarton, famed in the annals of Scotland, and the spot whence Mary, Queen of Scots, sailed to England—the theatre of her long imprisonment and murder. This high rock rises up several hundred feet out of a dead level, directly in front of the town of Dunbarton, and is surrounded on three sides by the waters of the Clyde and the Leven, which, coming down from Loch Lomond, here enters the Clyde. A boat comes off from Dunbarton to take ashore some of our passengers.

"I sit here and look up the beautiful vale of Leven seven miles, to the foot of Loch Lomond. Ben Lomond rises up over the Loch—one of the highest of the Western Highlands. Now we steer away down to Greenock, a fine, shipping town, twenty miles below Glasgow, on the left bank of the river. About one mile below Greenock, the Clyde turns short to the south, directly opposite the foot of Loch Long.

"We have a singularly motley collection on the deck of our steamer. Many families, like ourselves, are aboard. Mothers, children, and servants, without number, all going down the water, with all sorts of domestic utensils and animals, to spend the summer. Two blind fiddlers are scraping their cracked violins, and crowds of children are around them, giving them pennies for their music. Near by me is a Highland piper, in full costume, playing and dancing, to the great amusement of all who can be thus amused. We have some Highland ponies; many *cats*, in charge of children, and enclosed in baskets; and these are restless enough, as their sad complaints indicate. Some lap-dogs are with us, and these add to the merry din and confusion. "My Wee Darling" is sitting by me, greatly enjoying the mewling of kittens, the barking of dogs, and the music and dancing. I have just been singing to her, 'When we went gipsying, a long time ago.'

"We are now passing across the Clyde to Ellensborough, which lies nearly opposite Greenock. Here we let out many passengers

and much of the luggage. Now we stop at Rowe, a sweet spot, the cottages standing amid bushes and trees. Here we discharge another portion. Now we call at Roseneath, a landing-place at the entrance of Gare Loch, and not far from the castle of Roseneath—a residence of the Duke of Argyle. Having let out several at this landing, we now are entering Gare Loch, running up to the north from the Clyde some six miles. We are now moving amid some of the boldest and most beautiful scenery of Dunbartonshire and Argyleshire. It is pleasant to go up this Loch once more. When I last came down, I never expected to enter it again. We are now at Shandon, on the east shore of the Loch, directly opposite Rochane Cottage, where is to be our home for the season. Here there is a great bustle in landing passengers and luggage, in boats, there being no wharf. Now we cross the Loch to Rochane Ferry, and John, the ferryman, comes out to take us ashore. It is a bright, sunny day, and this is a scene of enchantment. During May and June, the numerous steamers on the Clyde daily present scenes similar to ours of this day, of families going ‘down the water.’ In September and October, the same scenes are witnessed, of families going ‘up the water,’ to winter in Glasgow. But we must all land now.”

ROCHANE COTTAGE, 7 o'clock, P. M.

“We landed at the ferry. There found the owner of our cottage, with his cart, to take up our luggage. So Catharine, myself and the child walked down the Loch half a mile, then turned into a gate and walked up a steep hill-side to the cottage, which was ready to receive us. The cottage has four little rooms on the ground floor, and two little chambers, or attics; and for this and the furniture, and a little garden spot, the family pays \$100 for four months. The cottage overlooks Gare Loch, standing on the side of a mountain, sloping to the east down to the shore of the Loch, which is here about one and a half miles wide. Several trees and bushes surround the cottage, and a brook, or burn, (as it is here called,) of soft water, scampers down past the north side of the cottage into the Loch. Here I am now, in my Highland attic, where I shall stay several weeks, and write out a history of my existence thus far, and trace the influence of the maxims, opinions, customs and institutions of society upon my character and happiness.”

This, dear friend, is a lovely spot, and endeared to me by many pleasing and hallowed associations. I have, as I said, spent two seasons amid this great and glorious workmanship of an Almighty hand. It is a region to which a man would wish to retire for reflection to inquire — WHO HE IS? WHENCE HE CAME? WHITHER HE IS GOING?

In the following account, I shall consider my existence under three heads, i. e.:

I. THE CHILD;

II. THE YOUTH;

III. THE MAN.

I shall relate my thoughts, feelings and actions, and the incidents and opinions that have affected my life, without any particular order, except as they relate to the above-named periods. I have had fifty years' experience in human life and human affairs. If those who come after me to act a part in the interesting and pleasant drama of human existence shall be made wiser, better and happier by my experience, the single object of the following pages will have been answered, and the only reward which the author seeks, or for which he cares, will have been obtained.

Adieu!

HENRY CLARKE WRIGHT.

WRIGHT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART I.—THE CHILD.

PARENTAGE.

I began to be on Tuesday, August 29, 1797, in the township of Sharon, in the County of Litchfield, and in the State of Connecticut—a few miles from the neat and beautiful village of Sharon; on the top of a high and sterile chain of hills, whose eastern base is washed by the wild river *Housatonic*. The place commanded an extensive view of the Housatonic valley. The name of this river is of Indian origin, and a tribe of Indians of the same name dwelt upon its borders, and fished in its waters, when the Puritans settled that region:

Both my parents bore the name of Wright before marriage. My father, SETH WRIGHT, was born Jan. 1, 1755, in Lebanon, (now Columbus,) in the County of New London and State of Connecticut, and was a descendant from a family that fled from persecution in England, about 1635. My mother, MIRIAM WRIGHT, was born in Northampton, in the State of Massachusetts, and was descended from a family of Wrights that settled in Boston about 1630. Thus I am a descendant from the Puritans, of whom I shall have occa-

sion to speak hereafter. A feeling pervades New England, that a man thus descended has an hereditary claim to the character and principles of his ancestors. To be a lineal representative of that character and those principles is accounted by some a high distinction. It will be seen, in the progress of this narrative, in what estimation I hold this privilege.

My mother bore eleven children to my father, seven sons and four daughters, of whom I was the tenth child. Nine of these children lived to grow up and have families.

From the first settlement of New England, it was the general custom of parents, whatever their circumstances, to train their children to some manual labor, and to habits of industry and reliance upon their own energies for subsistence. My father was a *farmer*; i. e., he owned land and cultivated it with his own hands. He was also a *house-joiner*; an occupation that is of essential importance and highly lucrative in a newly settled country, where houses and barns must of necessity be built of wood as the cheapest and only available material. My mother was skilled in all the arts of domestic labor appertaining to the economy, comfort and physical well-being of her household; in cooking, spinning, weaving, sewing and knitting. At the time of my birth, and during the period of my childhood, it was the universal custom, throughout the country, to clothe families by domestic manufactures; and it was an essential part of the education of daughters to learn to spin and weave, and to sew and knit, as well as to cook. Wives and daughters personally superintended the work of preparing food and raiment for the family, while it was the business of husbands and sons to supply the raw materials. Of course, my parents taught their children, both sons and daughters, useful occupations, from which they might derive support by the labor of their hands; and to this spirit, and to habits of self-reliance, I believe we have owed much of the enjoyment of our lives. We were taught to find the sources of comfort and happiness within ourselves, and never to rest content to be appendages to individuals or to society. We were taught how to prepare the earth for seed; to sow, to plant, to nurture, and gather

in the various crops ; and all but one were instructed in one or more branches of manufacture. Four of them were taught the art of dying and dressing cloth ; a trade most useful and profitable in a country where clothing is made in the domestic circle ; and three of these were, also, house-joiners. The trade to which I was apprenticed will, in due time, be named. The music of the domestic spinning wheel and loom, though now seldom heard, is still pleasant to me.

Of the character and religious tenets of my parents, it is necessary to speak here, inasmuch as they have powerfully affected my life thus far, and will to the end. Whether it be the right and duty of parents to take advantage of the docility, filial love and confidence of their children, to enstamp on their susceptible minds their own religious tenets, I shall not discuss. It is sufficient to say, that my life has been powerfully influenced by the religious principles and early training of those who had the care of my childhood. I cannot refrain from the remark, that, according to my experience, it is one of the greatest misfortunes of a man's earthly existence to have enstamped upon his childhood theological opinions, a belief in which he is trained to regard as a duty and essential to his well-being, but which are so utterly at variance with those laws which are written by the Divine Hand upon his intellectual, moral, social and physical being, that, in the progress of life, observation and stern experience oblige him to reject them as absurd and untrue. That man is destined to be the victim of anxiety, doubt, and mental suffering, whose theological opinions, early imbibed and sacredly cherished, and hallowed by all the sweet memories that cluster around childhood, are at war with the facts of his spiritual and physical existence ; facts which must, sooner or later, force themselves upon his notice and his credence. Bitter must be that man's experience, whose childhood theology is at war with his humanity. Happy, in reference to these early impressions, is he who never doubts ; for "*he that doubts is damned.*"

My parents were Calvinists, belonged to the Congregational Church, had a high regard for the Westminster Catechism, and carefully and regularly instructed their children

in its doctrines. They were exact in going to meeting ; in having their children baptized ; in observing the ordinance of the supper ; in reading the Bible and praying in the family morning and evening ; in saying grace at the table ; in observing Sabbaths, fast and thanksgiving days. A chapter was read in the morning before the prayers, but never in the evening, except on Sunday evenings. The old Family Bible — a very large, venerable book, in which all the marriages, births and deaths in the family were recorded — was ever an object of peculiar veneration to my childish thoughts ; and when it was taken down from its accustomed resting-place in the old book case in one corner of the kitchen, and above the reach of the smaller children — a place made by my father on purpose to hold it — that book was always taken down, opened, read, closed and put away, with a reverence and solemnity accorded to no other book ; and that inspired me with a solemn veneration for the Book. In reading it, my father began at the beginning, and read it, chapter by chapter, and verse by verse, to the end — generally without a word of explanation to his children, and then began and read the same over again. The chapter was read, though containing nothing but the names of persons and places totally unmeaning and unpronounceable to the children. That family Book, which my father used to read with so much unction and solemnity, was like no other book to me ; I could sport over other books, but I could not be light and laughing over that. I venerated the Book, not its contents ; for with these, at that time, I had but little acquaintance. Though naturally of a free, joyous and happy turn of mind, my father was also stern, prompt and determined. In the government of his children, he allowed but little familiarity on their part towards him, never allowing us to speak to him or of him, as thou, or you, he or him ; but only by the appellation of father, or by a word of equivalent meaning. When in his presence, a look, or a tap of his foot on the floor, was enough to guide us and keep us quiet. My father was a compound of light-hearted, frolicsome, happy joyousness, combined with great sternness and determination. Such was the character of his mind, as it impressed me in

childhood; and that mind was embodied in a well-developed, firmly knit, agile and powerful physical frame, that was capable of great efforts and great endurance. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, that separated the colonies from Great Britain; and almost my first distinctly remembered impressions of him, refer to him as the leader of a military band, dressed in regimentals, in cocked-hat and epaulettes, and marching about at the head of his company, with a drawn sword in his hand, to the tune of HEAVENLY UNION. His promptness, his sternness, his cool determination, and his energy, fitted him to be a warrior.

Though so punctilious in the outward observances of religion, these, in his case, were not substituted for justice, truth and honesty between man and man, as they often are. Nor did his religious dogmas and observances have much connection with his social and business virtues. One little act in my father, which I witnessed when about eight years old, gave me a more exalted opinion of him than all his attention to outward forms of religion, and made a deeper impression for good on my mind touching his character, than all the prayers I ever heard him make. It was the following:

There was a great scarcity of corn. The crops had been cut short generally. My father had had a large crop of Indian corn the previous year, and when there was none to be had elsewhere, he had a good supply. One morning, a man came from a distance to get a bushel of Indian corn. My father went to his corn barn to let him have it. I went with him. He measured it out, and put it into his bag. The man took out three dollars, and handed it to him in payment for the corn—that being the current price per bushel. My father took the money, changed it, and handed back one dollar and three quarters, retaining only one dollar and a quarter. The man was surprised, and asked him why he did not take the three dollars, as that was the common price. My father replied, “that one dollar and a quarter would give him a just remuneration, and he could not thrive by taking advantage of the misfortunes of others to enrich himself.” The beauty of this act I understood and appre-

ciated ; his religious observances I did not comprehend. I saw not their use ; I saw not how they benefitted God or man.

Such were some of the impressions of childhood respecting my father's character ; and powerfully has my destiny thus far been affected by those impressions.

REMOVAL INTO THE WESTERN COUNTRY.

When I was four years old, my father removed, with his family, into what was then called, in Connecticut, the Western country—now Central New York ; and settled in the township of Hartwick, in the county of Otsego. I have an indistinct recollection of the parting with the old place and friends of that mountain home in Sharon—of the journey, in the depths of snow and a cold winter, with my mother and the younger children rolled up in blankets and overcoats, and stowed away in a sleigh—and of our arrival and settlement in our new home in the wilderness. For our home was surrounded by dark forests, only one family being settled within half a mile of us.

On our journey, we attempted to cross the Hudson river, at Albany, on the ice—about one quarter of a mile wide. The ice had become rotten, and water stood *on* the ice, as well as flowed under it. As the sleigh was crossing, in which were my mother and the younger children, one of the horses broke through the ice into the deep river. This caused great alarm, lest the whole should be dragged under and drowned. I remember the alarm and commotion, and the struggle to rescue the horse, and the success of it. Then my father turned back, and went six miles up the river to Troy, and crossed there.

Our new home was in a comparative wilderness. Not a house was in sight. The nearest neighbor on the South and East lived over a mile from us. On the West, the nearest lived three-fourths of a mile, and on the North, over one-fourth of a mile ; and thick, dark forests intervened between us and them, except the one on the North. The farm

which my father had bought contained 160 acres, and about half of it was cleared of the trees, though the stumps were for the most part remaining. The house was formed of wood, and covered with clapboards and shingles; and floored and ceiled inside with pine and hemlock boards. It stood close on the bank of a creek of clear, soft water, that served for all purposes of cooking, drinking and washing. To that babbling, bright brook, the children had to repair, morning and evening, to wash their hands, faces and feet. That brook, and an elm tree on its banks, near the house, under which I rolled, and romped, and shouted for joy of heart, are very dear objects of early recollection. A saw-mill — invaluable items of living in a new country — was on this brook, a short way above our house, whose dam used, sometimes, to give way; and then, such a rush and roar of waters! sweeping fences, bridges, pigs, sheep and cattle away, and spreading wide the desolation. As a child, I used to think the geese were very silly creatures, in the coldest nights of winter, to sit in that brook all night, with their feet and legs in the water, and the ice all around them. I wondered at it. Many an hour, too, have I lain on the banks of that brook, and looked into its waters, and seen the cattle, bushes and trees, on the opposite bank, in the water, upside down. How the sun, moon, or stars, that I often saw in the bright water, came to be seen down there, was a marvel to me. When this mystery of a world beneath the water was first explained to me, it gave me infinite satisfaction.

Within twenty rods of the house, on the east, was a grove of huge pines, and beyond them lay the forest of nature. rising up the side of a mountain a mile high, close to the foot of which stood the house; so that the sun seldom shone upon us till about two hours after it had arisen. On the west, running north and south, was a mountain of about the same height, so that the sun went down to us long before its setting. My father's farm lay in the rich, narrow valley between the two mountains, extending up the sides of that on the east. The Otsego Creek ran south under the base of the mountain on the west, and the bright and dearly remem-

bered brook that ran by the door flowed into it. The large stream was called the "Great Creek," and the one by the house the "Small Creek." These mountains, on the east and west, were covered to their tops with native forest trees, of Hemlock, Pine, Beech, Birch, Cherry, Sugar Maple, Bird's-eye, Curled Maple, and other forest trees, of great height and circumference. For many miles around us, most of the dwellings of the settlers, who had set down amid the forest, and made small clearings or openings in it, were mere temporary houses of logs, laid one above the other; the ends, at the four corners, being notched to settle into one another, and the openings between the logs filled in with clay. The chimneys and hearths were made of stone, put together often without mortar, and with huge fireplaces, in which logs and sticks of wood could be burnt from four to five feet long; and within these fireplaces often were stone seats, where persons could sit by the fire and gaze up out at the top of the chimney, and see the snow and rain come down by day, or the stars twinkle by night. These log cabins cost from forty to fifty dollars each.

The floors of these primitive cabins were usually of boards, and altogether, they made comfortable dwellings, and could be divided into as many small rooms as were necessary. But the ambition of all settlers was to displace the log by a framed house, as soon as possible; but to do this, carpenters and house-joiners, and saw-mills and nails, were necessary, and these were not so easily obtained in new settlements. In building these framed houses, my father's services were in great demand. Many happy weeks and months have I spent in these log cabins, amid a surrounding wilderness, and felt secure from injury from man or beast, and that without lock or key, bolt or bar, police or military; and sounds that came up from that wilderness from ten thousand throats of insects, reptiles, beasts and birds, as the sun went down and night settled over the scene, were the sweet lullaby of my childhood.

My father lived ten miles from Cooperstown — so called, after the father of James Fennimore Cooper, the novelist. Judge Cooper, as he was called, at the close of the Revolu-

tionary war, had come into possession of a vast tract of land in Otsego County, and had fixed his residence there, and in due time a village was formed. It was the county town, where lawyers and courts acted as the tools of the wrath and revenge of others, and where they dealt out what is called justice to their deluded clients. Never was a village more beautifully located. It stood at the south end or foot of Otsego lake; a lake ten or twelve miles in length, and averaging from one and a half to two miles in breadth, and imbedded in mountains. From the south end of this lake issued the Susquehannah river, which, after winding its way many hundreds of miles to the south, through a rich and romantic valley, falls into the Chesapeake Bay. Coopers-town, though composed of few houses, and rude, with few exceptions, was the only market town for many miles around. Here the settlers went for articles of food and clothing which they could not raise and manufacture themselves. To my childish imagination, that rude, little village, with its few shops, was an object of deep interest; and when I first went with my father to that village, I could hardly conceive one more important and privileged than myself. It was an era in my life not to be forgotten; and no city, since seen, in America or Europe, has effaced the impression then received; and to this day, I regard that then little village of cabins, [now a large town,] on the shore of Otsego Lake, and surrounded with forests on all sides but one, (the Lake,) with a feeling of awe and interest which I attach to no other city or town.

DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

This was an event that deeply affected the happiness of the family, and the first to give me an idea of death as applying to human beings. I was five years old. It was evening. My father had just come home from his labor abroad. We were all seated around the supper table. The scene is fresh in my mind. One of my sisters anxiously cried out, "Mother, what is the matter?" She answered, sweetly and calmly, "Don't be alarmed about me; all is well."

This called the attention of my father and all to her. She was carried to her bed, and never spoke again. In a few hours she was dead. She died of apoplexy. I stood by her bedside, frightened to see her so pale, silent and motionless. My heart was heavy, for I was told that she would never look at me nor speak to me again. The neighbors came in for miles around. They took away my mother, to bury her in the ground, as I was told. All the family went away with her, except myself and a younger brother, who were left in charge of a kind neighbor. I looked out of the window, and saw them carry her away. My young heart was desolate when I found my mother was no more to come back. But I brooded over my feelings in silence. Only into the bosom of an older sister, who became to me as a mother, could I pour my aching heart. She talked to me of my mother, and called out my sympathies. How often since then have I thought of my desolation and the conduct of that sister, when I have seen children in sorrow, and wished that parents and older people would call out and soothe their lacerated feelings. My mother was buried at the foot of a high hill, or cliff, amidst some beech and pine trees, in a solitary spot, which, in after life, was often visited by me.

To my young heart, my father's house ceased to be a home, when my mother was carried out of it, no more to return. I heard my father speak and read of the dead being raised up, and this made me hope that my mother might be raised and brought home; for I could have no idea of death, except the body becoming cold and silent, and being buried in the ground. I felt a longing in my heart, for a time, that nothing could fill; a sense of loneliness which no kindness could cheer. However kind a father and older brothers and sisters may be, they can never supply the place of a mother to a child.

After some months, my father married again, and brought another woman into the house, whom I was told to call mother; but it was long before I could call her so. It seemed to me a falsehood, for I knew that she was a *stranger*, and not my *mother*. She took charge of the younger children, four of us, all boys.

My step-mother bore three children, daughters, to my father, of whom I was very fond. I had no greater enjoyment than attending to them, in carrying them in my arms, playing with them, and making them happy. I would have left any sports to care for those sisters; and when I came from school, or was freed from other labors, I would go to the house to be with them. When they were sick, I felt an indescribable anxiety and desolation, and could neither eat nor sleep, play nor work, in any comfort, and only wished to linger around their cradle, to rock them, to be near and to watch them.

DEATH OF A BROTHER NEXT OLDER THAN MYSELF.

About two years after my mother died, my brother, whose name was Milton, and who, being about two years older than myself, was my most intimate playmate in the family, followed her to the grave. This was a great loss to me; for he was a bold, generous, active boy, and my spirit chimed in with his more than with any other member of the family. I loved his reckless daring, and restless activity. He was seized with a nervous or brain fever, and, in a few days, was dead.

I have a vivid recollection of his death. It was midnight; I was in my bed, and, with the rest of the family was called up to be present at the closing scene. I came down in haste; entered the room; my dying brother and playfellow was sitting in a chair. All the family were standing around. I stood near my brother. He spoke not a word—did not seem to see or know any of us. That room was silent, disturbed only by the short breathings of my dying brother, and the stifled sobs of the loving ones around him. How I longed to hear that brother's voice speaking to me! But he ceased to breathe, and was laid on the bed. Then came the funeral, of which I remember only the neighbors coming in, and the last look at my playmate and bedfellow brother, as he lay in his coffin. He looked so pale, and seemed so still and silent! I could not understand it. What mystery

is in death, to young children! My impressions of death, as it appeared in my brother, were very distressing and indefinite. I had my queries and speculations about death then, as I have often had since; and the uppermost feeling in my mind was, that I should run, laugh and play with him no more, and that his enjoyments were taken from him. Even then, I believe, if I could have been impressed with the idea that death was gain to him, and that he was gone to a brighter, more joyous and more active scene of happiness, I should have felt lighter-hearted about it, and more reconciled to Him who had taken my brother away. For I had an impression that God had killed my playmate, and I had no one to tell me that He had taken him away to make him more joyous. The theology of my childhood did not teach me thus to regard the matter; it shrouded Death in gloom and horror, even when it appeared in the form of a child. There was nothing bright or joyous in my view of the death of my loving playmate; and deep and settled was my feeling of resistance to God for taking him away from his plays and his enjoyments, and making him so cold, and still, and silent; for I was told that God had killed him. I could not understand it. My feelings were dark and unreconciled. I heard my father and others speak of God as loving and kind to all, but how he could be so and kill my brother, and take him from all his sports, in which he so delighted, I could not understand. I was seven years old, and I had many such thoughts about my brother's death. These perplexities were in me; I could not avoid them; and if I had had some one to speak to me *affectionately and cheerfully*, to bring them out and explain them, it would have given me relief, and spared me many sad hours, then and afterward.

I am persuaded the practice of investing death with terror and gloom, by parents, teachers, and clergymen, is dishonorable to Him who has wisely and lovingly appointed man to die, and is attended with pernicious consequences. Natural death is not a natural calamity, but is as really the fruit of divine love and goodness as are life and health. As well characterize the change of a caterpillar from the chrysalis to the butterfly state as a natural evil. The death of

the body, so far from being a punishment for sin, is designed to be a most joyous and longed-for change of the mode of existence — an introduction to a higher, more happy, and more beautiful state of being. It should be presented to children as an angel of love and beauty, and not as an insatiable monster, existing only to devour.

But my brother was carried away from me, and laid beside my mother at the foot of the hill under the beech trees. I was taken along with the rest to see it done. It was done by the neighbors, and we all stood round looking on, till they had put him in the ground and covered him up; and then my father, according to custom, took off his hat, and thanked them for their kindness to him, in his sorrow, in helping him to bury his dead. We all went home, and I went to the places where my brother and I had played together, and then I felt most deeply my bereavement. I gathered together his little playthings, and kept them long as mementos of my departed playmate. In time, the sorrow and loneliness caused by his death passed from my mind; but the effects of that event have never ceased. There were ranklings in my heart and dubitations about it, long after the days of my childhood had passed away. Often have I thought that those parents, preachers and teachers, whose theology leads them to give to children such impressions of death and of God as were made upon my mind, abuse (ignorantly, I trust) the influence accorded to them, and are not true to the trust reposed in them. They prove themselves unworthy to have children, or to be entrusted with the care of them. No person, whose principles of theology or whose moral conduct are such as leads them to regard death or God with repulsion, or to speak of them with sadness, should ever become a parent, or be entrusted with the care of children.

From the age of six or seven, my recollection of the employments and leading events of my childhood is vivid and distinct. I will proceed to relate some of them as they occur to me. I include the first twelve years of my life as the period of my childhood.

MY DOMESTIC EMPLOYMENTS AS A CHILD.

A desire to know how to do and to do, whatever I saw others do, is one of my earliest remembered impressions ; and, fortunately, my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, never checked that desire, but encouraged it, and gave me abundant opportunity to gratify it. As a child, I felt that I could learn to do any thing, whether it required bodily or mental effort, which I saw others do. I had unbounded confidence in myself, and laughed at difficulties. My spirit was buoyant, confident, restless and impatient under restraints, not self-imposed. I did feel as a child, and have always felt since, though of course I could not give expression to the feeling then as I can now, that I was competent to be a church, a priesthood, a government, an empire, in myself, and I never could see good reason why any created being should exercise authority over me. This feeling may be natural to all children. It was certainly deep and strong in me, and had it been encouraged and properly directed, I had been spared many bitter mental conflicts in after life.

The five youngest of my father's children by his first wife were sons, and my own sisters were women grown ; the eldest being married, and away to a home of her own ; the other two were about to marry. Of course, my step-mother was mainly destitute of female help in the cares of the family, except what was hired ; consequently, much of the in-door labor fell upon the younger boys. I have alluded to my employment as care-taker of my sisters, and my delight therein. I record, with satisfaction, the fact that I learned to cook. Many an Indian meal pudding and Johnnycake have I made, and many a dish of fried ham and eggs have I prepared. Many a dish of *Potluck* (as boiled salt beef and pork and vegetables were called) have I prepared, and served up to my fathers and brothers for dinner ; many a dish of tea have I made for others, though I never drank many myself ; many a dish of hash have I prepared and warmed, and served up for breakfast ; many times have I set the table, cleared it away, washed, wiped, and set up the

dishes ; many times have swept the floor, made the beds, pounded the clothes in washing, wrung them, and hung them out to dry ; and at all these matters, I was counted *handy*, and am thankful I was put to do these things, for these little every day matters help to make up life. And truly can I say, I felt a pride and pleasure in doing them, and in feeling that the responsibility was cast upon me, knowing that I was contributing to the support and comfort of my parents and brothers and sisters. As I have said, the clothing of the family, whether of linen or wool, was spun and woven in the house. I never spun or wove, but for many a piece of cloth have I spooled the warp and quilled the wool. But this employment of *spooling* and *quilling*, I never liked—it required too little action. I was abundantly indoctrinated into the mysteries of chopping and splitting wood—of picking up chips, getting kindling wood, making fires. In all these household employments, so necessary to the cleanliness, comfort and existence of the family, I took real pride and pleasure ; and I love to record the fact, for I wish to be of no reputation among those low, miserable creatures, who deem these necessary labors unpleasant and degrading. I had not the least suspicion that I was doing any thing mean and servile, or at all derogatory to the dignity of my nature. The thought never entered my mind, then, that, as a son, or a brother, I was out of my sphere ; nor have I been able, since, to see that I was. When doing work ; when preparing food for my little sisters, and feeding them, carrying them about in my arms, and singing them to sleep, or romping and rolling about the grass or floor with them, giving up my whole soul to their comfort and amusement, or when engaged in these household labors, had any boy, or man, laughed, or pointed the finger at me, and tried to make game of me, as one engaged in doing what was mean, and unbecoming ; I believe, child as I was, an innate sense of their meanness and injustice, and a feeling that I was doing what was contributing to the comfort and support of my parents and brothers and sisters, would have saved me from any feeling of shame. I do not remember that the least sense of impropriety, or of unwillingness to be

seen by any body in doing these things, ever entered my heart. Certain I am, that I used to feel unmixed satisfaction, and a conscious sense of dignity and importance when my step-mother used to confide to my care my little sisters in a protracted ramble in the pastures, meadows and woods, to pick berries or gather flowers ; or when she put me to do any work that contributed to the comfort and necessities of the family. It was my happiness, as a child, to feel that responsibility was laid upon me, and trust reposed in me ; and nothing did more to form in me a habit of cool, collected, self-possessed care and watchfulness — especially where the safety and happiness of children are concerned — than the confidence reposed in me, and the responsibility cast upon me, in reference to my little sisters.

The purest source of my enjoyment, up to this hour, has been the society of children. They have been my instructors through life, as well as my companions and playmates in childhood. I formed a habit of watching over them without seeming to do it, and of entering into their joyous feelings and their sports without an effort, and with natural and unaffected ease ; and this circumstance has more frequently saved me, in youth and manhood, from social temptation, than any theological dogmas or religious observances. For, in the society of children, there can be little or no temptation, especially to one who is fond of their society.

My labors, as a child, were not confined to the house. To saddle and ride, to harness and drive, horses ; to yoke and drive oxen ; to fodder the cattle, and do all work about the barn, were the accomplishments and the special objects of the ambition of my childhood. It was a work of special desire to me to learn to milk the cows, and when I did learn, I had enough of it. At eight years of age, I was an adept in this art. I never knew what fear of horses or horned cattle was. I always felt that I could control them, and I did, whenever I had the care of them. One circumstance in regard to a cow was a mystery to me then, and has been ever since. It is this :

When about ten years old, my father had a cow of his

own raising. A beautiful, finely-formed beast she was, with white feet and face, and wild, restless, fiery eyes. I had to milk her, and it was long before I could subdue that wild creature so that she would quietly let me do it. It was mainly with her heels that she used to do mischief. Many a time has she kicked me over and my milk, drenching me with it from head to foot, and then ran, clearing fences and bars, and distancing all pursuit. But she never escaped me. I always brought her back, and gained my point in controlling her. My conflicts with that cow became a source of exciting pleasure to me, though they cost me many weary runs and perilous struggles, for sometimes she came at me with her horns as well as her heels. The pleasure and pride of my heart, in gaining a triumph over that wild beast, and the meekness and docility with which she always yielded in the end, fully compensated for all the toil. I named her NIMBLESHANKS, for her fleetness, and her agility in leaping over fences. Often she would come to me, and put herself in a posture for milking; but this only in her pleasantest moods. Often, of her own accord, she would go into the corner where I kept the whip, as if conscious of being in a mood to need its restraining influence. There was certainly a strange sympathy between me and that wild, reckless creature; and I used to think she had reason, as well as instinct, to direct, for she certainly understood me far better than some of my human playmates. The following is a fact in regard to that animal:

She had kicked me and my milk over one evening, splashing the milk all over me. I drove her into a corner, and began to whip her. There was no escaping the storm of blows which I showered upon her. All at once, *she dropped upon her knees*; and there she was, standing on her feet behind, and resting on her knees before, and her head bent round to me, as it seemed to me, with an expression of sadness and gentleness in her eyes, such as I never saw before. I stopped whipping, in amazement, and was deeply moved to see that subdued expression of suffering. I laid aside the whip, and from that hour, whenever I went to whip her for her kickings, she would drop on her knees, and

there remain till I had done the milking. I could not whip her while she was in that posture. This strange conduct of that cow was a subject of great wonderment. *Old Nimbleshanks*, as she came to be generally called, was counted a knowing one. Many a pailful of flowing milk have I taken from her, and treated myself to many drinks of it as I was milking; for I preferred hers to that of any of the others.

Driving the cows to and from their pasture, morning and evening, was, for several years, a stated part of my labor. As was, also, the care of the sheep, which were left to wander about and pick a living in the woods—the leader of the flock usually wearing a little bell, suspended by a leather thong around his neck. The music of these bells, suspended around the necks of sheep and cattle, as they fed in the woods, was very sweet to me. Many times have I skimmed over the pastures, *barefooted*, on frosty mornings; stopping at every stone big enough to plant a foot upon, and then balancing myself, first on one foot and then on the other, to warm my feet, the stone having more heat than the frosty grass. It was my delight to hunt after the sheep in the woods, to run under dark tree-tops, and whistle, sing and shout, and listen to the echoes of my own merry voice and song in the forest. I was then, and am now, fond of all domestic fowls and animals; and it has been good for me that I had much to do with them as a child.

I had an ambition, as all children brought up on farms have, to ride and manage horses; and according to the opinion of my eldest brother, I attained to great tact in the equestrian art. At any rate, he made me ride horse for him to plough many an acre, and under many scorching suns. This kind of riding,—slowly moving round and round in a field, under a broiling sun, and day after day, and all day,—was not to my liking. I used to go asleep, and be in danger of falling headlong, and incurring the sharp rebukes of my brother by letting the horses go wrong.

In no one thing did I more desire to perfect myself than in the art of mowing and reaping. To use a scythe and sickle well was accounted a necessary accomplishment.

And these I did learn, thoroughly; and in the work of haying and harvesting, I ever took delight; not as a looker-on of other people's labors, but a workman myself with the scythe, the sickle, and the pitchfork. The smell of new-made hay is more delicious to me than that of the choicest perfumery; and the sight of mowers mowing down a meadow in the dewy morn, and of children tossing the grass to dry, and of reapers reaping down the harvest-fields, is more picturesque and pleasant than the sight of a gala on the coronation day of Kings and Queens. I love those rural scenes. I know what they are, and have been a part of them; and I had rather be a part of them again, than of the pageantry of the proudest aristocracy and royalty on earth. I had rather know how to till the earth, to mow and reap, than to be an adept in all the games and amusements ever invented by the wealthy or the worthless to kill time. I am thankful for the desire to work, and for having been habituated, in childhood, to feed and clothe myself by the labor of my own hands.

Of all useless and miserable men and women, they are the most pitiable who know not how to set themselves about any thing useful, mentally or bodily; and who have no skill nor perseverance to accomplish any thing after they are set about it. It is cruel to let children grow up in such utter helplessness, whether they be children of rich or poor. Those parents are faithless to their offspring, who do not train them to any useful calling, and who leave them in a state of helpless dependence on others for services that are essential to their cleanliness, virtue, and happiness. What an amount of physical and mental suffering might be spared this world, if all men and women had something useful to do!

Children should be taught to know the laws of their physical, social and spiritual nature, and to find their heaven in obeying them. They should never be trained to depend upon lawyers and courts to take care of their property; nor upon doctors to take care of their bodies; nor upon priests and churches to take the oversight of their souls. They should associate their comfort and happiness with their

own energies and exertions. Man needs no lawyers to manage his property; no doctors to keep his body in health; and no priests to purify and save his soul. I certainly felt, in very early life, that I was my own best care-taker, under God.

Those who are ashamed to work with their hands ought to be ashamed to live; and they who think any labor degrading, that is necessary to the well-being of themselves or others, ought to look on their own existence as a disgrace. No employment can be degrading to man that is necessary to the faithful development of his nature. It is a great curse to children to be trained to feel that any employment is degrading, which is necessary to the cleanliness and well-being of themselves or others,

MAKING SUGAR.

Among other labors which I learned to perform, was that of making sugar from the sap of the Sugar Maple. This is a tall, beautiful tree, and is coming to be used very generally in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and the New England States, as an ornamental tree. It was known to me in childhood by the name of hard maple, to distinguish it from another species, called the soft maple. The latter is full of sap, but it is of no use. From the former, my father made all his sugar and molasses. Till I was fifteen years old, I never tasted any other.

The first opening of spring is the only time to make it, as the sap of the tree begins to circulate, and the buds begin to swell. A place is selected in the woods where a sufficient number of trees grow within convenient distances of one another. Small spouts are prepared to conduct the sap from the tree, and little troughs or buckets are made to receive it. As many trees are tapped as are needed, and each tree produces from two to three pounds of sugar. The sap is carried, in pails, to some central place, and there turned into kettles, or cauldrons, and boiled down to a

syrup. The process of boiling down is carried on night and day in the woods, during the short period of the running of the sap, which seldom extends over three or four weeks. A little shed or shanty is built near the place of boiling, into which the children and persons attending the sugar-making can enter to rest by day or night. The sap is boiled down, so that many pailsful are comprised in one, and this syrup is carried to the house, and there further purified and reduced to sugar.

The SUGAR CAMP — as the place is called — is an object of great attraction to all the junior branches of the family. It was so to me ; not only because there I could drink of the syrup, and make candy, but because of the kind of life which is there lived. It is a time of intense excitement to the whole family. Those who spend the night in the woods are excited by the scenery and the circumstances ; and those who are at home, in beds, are excited on account of the loved ones who are out in the forest. Often have I, when a child, wandered alone into the forest to the sugar camp, to carry food to those who were there employed ; and in doing so, I felt great enjoyment. I was proud of the trust, and exulted when I trod the ground under the giant forest trees, or pushed my way through dark and almost impenetrable thickets.

I loved to wander in the woods alone, by day or night. To see and feel the gathering gloom of night settling around me ; to feel myself shrouded in forest darkness, far from the footsteps of man, with a dog, seemed to me the consummation of earthly felicity. In the "sugar camp," or "sugar bush," I used, as a child, to enjoy this feeling of deep solitude, of stern desolation, and proud independence, which comes over the mind when surrounded by a thick and extensive forest ; — especially if the time were evening, and the forest were of dark evergreen. It seemed to me a great boon, to be allowed to spend the night with my father or elder brothers in the Sugar Bush. There have I sat many an hour by a huge fire, whose brightness shone upon the bushes and trees near by, only to make the darkness more intense and appalling. There, by that fire, have I sat and

looked off into the impenetrable gloom ; thinking of the wild beasts or wild Indians that lived in those forest solitudes. Every now and then the fire must be replenished, and more sap poured into the kettles. Then to go into the shanty, and lie down on straw, or dried leaves, and there lie and look out upon the flickering, tremulous light which the fire reflected on the trunks and branches of the trees, and to look up through those lofty tree-tops at the moon or stars, that appeared so sparkling and beautiful in the vaulted sky ; it was most instructive to me.

I was a child—my thoughts and feelings were those of a child ; but then and there I received impressions of God, and of myself, and my destiny, more cheerful, more purifying, ennobling, and life-like, than I ever received in a meeting-house, or theological seminary, or from catechisms or ministers. My young heart felt that the woods, the winds that moaned through their tops, the darkness, the blue sky, the moon and stars, were the work of an unseen Hand, and it made me feel happy to think of that unseen though not unfelt Being, who made what I then saw. I used to feel that my mother and my brother were with Him, and that I should like to be with Him too. That Being, as I thought of Him, by night, in the Sugar Bush, seemed very loveable and near to me ; far more so than he did in the theology and religion which I was taught ; for, as He appeared in these, I could not love Him, nor could I wish to see Him, or go near Him.

AMUSEMENTS OF CHILDHOOD.

I was an earnest, joyous child, as intent, for the time being, in whatever sports I undertook, as I was in other useful employments. Earnest playing was as necessary to my well-being, mentally, morally, and physically, as earnest labor. But I had no enjoyment in sports that required little or no bodily activity. I never learned to play marbles, backgammon, dice, or cards. To this day, I am as ignorant

of these games as I was at my birth. Playing ball was a favorite pastime; as were running, hopping and leaping. I was fond of climbing trees, and hanging by my hands or by my feet on the limbs, dangling in the air. I never could endure fishing. To sit for hours holding a hook in the water, to lure fish to their death under pretence of kindness, was a sport for which I had not the least inclination; and though a brook ran close to the door, full of trout, that I saw sporting in their element every day, I never hooked two dozen fish from the water in my life. Nor did I ever aspire to shoot birds or beasts. I used to delight in handling the bow and arrow, though with these I never had much pleasure in killing any thing—not because I felt it to be wrong, (as I do now believe it wrong to destroy animal life for amusement,) but simply because I took no pleasure in it.

GHOST AND WITCH STORIES.

There was one source of enjoyment which exerted a powerful influence over me. I was excessively fond of hearing old people tell stories about Indian wars and massacres, and about ghosts and witches. The Indians had not then disappeared from those regions, and a belief in ghosts and witches was then very general.

A very old woman, known among the children as Aunt Huldah, lived half a mile from my father's, in a low log hut. Many winter and autumn evenings have I sat in the corner of Aunt Huldah's fireplace, and, with other children, listened to her stories. She had many about Indian wars, about desperate encounters of men with bears, and panthers, and wolves; but she excelled in telling stories about witches and ghosts. She was a firm believer in these beings, and had often seen them herself,—as she believed. She was somewhat palsied; but she loved the children, and they loved her. That kind, and, as the children believed, eloquent old woman, and the scene around her fire, still live brightly in my memory. There she sat, in a low chair,

with her elbows resting on her knees, and her chin resting on her two hands, her head shaking from palsy, and looking into a huge, blazing fire of wood, which lighted up the low room dimly. There was no candle or lamp; a group of young children hovered around the fire and Aunt Huldah, all clamorous for a story; the rain pattering, the storm howling, or the moon or stars glistening without, as the case might be. Aunt Huldah would begin her story about the adventures of a witch or a ghost, and grow warmer, more animated, and more eloquent, as she proceeded. Her eyes would become distended and wild looking, and her head would shake more rapidly; and our eyes stared, and our mouths gaped, and our breath stopped, in wonder and sympathy. Often have I been so wrought up by that old woman's eloquent stories, that my heart seemed to stand still, and my eyes to glare like balls of fire. I dared not breathe, or look behind me to the door or window, or up the chimney, or into the fire, or into a distant and dark corner of the room, for fear of seeing some of the terrible beings that she was describing. I could look no where but straight into Aunt Huldah's face and eyes, and even there I seemed to see all the scenes and creatures of which she was speaking.

The impressions produced on my mind respecting ghosts and witches have never, to this day, ceased to influence me. Even then, as I listened to them, I had a feeling that they could not be true; and as reason became more developed and enlightened, this feeling assumed the form of a settled belief; still the influence remains, and I find it difficult to feel habitually that witches, and ghosts, and demons, exist only in the imagination; and that men are not handed over to be the sport and victims of some invisible, ever-meddling, ever-whimsical, ever-frightful, but ever-interesting agents. Many ghosts were seen in that region, and many witches and wizards worked wonders there during my childhood. It was a new country; the population was scattered, living mostly in log-houses, with small clearings; around them were deep forests, filled with wild beasts and Indians, from which came up strange and unearthly sounds.

A deep, impenetrable swamp, filled with hemlock trees and bushes, commenced near my father's house, and extended a mile south and west. It was a narrow, deep ravine, and a road ran along on the brow of the steep hill that led down to it. That seemed to me, as a child, the embodiment of all that was gloomy and appalling. When eight or nine years old, I have rode through those woods, on the margin of that terrible ravine, in darkness in which eyes were useless, and listened with stern delight to the voices that came up from it. In the spring and summer, as the sun went down, the frogs, toads, lizards, serpents, owls, foxes, wolves, and millions of insects that burrowed in that swamp, held their grand concerts. In the gathering gloom, I have sat on the fence, by the spring, or brook, on the door step, or under the trees, and listened with rapture to that wild forest music. It generally lasted till nine or ten, and then the Whippoorwill, with its plaintive solo, would close the concert, and say good night. Nothing, connected with my childhood, affects me so wildly, so sweetly, so soothingly, as this.

Such a region was the fit place for supernatural agents to come and work their pleasure. Ghosts appeared there, to reveal some appalling murder, some hidden treasure, or to give warning of some death or some approaching calamity; and witches came to pinch and prick the bodies of men and women, to put on them the witch's bridle, turn them into horses in a twinkling, and ride them madly through the country, to some gathering of witches and devils; or to fly through the neighborhood, and over the tops of the forests, on broomsticks; to creep into an enemy's house in the shape of a black cat, with peering eyes of fire; to destroy the poultry, the pigs, and to set the cattle running wild and mad; or to blight the corn, sour the milk or cream, and thus gratify revenge, and resent deeply cherished insults and injuries. Many times, when a child, have I heard men and women speak of these things as having been seen and experienced by themselves. I thought that it was wrong to doubt the existence, the appearance, and the agency of ghosts and witches, because the Bible said, "suffer not a witch to live,"

and because of the Witch of Endor. Many times have I visited the places, by day and night, where these beings were said to have appeared, and to operate ; most anxious, yet half afraid, to see and hear them for myself. But I never succeeded in seeing or hearing any of them. They never had the grace to make themselves known to me, because I had not full faith in their existence and power. I have concluded that such terrible agents are theological delusions rather than *facts*, and that no man will ever see a ghost, or be tormented by a witch, unless he has implicit, undoubting faith in their existence and power. They vanish like dreams before a *doubt*.

What a terrible engine of spiritual despotism in the hands of an ambitious priesthood has been this machinery of the spirit state ! Thank God, the spell is broken, and I am free ! The spirit world looks lovely and inviting to me ; for there, as well as here, are my Father and my brethren. Where these are, to love and be loved, there is heaven.

Stories of Indian tortures and burnings ; of Indian tomahaws and scalping-knives ; stories of encounters with wild beasts, of dark nights spent in the woods, and of hair-breadth escapes from the wild dangers of wading and swimming rivers, and crossing mountain torrents ; stories of children strayed or lost, or torn to pieces, or starved to death in the woods ; these, and the like stories, relating to the actual, living world around us, were very different matters. Ghosts and witches might horrify and astound the neighborhood, but they never made vacant the place of some loved one at the table, and around the domestic fireside. They made the hair stand on end, but they never made the heart sad.

These stories have affected my opinions and my happiness most injuriously ; leading me to associate the presence and government of the Deity with soul-crushing mysteries, rather than with living men and things, and their relations. It may be convenient to those who would gain a name for piety without purity, and convert men to a religion without morality ; and who are more zealous to bring up men in sectarianism than in *sanctity*, to have a world of ghosts and witches, of fiends and devils, at command, to operate on

men's fears and passions ; but a belief in such things tends powerfully to unfit children and men rightly or happily to live the life that now is, or that which is to come. It may people the world with theological dreamers, but not with men and women fitted to resist temptation, and make sacrifices for humanity. I have no faith in these theological spectres.

My father had a fierce, wild, reckless dog. There was nothing he would not encounter at the word of command, and in defence of the children whose protection he considered as his peculiar province. To climb hills and rocks, with that dog ; to push my way through swamps and thickets ; to tree squirrels and partridges, and there leave them ; to climb into tops of bushes and trees, and there sit for hours, used to fill my cravings equal to any other pleasure.

Sliding down steep hills on the frozen snow, on a hand sled, was a favorite amusement in winter. Many hundreds of times have I toiled to get my little sled and myself to the top of some steep hill, solely to enjoy the pleasurable excitement of darting down again, like an arrow. I used to think hills were made chiefly for boys to slide down. But in pursuing this sport, I have had many rollings in the snow.

One of the richest and sweetest sources of my enjoyment, as a child, was found in the company of my little sisters. Their laughter and their tears were mine. To wander about the fields with them ; to pick berries and weave nosegays for them, and make them happy, was my delight. They seemed soft and gentle to me, and this part of my nature was filled in their company ; while the opposite extreme of my nature, i. e., daring hardihood, restless energy, and unbending determination, was fully gratified by bolder and more active sports.

As I look back, I can easily see that those amusements which brought me least into competition for mastery with others did me most good. I am very certain that every sport that led me to contend for mastery over my playmates, always did me harm, engendering a spirit at war with that of self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice. As I have tried to

cultivate the spirit that would lead me to suffer rather than make others suffer, and to die, rather than be a cause of death to others, many of the sports of my childhood have exerted a powerful influence against me. Wrestling, running and jumping, playing ball, and the like—games of which I was extremely fond, and which, as I played them, brought me into direct competition with others for the mastery—were all hurtful to my spirit, however they may have tended to give strength and health to my body. He or she would be one of mankind's greatest benefactors, who would invent some vigorous, active, healthful sports for children, which would not bring them into an exciting competition for mastery over one another, and which, instead of selfishness, would be promotive of benevolence.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

My first recollections of a school-house are of an old log building, rudely put together; a huge fireplace, with a mighty chimney of stones, loosely piled together; a floor of boards, rough, and not nailed down; and standing on the bank of a rapid brook, not a stone's throw from a grove of huge hemlock trees; the very location being enough to frighten young children, not familiar with such things, out of their wits. To get to this desolate house, that might well be said to be haunted, I had to pass through a wood of unusual loneliness about one mile; but when I reached the school, I had my sister for my first teacher.

An incident is remembered touching that school, that afforded no little amusement to teacher and children. One day, a large black snake thrust his head up through a hole in the floor, and drew his body up two or three feet, and there he lay, calmly and leisurely looking about him, as if contemplating the teacher and children to see whether he should join us. There was great fun about the black snake coming to school, and inquiries made of him by the children, as to what he wished to learn, and to whom should be given

the honor of teaching his snakeship his letters. He lay there some time, looking very meek and quiet, though when excited, that species of the serpent has an eye that gleams with great fierceness, though not with the deadly malignity of the rattlesnake. The black snake's bite is harmless; he injures only by getting the victim into his powerful coil. Neither the teacher nor the children had any fear of their visitor. He was allowed to stay as long as he pleased, and then to retire unmolested. After this, we had a visit from him frequently. He would thrust his head out first and look about, then draw his body out and coil himself up on the floor, and there he would seem to look and listen, with great satisfaction, to the hum and buzz of the school. That snake became an object of interest and sympathy to the whole school; we had no more thought of disturbing or injuring it than we had of injuring one another. We called him the learned snake, because he came to school; and he probably got about as much learning as some of the rest of us.

I remember, too, the stupid process of learning the alphabet, and to put letters into syllables, and syllables into words, and words into sentences. I could not then understand the difficulty, but I know it was a practice calculated to disgust children with all books and book learning. The children that were learning the alphabet were called up, two or three at a time; the teacher held the book before them, and pointed with a knife to the first letter, and said *A*. Then the children repeated *A* after her. Then she pointed to *B*, and told the children to say *B*, and they said *B*, with their eyes, perhaps, fixed on the floor, or turned askance at some other scholar, or half asleep. So the process went on to the last letter. Then the children sat down, and there we had to sit, with nothing to do; no pictures to look at, no slates and pencils to draw the figures of letters, nothing in the world to rouse stupidity or instruct ignorance; and not a single familiar object or thing associated with the letters, syllables and words that we had to say over. In this way, I was thoroughly drilled into the art of saying over letters,

syllables and words, and spelling them, without exciting one emotion, or one thought of persons and things as they existed around me. No wonder we all broke forth from such a place at recess, and when school was dismissed, with an irrepressible shout of joy at our momentary deliverance. It has often been a doubt in my mind, if my school and book learning during my childhood did me more good than harm. I know it did me great harm ; I do not know that it did me much good.

During the period of my childhood,—from about five to twelve years of age,—I was kept at school, on an average, about eight months per year ; about five months in summer, under female teachers, and the other months in winter, always under male teachers. In spite of the disgusting and untoward circumstances attending the schools and manner of teaching, I became fond of going to school and of study ; though the study did little else for me but to exercise and strengthen my memory. It did nothing to teach me how to think, to reflect on what I felt within me, or saw or heard around me ; nothing to rouse, invigorate, and discipline my affections or my intellect. These, so far as they were called forth and directed, were called forth and directed by scenes, circumstances, and instructions, given independent of the school-room. I was sent to school to begin my education and to get learning, at five years of age, as though I had learned nothing antecedent to that ; whereas, I am certain that I received more new ideas, and actually acquired more knowledge of the physical world and my relations to it, previous to five years of age, than all that I have learned since. I believe this is the case with every child. I began to get learning of the most useful and important kind when I began to breathe ; and my education went on with my hourly and daily growth ; and it has been going on to the present moment, and will end only with my moral and intellectual being. I count my school and book education, though important, still as the least important part of it. That which I have acquired in the domestic circle, on the play-ground, in the field, in the woods, in moving about

amid this stupendous physical universe, a part of it and subject to its laws; and amid the still more wonderful social, intellectual, moral, and spiritual universe, a part also of it, and subject to its laws; has been infinitely more important to my well-being on earth, and will have an infinitely more direct and potent bearing on my destiny in the future, than all that I ever learned in the school or in the church. The schoolmaster has ever been abroad with me in all my waking moments. The Bible and Catechism have been to me most potent educators; but I had an educator above them in authority and power; i. e., the omnipresent, omniscient, ever-speaking, truth-teaching God in my own soul. The universe has been my school-house, and God my teacher; and, even in childhood, I have felt that, in yielding to his instructions, and imbibing his spirit, in me God would be manifest in the flesh.

I did indeed learn to spell, to read and write my native language, and also to know common Arithmetic—and this was important; but no Geography, no Grammar, no History, no Anatomy, no Physiology, no Astronomy, was taught there. These I acquired by myself, during intervals and hours of relaxation from other pursuits in after life. For whatever development and discipline my intellectual or moral powers ever had, I certainly am not much indebted to the lessons of the schoolmaster, or to the prayers and sermons of priests. Their influence, so far as they had any, was rather to crush and palsy the intellect, to blight and wither the heart, by stifling inquiry, and circumscribing the affections to the narrow dimensions of a sect or a nation.

PRAYING IN SCHOOL.

The first time there was oral stated prayer, in a school that I attended, it had a most pernicious effect upon my mind. The master was a preacher, very moving in prayer, earnest in exhortation, and terrible in his rebukes to sinners. He was a famous man, was that Elder, in strengthening the stakes and lengthening the cords of his sect.

The school house was a small building, and the children were all within the length of his arm and his rod. He was a fiery tempered man, and as unfit to have the management of children, as a wolf is to have the guardianship of lambs. He was a hard drinker of whiskey. Every day he had his bottle of whiskey in a little closet behind his desk, and the key of which he carried in his pocket. Often, during the school hours, did that bad man slip into his closet to take his dram. He used to send the older boys to a whiskey shop, near by, for his liquor. He seldom closed his school at evening by saying prayers, except in a state of intoxication. He always grew savage as he grew more drunken; and the children were sure to feel his heavy rod, towards evening, without mercy. His anxiety to have us converted, was in proportion to the degree of his drunkenness. When he became especially drunk, he was especially concerned for our souls;—but then he had no mercy on our bodies; and many times have I seen him sitting in his chair in the middle of the room, with that long whip in his hand, giving the children a most tender exhortation, and telling us how he loved our souls—the tears streaming down the while; and if there was a smile of scorn or of ridicule on the part of any child, old or young, down came the whip upon him or her with a will. It became a bye-word with the children, “prayers for the soul, and whips for the body.”

Child as I was, I had a feeling of deep disgust at that drunken Elder's prayers; and used to ask myself, what kind of a being must God be, if he was pleased with that man's prayers? For he talked to God in his prayers about us children. I loathed that man; and wondered how any one could think he was good and desirable. His appearance while praying is most vivid in my recollection. He said prayers on this wise:

He always stood up in the middle of the room—holding on by his chair. He was a strong built man—had a broad flat face, short neck, piercing black small eyes, sunk far into his head, peering out venomously from under huge, overhanging eyebrows. He wore spectacles, but in saying prayers turned them up on to the top of his head. He would

slowly and solemnly rise up from his chair, and in a stern voice call out to the children—"Arise!" We would jump to our feet. Then he would call out—"Attend!" At which we would fold our hands before us, and turn our eyes down upon the floor and look devout. Then he would survey us for a moment, and begin to say his prayers.

The image of that horrid man will ever haunt my mind. There he stood in the centre of the floor; his long whip, with which he could reach to every corner of the room, brandished in his right hand, holding on to the back of the chair with his left; his spectacles resting on the top of his bald head; his fierce and fiery eyes peering out from under his shaggy eye-brows upon the children; for he always said prayers with his eyes open. He began to say his prayers; and he would go on telling God what depraved little creatures we were; how we were more inclined to be unkind than kind, to be cruel than gentle, to hate than to love, and to injure than to do good to one another;—for he always told the Lord about this, in saying his evening prayers; and as he would ask God to give us new hearts, his glowering, fierce eyes were watching the children, and if one happened to look round to another, or to move, or to smile, or to assume a look and make a motion that he thought not devotional, down came the long whip upon our shoulders and backs, and he would be saying his prayer to God at the same time,—asking Him to have mercy on our depraved souls. Sometimes he would stop his prayer, and accompany his blows with some oburgatory epithets, calling out to us—"Be serious, Mary"—"Be prayerful, John"—"Look devout, Henry." Then he would go on saying his prayer. Such is a true picture of that man's saying prayers in his school. The effect on my mind was to disgust me with the name of prayer.

Often have I been reminded of the drunken Elder's saying prayers, and pouring out his drunken petitions and tears to the Deity, to give ease and comfort to our souls, while he was inflicting pain and misery upon our bodies. I have heard the Judge say to a man—"I order that your body be taken to the place of execution on such a day and hour, and there

hang by the neck till you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul"—i. e. I will break your neck, but I sincerely trust that God will have mercy on your soul! So have I often heard men talk of praying God to have mercy on the souls of men, while they were taking aim at them to shoot them. A religion that comes to save men's souls, and crush, enslave, or kill their bodies, has no affinity to Christianity. I felt, while under the drunken Elder, and do now feel, that all such prayers, whether said by teachers, parents, priests, judges, hangmen, or soldiers, are blasphemous mockery. While I regard honest, living prayer as the life of the soul—a want of human nature—I am disgusted with prayers in behalf of the *soul*, while those who make them claim a right to inflict, and do inflict, torments and death upon the bodies of men. The prayers of spirit-dealers, of slave-holders, and of warriors, and of all who apologize for slavery or war, are loathsome to me, as were the prayers of that drunken Elder, and for the same reason. Those who are unkind and cruel to the bodies of men, are false-hearted when they pretend that they wish God to be pitiful and kind to their souls.

But the drunken Elder was dismissed after about two months. Our bodies were rescued from his blows; our souls from his prayers.

COMPETITION IN SCHOOLS.

In all the schools I attended during my childhood, it was customary to stimulate children to study by arranging them in competition one against another. To quicken the competition, tickets were given to him or her who happened to be at the head of the class. Prizes were promised to the person in the class who, at the end of the school, had the most tickets. In the summer, when I was eight years old, two prizes were offered; one, a book to be given to the child in the first class in spelling, who should have the most tickets when the term was half done; the other, a

pen-knife, to be given to the child who, at the close of the term, had the most tickets. For the first prize I worked hard, and obtained it. What was it? A pictorial story of Bluebeard. I had heard Aunt Huldah relate that horrible story, without any abatement of its horribleness. I longed for it, and was determined to get it; and I did. I devoured it with frightful eagerness. That story, with the horrid colored pictures, powerfully affected my mind; and I kept the book for many years. Then came the hot competition for the other prize — the penknife — and a beautiful little one it was. I was resolved to have that, too; but in addition to the getting the most tickets, another task was to be accomplished; i. e., learning to repeat a little poem, entitled the "Bird's Nest." The following is the sweet poem:—

Yes, little nest, I'll hold you fast,
And little birds — one, two, three, four;
I've watched you long, you're mine at last —
Poor little things, you'll 'scape no more.

Chirp, cry, and flutter, as you will,
Ah! simple rebels! 'tis in vain;
Your little wings are unfledged still,
How can you freedom, then, obtain?

What note of sorrow strikes my ear?
Is it their mother thus distressed?
Ah, yes! and see, their father dear
Flies round and round, to seek their nest.

And is it I who cause their moan?
I, who so oft in summer's heat,
Beneath yon oak have laid me down,
To listen to their songs so sweet.

If from my tender mother's side,
Some wicked wretch should make me fly,
Full well I know 'twould her betide,
To break her heart, to sink, to die.

And shall I then so cruel prove,
Your little ones to force away?
No, no! together live and love;
See, here they are! take them, I pray.

Teach them in yonder wood to fly,
And let them your sweet warbling hear;
Till their own wings can soar as high,
And their own notes may sound as clear.

Go, gentle birds! go, free as air;
While oft again, in summer's heat,
To yonder oak I will repair,
And listen to your songs so sweet.

I learned that little poem, and it powerfully wrought upon me respecting robbing birds' nests—a thing which I had never done before. I obtained the second prize, though it gave me little pleasure to take it. The child that had the next highest number of tickets was a bright, sweet-tempered little girl, of my own age. She obtained as many tickets as I did, gave one, and learned the poem as perfectly as I did. During nearly the whole term, we sat together in the class. We were generally together during play hours, and often, when not at school, she was my playfellow. She loved me, and I loved her, as children love, purely and tenderly. I obtained the prize, and she was sad. I would have given it to her, but the teacher interfered to prevent me. I felt very sorrowful, as I saw the sadness of my playmate. I took no comfort in that knife. I went home with it, and started off to the pasture to drive home the cows; and was whittling a bit of stick, and cut one of my fingers about half off. This settled the affair of the knife; I gave it to my next older brother, for some trifle of no value.

PUTTING MY YOUNGER BROTHER IN JEOPARDY OF
HIS LIFE:

I have said I was the tenth of my father's eleven children by his first wife. The eleventh was a boy some two and a half years younger than myself. During the summer in which I obtained the prizes, I was allowed to take this younger brother with me to school. This I counted a favor, as he was company for me, going and returning; and a bright, active little fellow he was, though not as strong and hardy as myself. He was quick to anger, and as quickly over it. This being my brother's first essay at schooling, he did not know how to act, and of course said and did all sorts of out-of-the-way things. He often outraged school proprieties by speaking aloud whatever he happened to think, and by running about the room as he liked. Many a contest did he have with the teacher, before he could be drilled into the business of sitting still and silent, with his hands folded in his lap, for hours at a time. Poor little fellow! I used to feel for him, and wish I could take the brunt of his trials and labors upon myself; but I could do nothing for him. At length he was brought under the standing orders of the school; but the process of subduing had well-nigh sickened him of the school for ever. I used to initiate the little fellow into the mysteries of climbing trees, clambering over and through fences, jumping over and wading through brooks, walking on the top rail of fences, standing on the head, walking on the hands, and throwing the heels over the head, touching only the hand to the ground; while the teacher initiated him into the mysteries of sitting still and silent with folded hands, and of saying his letters. I think he profited most by my instructions. But on one occasion, my teaching had well-nigh cost him his life.

The time was harvest. We came home from school. I took my brother into the barn. My step-mother and a young hired girl were in the house; my brothers were in a distant field reaping; my father was from home. We

entered the barn, and I closed the door, thinking that we would get upon the new-made hay there, and have a fine time tumbling about and leaping from the beams, throwing our bodies over and over before we struck the hay. But a large cart, with two wheels, was on the barn floor, with a load of wheat sheaves on it. The pole of the cart rested on a block of wood, so high that the whole body and load of the cart rather inclined backward; so that a little increase of weight behind would drag body, load and all, down behind. As I passed the back end of the cart, I sprang up and caught hold of a high round of the ladder—as the rick was called that constituted the hindmost end of the cart body—to have a swing, and called to my brother to catch hold of a round lower down, and we would have a fine time together. He did so; and, in a moment, up flew the fore end of the cart, tongue, load and all, and turned over upon us. There we both were, flat on our backs; the rounds of the ladder lying across our breasts and stomachs, and the whole load pressing upon us. At that moment, I thought not of myself; my concern was for my brother, whom I had led into danger, lest he should be crushed to death. I writhed and struggled in desperation beneath the suffocating pressure. I got out, and comprehended, in a glance, the whole extent of the danger, and my utter inability to release him, ere it would be too late to save him; and I saw, too, that now I was out, the whole weight would settle on him, and crush him. I burst out at the door, mounted the fence, and cried out—“Miles is under the cart;” “Miles is under the cart.” The agony of my cry instantly brought my mother and the girl running from the house, and my brother from the field. My mother reached the barn and saw the danger, and went to throwing off the sheaves of wheat; but it would have been too late to save him, but for the assistance of a stranger, who was, at the moment of my cry, passing along the road. He knew that something was the matter, from the agony of my tone; he leaped from his horse, and ran, and reached the barn soon after my step-mother. He saw the danger, and instantly sprang up to the end of the cart pole, and pulled down with might and main, while my mother, the

girl, and I, lifted up behind. The cart rose from my brother's chest; my mother snatched him out, and laid him on her lap at the door. He did not breathe; the blood had settled about his eyes and under his nails. His eyes were closed. He was warm, but lay as one dead. By this time, my brothers had come up. We rubbed him, rolled him over, and threw water into his face. After a few moments he breathed, opened his eyes, began to moan, and finally to cry out. My brother was saved alive. The joy of my heart was indescribable. I could not shed a tear while he lay under the cart, nor when I saw him lying in my mother's arms as dead; but when I saw him open his eyes, and that he was actually to live, my heart was too full; I cried for joy, for I felt that the weight of his death was taken off from me. I never led him into danger after this. This is the only instance of danger happening to the life or limb of any child committed to my care.

SELF-SACRIFICING SISTER.

An instance of generous, sisterly affection often occurred in the school which I attended during the summer of my ninth year, which I used greatly to admire, and which has been most beneficial in its influence. A girl about my own age, named Nancy, came to the same school. Two sisters and a brother younger than herself, came with her. Over all these, she watched with affectionate solicitude, ever following them and watching over them to guard them from all harm. No matter from what source or what cause suffering to them approached, Nancy was sure to stand between them and it; and as she was kindly and good to all the children, and a general favorite, all, by mutual consent, abstained from annoying her little sisters and brother. The brother, whose name was James, who was younger than she, and a lively, careless, restless little fellow, and always running up accounts to be settled by the teacher, was saved from many a

punishment by the intervention of his sister. He was just one of those good-natured, forgetful, pliable, restless children, who are most difficult of all to bring into the traces of propriety, and to be kept there; and who are ever going astray and always sorry for it. He was just the amiable child whom every body loved, having no fixedness of will or character, and yielding to whatever influence happened to bear upon him at the moment; one of those children who are most difficult to manage, and for whom parents have most cause to be anxious. This said boy was always violating the rules of the school, and whenever the teacher spoke to him about it, he at once would acknowledge the fault, appear sincerely penitent, and promise never to do so again. It was counted a great disgrace in that school to be reproved or "spoken to," as we termed it,—this disgrace was often visited upon restless, kind-hearted James. At such times, Nancy would suffer far more than he did, and often put in some excuse for him, and the teacher often spared her rebukes for her sake. But little James was often called out before the school to stand beside the teacher, and there receive a long homily on good behavior. At such times, Nancy always stood by his side, holding his hand or putting her arm around him to comfort him by her sympathy, and to excuse his conduct; and if the teacher decided that he must stand in one corner, or in the middle of the floor, or on the table, or be shut up in a dark closet, or sit on the floor under the table, or on a stool at her feet, with the fool's cap on his head,—or if she decided to inflict the severer punishment of the ferrule or the whip, his generous sister entreated that the punishment, whatever it was to be, might be inflicted on her. Many times have I witnessed the sobbings and tears of anguish in that loving, noble little girl;—pleading that the blows might fall on her, and not on her brother. James was ever truthful, and would never seek to escape by denying a fault; nor would his sister thus seek to screen him; but she would grant that he had done wrong, and that he deserved to be punished; and then plead that she might be punished in his stead. Often did the whole

school from mere sympathy with the self-forgetting spirit of that sister, join in her entreaties that James might be spared, and we often succeeded in getting him clear.

But Nancy's self-forgetfulness was not confined to her brother. There was scarce a child in that school who did not feel it more or less, and for whom she did not offer herself as a substitute, when punishment was impending. She seemed to consider herself as specially called upon to receive the stripes due to the whole school. It seemed to be her privilege and prerogative, in her own estimation, to suffer for all the rest of us. Of course, the teacher was too truly just and kind ever to inflict upon the generous girl a punishment due to others, but many a delinquent was spared for her sake. I have known that girl to stand before the teacher with her arm lovingly thrown around some playmate, and with tears pleading with her to spare the delinquent, or to inflict on herself the penalty. Her loving spirit powerfully affected that whole school; and I believe every child in it was more guarded, and careful not to offend against the rules, for fear of bringing sorrow to her heart. Hers was a martyr spirit. She was loved and honored by all; and to cause sorrow to her heart, or bring tears into her eyes, was counted no trifling offence in the estimation of the children.

I felt deeply then, and have very often since felt the influence of the spirit and example of that young girl. That summer's attendance at school did me more good, and had a more direct and powerful bearing on my spirit, to call forth the more kindly, self-sacrificing and generous feelings of my heart, than all the sermons and prayers I ever heard; mainly through the means of that noble child, and the kindly manner in which the teacher regarded her interference, and the forbearance with which she treated delinquents on her account. The memory of that child is precious, and ever will be while self-forgetfulness and a generous devotion to the good of others are regarded by me, as they now are, as the brightest ornaments of human character, and the most prominent and essential features of the Christian religion.

TWO QUARRELSOME BOYS.

Far different from the influence of that girl was the influence of two boys who were, for several years, my school-fellows. They were about my own age. I never had much contention with either of these boys myself; but scarce a day passed at school, in which they did not fight with each other, and being about equally matched in strength, sometimes one triumphed, and sometimes the other. Their conflicts were cruel, and often bloody; and he who could give the other the most numerous and the blackest bruises was considered the honorable and triumphant champion. They were seldom without bruises. Neither ever complained of the other, to get him punished at school or at home; yet they were often punished by teachers and parents for quarrelling. It was of no use; the next time they met, the very fact that they had been whipped for fighting, by their parents or teachers, would be the occasion of a renewed combat. It was with them a regular beating and battering of eyes and noses, pulling ears, biting, scratching and kicking; and in every way, without using stones or clubs, bruising and wounding each other's flesh. A word or a look was often the cause of a battle between them; and they displayed the same spirit of deadly animosity in their contests, which two nations show when they go to war, and spend millions of money, and destroy thousands of lives, for no better cause.

Those two boys were the first human beings that I ever saw fight, and beat each other with fists. Striking with the fist was a prohibited thing in my father's family, as were striking with clubs, throwing stones or other hard substances at human beings; and I have no recollection of ever striking any human being with my fist, or of throwing stones at any one. My hand was held back from striking with the fist, or a club, and from throwing stones and other hard substances, at human beings, by a fear of putting out their eyes, or of maiming them otherwise.

I cannot forget how I felt when I first saw those two boys fighting and beating each other with their fists. My feelings

were greatly shocked ; I interfered to part them, at which they were both offended, and which caused them both to turn upon me and strike me. One of them struck me with a club on the forehead, but I did not strike him back with my fist. Having no idea at that time of returning good for evil, or kindness for cruelty, I boxed his ears with my open hand till he cried out. But ever after, I let them fight their battles without an attempt to separate them. It was long, however, before I could see them fight without a feeling of shuddering lest they should put out each other's eyes or kill each other. I could never, as other children did, both boys and girls, urge them on to fight, and shout to one or the other, as the fancy took, to "pitch into" his opponent; but I came to look on their battles with indifference, if not with approbation. Even an elder sister of one of those boys used to put him up to fight the other, to urge him to persevere in the conflict, and to exult with him when he came off victorious. Though the influence of those fightings on my own mind was, on the whole, to disgust me with such scenes, yet it tended powerfully to destroy my sense of the wrong of it, and my feeling of respect and sanctity for the human person.

How often, in maturer life, in reading the history of international wars, their origin, their progress, their termination, their effects and the conduct of the victorious party, have I thought of those two schoolmates of my childhood! Those two children, fighting, were an exact representation, in miniature, of two nations at war; the quarrels between the boys were as justifiable and important in their origin; were conducted in exactly the same spirit; as truly honorable, and heroic, and praiseworthy; there was the same malignant determination in each to do all the injury possible to the other, and with the least possible injury to himself; and in all essential particulars, their fights were an exact counterpart of the wars between England and France, or the United States and Mexico. If there be any difference in the turpitude of two deeds, the contest between the two boys was far the most innocent and inoffensive. When two nations wage war with each other, they draw other nations into the contest, as those two boys drew other children into the quarrel; and

when England triumphs over the *Affghans* or the *Seikhs*, or the United States over Mexico, the victorious nation shows the same mean and cowardly spirit of boasting and bravado over its conquered foe, that the victorious child and his friends exhibited over his prostrate and battered antagonist. The hurrahs, the ringing bells, the roaring cannon, the triumphal processions, and orations; the boastings and vaporings of orators and poets; the votes of thanks by legislatures, the eulogies of politicians, and the *TE DEUMS* and thanksgiving prayers by the priests of the victor nation, are the offspring of the same spirit that raised the shout of exultation in the victorious boy and his companions; and no more honorable, dignified or just—and infinitely more degrading and ruinous in their results. And when women lend their influence to urge on international wars, and join their voices in shoutings for victories, they are as deserving of contempt and execration as was that sister in urging on her brother to fight, and in joining his shouts of victory. If any creatures in the universe deserve the scorn and execration of all that is just and good in heaven and earth, they are those professed ministers of Christ, who raise their hands and eyes to God, and thank Him for victories; that one portion of his children have slaughtered another.

VIOLENCE BEGETS VIOLENCE.

One of my teachers in childhood was a man of whom my recollections as a teacher are most disagreeable; and whose influence was most pernicious. From some cause, I know not what, he seemed to have a spite towards me, and to exercise many petty cruelties upon me. He pinched and pulled my ears, snapped and thumped my head, and knocked it against the sides of the room; he pulled my hair, boxed my ears, slapped my hands with a heavy ferrule, and almost daily exercised some petty, spiteful violence upon my person; and often without pretending to name any cause for so doing. I entered no complaints to my father, or to any one; yet I

cherished a deep sense of his injustice in my heart, and vowed to myself, if ever I was strong enough, I would beat and bruise him to my heart's content. I did grow strong enough to do it, and met him in his own house, and made known to him my vow of childhood many years after it was made; and asked him if he was ready to be operated upon by the spirit which his conduct towards me in the school had excited in me. He laughingly pleaded that he had rather be excused; but acknowledged that his treatment of me was just fitted to foster the spirit of revenge and violence in my heart.

I do not believe the hand of violence was ever laid upon me by way of punishment, without producing in me a spirit of resistance and violence. Many times, when struck by my teachers, by my elder brothers, and even by my father, have I resolved in my heart, that if I ever attained to sufficient size and strength, I would give them the same in kind that they had given me. Threats of violence always begat in me the spirit of violence. This fact is as well established by my experience, as any law of my being.

When it was established as a law in the family, or in the school, that I was to be whipped if I did certain acts or said certain words, so far from being restrained by a law sanctioned by such a penalty, it only excited me to do or say what was forbidden.

For instance: it was a rule in my father's discipline, that, if his children pushed one another into the snow in winter in going to or returning from school, he would whip us. I threw one of my brothers into the snow one evening, in returning from school, and filled his neck and bosom full of it. When I had done it, I began to think of the consequences. My brother, as I let him up, would not allow me to brush the snow from his clothes, but ran home and told my father what I had done; and though he knew, and my father knew, it was done in fun and frolic, without a thought or feeling of unkindness, in the evening I had my whipping. What good did it do? The very next evening, I did the same again; and after this fashion.

There was a deep snow drift a short distance from the house. As we were coming from school, and passing the drift, I suddenly tripped my brother, and tumbled him head foremost into the snow. I then fell upon him, rubbed the snow into his face, his hair, stuffed it into his neck and bosom, and filled his pockets and hat full of snow. I then let him up, and again he ran home and told my father. I walked resolutely and deliberately home, my mind being fully made up and prepared for another whipping. My father met me, and spoke to me kindly, but in a manner so cool, deliberate and measured, that I saw I had no hope of escape. Though not one word was said to me about the matter; though my father seemed very particularly kind to me, and my brother and I were on as good and loving terms as ever, yet I seemed to see the whip in my father's eye, and to hear it in his cool, low, determined voice, and to feel it in his heart. But not one word was said about it that night. There was an influence that drew me irresistably towards him that evening, and led me to be officious in my offers of assistance, as he was packing up and getting ready for a distant journey. All my offers he kindly received, but still in a cool, collected, and ominous way. I went to bed without the whipping; but not to sleep, for I was thinking, thinking about it. The next morning I was up early to see my father off. He had his breakfast, read his chapter, and said his prayers in his family. The horses were harnessed and at the door, and my father was putting on his overcoat, and not one word had he yet said to me about the whipping. I wondered, but was not allowed for a moment to suppose that he had forgotten it, for I saw too plainly the whip in his calm, determined face, and in his decided, though kind voice, whenever he looked at me or spoke to me. He put on his hat and mittens, and took his whip and went to the door, and I followed, keeping close to him. He took the reins, and as he was stepping into the sleigh, he turned and whispered to me, in a distinct, calm, and determined tone—"Henry, I'll settle with you when I come back." He drove off, and my heart died within me.

He was gone two weeks, during which time I was in torment; restless, sleepless, and without relish for food. A thousand actual whippings would have been as nothing compared to what I experienced in the certain prospect of one. At length, the earnestly longed-for day of his return came round. I watched with feverish excitement his coming. He came in sight, drove up to the house, and stopped, and the first words I spoke to him were to entreat him to whip me. Soon as convenient he did so; not sparing one jot or tittle of the sum total, out of regard to what I had already suffered. Those were the last blows my father ever struck me, though he lived many years, to see me come to man's estate. But it was not the violence that did me good; it was the mental anguish and the mastery acquired over my own spirit by those two weeks' suspense and expectation.

The contrast to that cruel, provoking teacher was a female teacher. She never laid the hand of violence upon me during the five months I was under her care, and seldom did she strike one of her scholars. She had a far more efficient way of keeping order in her school. She was calm, collected, affectionate, but firm and undeviating in her manner; spoke to us in a low, distinct, decided, but sweet and kindly tone of voice; never threatened, and altogether treated the children in a way to win their affection and confidence. We all loved that teacher, for we felt that she loved us, and that she sought and acted for our good in all she did. That summer's school was one of the brightest spots of childhood, for there all that was gentle, loving and happy in my nature was brought into exercise; and many times, since I came to understand the power of love and kindness over hatred and cruelty, have I turned to that teacher and her school, as an illustration of the truth that LOVE BEGETS LOVE, gentleness, gentleness; while I have turned to other teachers, as illustrations of the equally known and established truth, that VIOLENCE BEGETS VIOLENCE.

PRIDE AND DIGNITY OF SEX IN BOYS.

There was one kind of punishment which one of my teachers used to inflict on boys, which has often seemed to me of more than questionable utility. I am certain in some cases it was very hurtful. When any little boy was restive and untractable, she would seat him between two girls as a punishment. It was called "*Sitting between the girls*" by the teacher and the scholars; and this came to be a most hateful and dreaded penalty in that school, for it invariably made the delinquent the butt of ridicule to all the scholars, both girls and boys. And by way of enhancing the shame and the disgrace to any guilty of very gross misconduct, each of the two girls was to put an arm around his neck or body. This punishment seldom failed to humble any obstinate boy, and to lead him to mend his manners; for it was so managed, in the administration of it, that it never failed to excite the ridicule and reproach of the whole school against the delinquent, and that without one particle of sympathy in his favor; for no one felt that there could be any great danger of physical suffering to be made to sit between two girls, with their arms around him; yet every one felt it would be a grievous shame and penalty to be obliged to sit there, and a thing of which he would not soon hear the end. Whatever effect this might have had to keep order in the school, it certainly led to a most unhappy state of feeling in the boys towards the girls. The boys felt that the supposed superior dignity of their sex was compromised and insulted by it; and though they joined with the girls in reproaching the victim, yet, on the whole, it had a decided tendency to make the boys unkind and ungentle towards the girls. It made them ashamed to be seen in company with the girls; ashamed to be seen playing with them, or rendering them any acts of brotherly regard and assistance. I believe it had the effect to confirm the boys in the belief that, by virtue of their being boys, they were superior to the girls; and that there was more dignity and more glory in being a boy than in being a girl. It was often sad to see little brothers

running away from their younger sisters; leaving them in tears, to wander home alone, because they were ashamed to be seen walking with them, leading them by the hand, helping them along, and encouraging them to encounter any supposed dangers of the woods. Not unfrequently were brothers punished by their parents, and by the teacher, for thus deserting their young sisters; but generally to little effect. The foolish and wicked taunts of their school-fellows had more weight with them in this matter, than the authority of parents or teacher. The taunt of being a "GIRL-BOY," as he was jeeringly called who had to sit between the girls, or who was seen to lead a little sister by the hand, and to be affectionately kind to her, was all-potent with most of the boys, to make them uncourteous and unkind to the girls. It is a mean and wicked feeling, and when any little boy is superior in strength of body to his little sisters, he will not, if he is truly noble and generous, seek to make them feel their inferiority by being ashamed to walk with them, and to be kind to them; he will not run away from them, and leave them to their sorrows and helplessness, but will stand by them, to comfort and sustain them by his energy and hardihood, and to make their way in life easy and happy.

My little, restless, fidgetty, kind-hearted brother used often to get between the girls; and their arms in great glee twined around him. Unfortunate boy! He used to roar lustily, as the laughing girls would hold him between them, and the whole school would be tittering over him. He would struggle and roar, but to no purpose; there he was held down. I used to feel for the sufferings of that little fellow, while undergoing these torments; but I could not help him, except by shielding him from the taunts of the boys afterwards; which I often did effectually, by turning the feelings of the boys against the girls. But no monarch's heart ever swelled with indignation at an insult to his dignity, as did that little brother's with a sense of the indignity and dishonor put upon him. as a boy, by the treatment of the girls. The two girls between whom the culprit was to sit were always named by the teacher; and this punishment had well-nigh set my

brother against the whole sex. One thing I could not account for ; that teacher never punished a delinquent girl by seating her between two boys. I know not why.



LETTER II.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

ROCHANE COTTAGE, ROSEBATH, SCOTLAND, }
June 8, 1847. }

DEAR FRIEND:

I have been writing in this sweet spot since the 3d. I have lived in the past. Precious days and scenes of childhood! It is good to think of them, and the dear ones that are associated with them. But in these letters, I wish to give something of the present. (From my journal.)

ROCHANE COTTAGE, Sunday, June 6, 1847.

"Rose at dawn. Did not go to the Burne nor Loch to bathe. No shoes to go into the water, and the gravel and stones hurt my feet. It is not with them now as it was when, as a boy, I ran about *barefooted*, not heeding stones, briars, thorns, nor nails. So I bathed in my room. Then I wrote four or five hours on my biography. Then strolled over the hill west of the cottage, to the shore of Loch Long. We walked to the highest point of the hill, and sat down — Wee Catharine, and all the family. Sheep were feeding, and lambs frisking and sporting all about us. We were all happy in one another, and in the joy of the lambs. I wonder — Is it wicked for lambs to frolic on Sunday? How can it be, then, for children, like my Wee Darling and me? There we sat, and talked over the state of Ireland, and compared the starving Irish with American slaves, and concluded that we had rather starve to death as human beings, than live as chattels.

"We came back to the cottage, and dined on bacon and beans, (beans from France and America have been substituted for potatoes,)

boiled wheat and sugar, currant dumpling, and cold water. Then I came to my room to write about going to school as a child. My wee playmate came up with a branch of hawthorn, all in bloom, and hung it in the window over my table. A—— has just come up, and is reading my manuscript about the drunken Elder. Wee Catharine has just come up again, and deposited a lot of clean, beautiful shells in my table drawer. My window is up, and the cool breeze comes in upon my head; and A., the kind and generous-hearted A., says — ‘Henry, you will take cold.’ ‘No,’ I say, ‘I am used to it.’ ‘But I’ll shut the window,’ says A.

“Wee Catharine came to the door and knocked. ‘Who is there?’ I asked. ‘Me,’ says the child. ‘Who is me?’ I ask. ‘Your wee darling,’ says she. ‘Come in,’ I say. ‘I can’t open,’ says she. So A. opened, and as she entered, she said — ‘What for did you no let me in yourself, Henry?’ ‘I could not reach it,’ I said. ‘Will you come and play with me, Henry?’ she asked. ‘Why should I play with you?’ I ask. ‘Because I love to play with you,’ she says. ‘But I must write,’ I say; ‘I have no time to play with such a wee body, now.’ ‘But I am your wee darling, and you must play with me,’ said she. ‘But what shall we play?’ I ask. ‘Come and play with these shells,’ said she. So we got out the shells, and played with them. Would that I could ever have the simplicity, the confidence, the truthfulness, freshness and innocence of this child! It purifies, elevates and refreshes my spirit to mingle it with hers, as I join in her amusements.”

MY ROOM, 16 RICHMOND STREET, GLASGOW, }
Thursday evening, May 27, 1847. }

“This has been a holy day — consecrated to the Queen, to celebrate her birth. It is not her actual birth-day, but it is consecrated to her, that the people might keep it holy (in the Bible sense) unto Victoria. What has the Queen done to deserve this honor? Victoria is their Queen; that is all. The people give her £100,000 (\$500,000) per annum, to rule over them. At early dawn, the people of Glasgow began to fire cannon, guns and crackers, and to ring bells. The soldiers began to parade about the streets. The beer and whiskey shops, high and low, were thrown open; the people rushed to them, to get gloriously drunk in honor of their

Queen, as American republicans do in honor of Independence. It has been a bright, sunny day, and very warm.

"After dinner, at 4, P. M., (the usual dinner hour,) I walked out with my Wee Darling, through Portland and George streets, down High street, through Gallowgate, all over the Green, or Common, on the banks of the Clyde; then up Salt Market, through Trongate and Argyle streets, and up and down Buchanan and Queen streets, looking into shop windows, where they are open, (not many being open,) and beholding the people, with my loved playmate's soft hand clasped in mine. The whole city seems to be in the streets; men, women and children, all in their gayest attire; and that was not very gay with multitudes. Many of the children looked grim with soot and dust; many young women — factory operatives — were in the streets, barefooted and bareheaded; but otherwise looking clean and tidy, and appearing exceedingly buoyant and happy. The vast Common was covered with men, women and children, playing ball, pitching coppers, playing marbles, tumbling and tossing about on the grass; and here and there clothes were spread out to dry, and groups of girls and children were on the grass near by, to watch them. The Green was one moving mass of human beings, trying to make merry. Here and there were men and women reeling about drunk. At the foot of Salt Market, vast stores of old clothes, old iron, and old furniture, were exposed for sale, in the street. There were games of shooting with bow and arrow at a mark, for nuts; and some theatrical exhibitions, one penny admission. Salt Market, Gallowgate, Trongate, and Argyle streets, were blocked up with human beings, all out in pursuit of a holy day. My wee companion sympathized so fully with the scene, as we were passing through Queen street, by the statue of Wellington, (which she calls '*Coony on a Stump*,') that she said to me — 'Come, Henry, let us play *Hoy*.' (Hide and Seek.) 'Where shall we play it?' I asked. 'Why, right here,' said she; 'around Coony on a Stump, and the pillars of the Exchange.' So we had a game of hide and seek in the street, and amid the crowd — to her and my great amusement. Some people stared at us; but we had our fun and holy day in our way, as they had theirs in their way; and we heeded them not. We went down again to Nelson's Monument,

on the Green, and there we had great glory playing Hoy, and some other little children joined us.

"These holy days are marvellous sights in Scotland. I have attended holy days and fairs in Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Aberdeen, Stirling, Hawick, Melrose, Falkirk, and Glasgow, and in all these places have witnessed substantially the same scenes, on these festive occasions. Scotland, like America, is the land of churches, priests, Sabbaths, Bibles, sermons, catechisms, prayers and worship; and here drunkenness prevails, as slavery does there. The clergy and churches, in both countries, teach that *physical* degradation is consistent with *spiritual* elevation. A fatal error. A pure soul dwells not in an impure body. Moral purity does not ally itself with physical impurity. Those who will not cleanse the body, will not cleanse the soul. That religion which cares not for the body can never save the soul; if it cannot free the body from oppression, it cannot free the soul from the fetters of sin.

"M. W., — one of Scotland's noblest women, — called and took tea, (*cold water*, rather, for we take no tea,) and we had a chat over the practice of hiring men to take the oversight of our souls. She gave her experience in the matter, and it is like that of most others. Hire a priest for this purpose, and he will drug the soul, as doctors do the body, with deadly poisons. How ridiculous! As though men could become just, loving, forgiving, good, and fitted to dwell with God by proxy. No man can worship God by proxy, and the priests know it."

GLASGOW, Friday, May 28, 1847.

"Has been a very hot day. Vegetation, the past few days, has received a mighty impulse. The state of the corn market depends on the weather. All now watch the weather with anxious hearts, well knowing that the question of food or famine, the next year, depends upon it. Bread is now twenty-four cents (1s.) the four pound loaf. Oat meal from eighty-four to ninety-six cents (3s. 6d. to 4s.) per stone, or fourteen pounds, or seven cents per pound! Well may the nation watch the weather! The lives of millions seem to hang upon a wet or dry day. Every paper teems with speculations about the weather and the crops. There is no one

subject that is so frequently made the topic of newspaper paragraphs as this. Fine weather makes the people look bright, and corn speculators look blue; while foul weather reverses the appearance of the two classes. Poor Ireland! My heart bleeds over her sufferings. Would that New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, could pour their surplus treasures of human food down at the doors of the Irish peasantry!

"Walked out with my Wee Darling, and called at R. R's — a manufacturer, and one of the most intimate and valued acquaintances I have formed in Europe. No man has done more than he has for the redemption of Scotland from her besetting sin — Drunkenness. He has done more than all the Presbyterian churches and ministers put together. Indeed, they have done nothing; but, as a class, have helped to foster, strengthen and perpetuate drunkenness by giving the sanction of their prayers, sermons, and example, to the drinking customs. I would warn every reformed drunkard to keep out of the church, and away from the influence of toddy-drinking ministers and elders.

"While out, I learned that the people last night burnt the Superintendent of the Police in effigy — all in honor of her Most Gracious Majesty! Most Gracious Humbug! I wonder how rational beings can address kings and queens, debauched, as they are, by position, by such titles. A man cannot become a king, nor a woman a queen, without moral injury; without degradation of soul. A man may as well hope to become a *professional* priest, without moral pollution, as a king. A man or woman is, of necessity, morally degraded by consenting to become either; simply because the position, or profession, is an immoral one. The spirit that leads a man to wish for dominion over man or woman, in any form, or to any extent, is not from God.

"J. M. called and took tea (water) this evening. He and several others have just come out of a church because of their views of the sufferings and death of Christ. J. M. and his party contend that God never could feel any satisfaction in Christ's death; and that Christ, could not, in the nature of things, satisfy for nor cancel sin; that nothing can cancel sin but cessation from it; that nothing can atone for lying, theft, drunkenness, and slavery, but reformation; that no power in heaven or earth can propitiate or atone for the sins

of any man, while he remains in them. These are called *Anti-Satisfactionists*; their opponents, the *Satisfactionists*, call them infidels. We had a talk about this cry of infidelity; and concluded that in order to be good men, and obedient to the spirit and principles of Christianity, we must be infidels, as that word is now applied by the church and clergy. They call abolitionists, teetotallers, non-resistants, and chartists, and political, social and Christian reformers, by this name. I glory in the name, when applied to me by a slave-holding, war-making, toddy-drinking church and clergy. Religion, as defined by them, is treason against God and humanity.

"Took porridge for breakfast, as usual, with molasses — or golden syrup, as it is here called; or, sometimes, treacle. Then had great glory with Wee Catharine, playing hide and seek; turning the house upside down, and into a regular play-ground. It does my spirit good to romp with that child, and to live in her, and to have her live in me; she is so affectionate, so joyous, so clever, so full of life. We have all sorts of plays together.

"The chimney-sweep was sweeping the kitchen chimney, and hallooing up and down it merrily, sweeping and shouting, this morn at 6, before the family were up. This chimney sweeping is a great business in this kingdom, and essential to comfort and health; bituminous coal being the only fuel, the chimneys get foul, and the draft is destroyed. In America there are few sweeps, as the anthracite coal and wood do not make so much soot. It is a most useful and necessary, though not much honored profession here. I believe the sweeps are of far more use to the nation than the Queen is; than royalty, or aristocracy, or prelacy, is. It is a more *useful*, and therefore a more *holy* calling.

"This is a day of confusion worse confounded in Glasgow. It is *moving* day. All Glasgow, nearly, seems to be moving. All seem to be in the streets, bag and baggage. Every thing in the shape of a wheel-barrow, cart, wagon, or truck, is in requisition, carrying beds, crockery, and furniture of all descriptions, from house to house. Women and children all seem to be turned into the streets. All who change shops or residences for the year change to-day. I have seen New York in the streets moving; but this beats New York all hollow. Well for people and goods, it is a fine, sunny day.

How good it is to own a house, and live and die in it, as a home! But not one in a thousand of the laboring families of Glasgow, or of the kingdom, own the house that shelters them. They are tenants, and often at the mercy of hard-hearted landlords."

GLASGOW, Saturday, May 29, 1847.

"I spent some time to-day with my wee companion, in the Glasgow Cathedral. It is several hundred years old. In it, John Knox used to preach, after he and his coadjutors had routed the Catholics. It is an interesting relic of ancient architecture; but I attach no veneration nor sacredness to such old monuments of superstition. I do not associate God, nor piety, with meeting-houses. I felt, while in that Cathedral, with my little companion's hand clinging to mine, that I saw and felt more of God in her than in all the cathedrals, churches, observances, prayers, and sermons, I ever saw or heard.

"I also spent some time in the *Neapolis*, a beautiful cemetery, on the north-east side of the town, and on the highest ground immediately about Glasgow. It overlooks the city, the Clyde, Largside — where Mary fought her last battle for her throne. It is a sweet spot. I love to ramble there, and converse with the dead past, and with the living present, embodied in my sweet companion, who had many, many questions to ask about what she saw in that cemetery. I love to cherish the feelings I have in that beautiful spot. There are the last relics and monuments of many who have figured in the literary, religious, political, scientific, and military history of Scotland. I am always happy, though pensive, in a cemetery. There is nothing repulsive in death. What were this world without it? Thank God for death! I love to recal the exulting remark of Paul, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!' I never am weary of forests or cemeteries. Ever since I can remember, I have thought and felt differently about life, and death, and futurity, from those around me. So intimately associated in my mind is the present and the future, that I cannot separate them. I look upon the future as wrapped up in the present. Eternity is involved in time; death in life. I am now in eternity

as really as I ever shall be. I shall change my mode of existence, that is all; and I often long for that change.

"Yet there is something lonely in the thought of laying this body aside, and letting it dissolve and become dust; a thing so intimately connected with all I have known of existence, so cherished, so fondled, so loved, the care of which has occupied so many of my thoughts and feelings. It seems hard to lay away the body of a loved and cherished friend in the ground. I asked myself how I should like to lay away, to become dust, the body of my Wee Darling, who was by my side; a face and form I had so often looked upon and caressed, and that had so often nestled in my bosom. But I looked at her, and thanked God for death; for I felt that what constituted that loved child and companion would survive death, to meet me again. So I believe.

"In one corner of the cemetery is a place walled off from the rest, and an iron gate to it. This is for the Jews. They will not mingle with Christians, even in death. It is a melancholy monument of sectarianism. The Jews butchered and exterminated the Canaanites in honor of their God; Christians have tried to exterminate the Jews in honor of their God. I cannot and will not worship any being as God, who could delight in seeing any one portion of the human family slaughter another, and who could be glorified by the butchery of men, women and children, at the hands of their fellow-beings, in time past, present, or to come.

"As I returned from my ramble in the Necropolis, I came through some of the filthiest lanes and alleys in Glasgow. The children looked filthy and diseased, and little Catharine's heart was greatly moved at sight of them, and she wanted me to ask their mothers to keep them clean. How can human beings, born in such places, become pure in heart and life, and see God in themselves, or in what is around them! It is scarcely possible for them to be otherwise than unclean, in body and soul. No efforts are made by ministers to redeem them. On the contrary, ministers do what they can to strengthen and perpetuate the social customs and institutions that make them what they are. Governments and churches do little else than make criminals and punish them.

"In the evening, several persons came in to have a talk with me.

I started the topic of reverencing times, places, and institutions, rather than men; and of attaching sanctity to stations, observances, and the Bible, rather than to human beings. I said, the first day is no more holy than the second; the meeting-house no more holy than the kitchen or parlor; the clerical profession no more sacred than the baker's, the hatter's, or shoemaker's, or chimney-sweep's; reading the Bible, going to meeting, baptism, the supper, singing, preaching, were no more religious exercises than sowing, reaping, baking bread, or doing any thing that is essential to the cleanliness, health, and preservation of the body; that obedience to physical law is as much a part of Christianity as obedience to moral law; that the only way to love or hate God, is to love or hate men; that the only way to worship God is to do good to men. Some of those present thought these positions very startling. 'So they are,' I said, 'and very dangerous to those who would make gain of godliness, or lay man on the altar of political or religious institutions, or who would separate God from humanity.'"

Sunday, May 30.

"As the people were flocking to their sacred theatres, to perform their religious theatricals, I went with my Wee Darling, and several others, down through Argyle and Salt Market streets, to the Green; and there, amid thousands of others, wandered on the banks of the Clyde for two hours. The Green extends on the left bank of the river about three-quarters of a mile. It was alive with men, women and children. They are shut up in factories during the week, and Sunday they come here to inhale fresh air. Most of the multitude are children, romping, and letting out the joy of their young hearts in various amusements, and gathering *gowans* (dandelions) and daisies. It was delightful to be there, and mingle my heart with theirs. Wee Catharine enjoyed it greatly. The children and all derived, I believe, far more good there, mingling their hearts together, than they would have derived in any church in town. Those who were on that Green were nearer the kingdom of heaven, as a class, than those who were in the churches." H. C. W.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I had not naturally a cruel disposition, for I never could endure to see even animals in pain, much less my fellow creatures ; and when *theology* teaches (*Christianity* never taught it,) that human nature is more prone to cruelty than to kindness, I know it is not true in reference to myself ; nor do I believe it is true of men generally. No possible amount of evidence could make me believe a theological dogma which is opposed to this innate conviction of my heart, and to the experience of my whole life.

Yet I have been cruel to animals and to human beings. I was trained to the feeling and practice of violence towards animals, as the only mode of subjecting them to my will. I now see that gentleness has a more subduing and beneficial effect than harshness, not only upon beasts, but on human beings.

My father made his own pork, as well as his beef, on his own farm ;—a universal practice in that region. I was sent one day to feed the pigs. There was one, the largest and finest looking in the drove, which was determined to have all to himself, and which showed a savage temper towards his fellow pigs. I was aroused by the selfishness of the brute, and its cruelty to the smaller and weaker ones. I caught up a stone and hurled it at him. It was aimed with fatal precision for the comfort of the poor beast. It hit him in the face. The poor creature sent up a cry of agony and ran. It soon stopped, lay down, rolled about it in its agony, and then started off again. Thus it continued to manifest its distress for half an hour. It finally came back to the rest, lay down, and moaned piteously. It was then I saw what I had done, I had knocked out his eye, and the blood was pouring from the empty socket, and the eye was hanging two or three inches below it by a cord. I felt grieved by the pain I had inflicted upon the poor beast, and resolved to throw no more stones at the pigs.

KILLING A MOTHER-BIRD.

On one occasion, I found a sparrow's nest on my way to school, near the road-side, but well sheltered. There were several eggs in it. I visited that nest twice a day, and often left crumbs of bread by it for the bird to eat. The sparrow became familiar with me, and would seldom fly away at my approach. The process of hatching was accomplished, and four tender young ones appeared. I paid my daily visits, and left some food. The young birds grew apace. They were nearly fledged. One evening, returning from school, I took one of the young ones in my hand. It screamed for fright. The mother-bird flew at me in great excitement. I caught up a stone and hurled it at her, and killed her. My first thought, on picking up that dead mother-bird in one hand, while I held one of the bereaved and now doomed young ones in the other, was—"Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice." Then it rushed upon my mind—"What will He think of this wanton cruelty?" This was the first feeling of deep remorse I remember to have experienced. I put the helpless young bird into the nest; it nestled down with the other little ones. I sat down by them, looked at them and their dead mother, and I wept over what I had done. I finally comforted myself with the hope that the cock sparrow would feed and cherish them. I went home; and that was a sad night. My heart ached for the young birds, lest they should be exposed to the night air and die. As I passed to school next morning, I visited the nest. My worst fears were realized. The tender birds lay huddled together, *dead*. They had no mother-bird to protect them from the night air, and they were chilled to death. I sat down by those birds and wept, for my heart was full. I buried them, and long after did I remember that spot.

This little incident has held back my hand from many strong temptations to throw stones at birds. This, and the incident of the pig, gave a powerful check to my habit of

cruelty to animals and birds; and sure I am, my reflections on them have greatly tended to foster in me a spirit of gentleness toward human beings.

EARLY FONDNESS FOR MUSIC.

Of my father's twelve children that lived to grow up, all but one could sing, and most of them could play on instruments of various kinds. I have no recollection of the time when I could not sing. The first tunes and hymns I remember to have learned, were some Baptist and Methodist hymns set to music. I had a clear *alto* voice, and can remember, as among my earliest impressions, singing these hymns to my oldest brother, and hearing him praise my singing. Early in life, I began to play on musical instruments; especially upon the fife and the flute. I had four brothers who could play on various instruments. We could play the fife, the flute, the hautboy, the clarionet, the bassoon, the kettle drum, and the bass drum. My father was a good bass singer. Often were we all at home at a family concert, and often have I accompanied my older brothers, and played with them on parade days. When quite young, I have played on the fife for military companies on review days, and received two dollars per day and my keeping. But my greatest delight in music was, when singing or playing by myself, or with my brothers. In my childhood and youth, and to the present day, there is no instrumental music so sweet and elevating to my mind as that produced by the bugle, when it is skillfully played. Its tones cast a spell over my feelings, which I never could express.

As a child I attended a singing school, and sang the alto, or counter; and I learned to read music, and to sing tunes and words which I never before saw or heard, with much facility. My taste for music was not cultivated to any great extent. It may not have been very nice and discriminating; but such as it was, it was innate, and not the work of human teachings. My love for playing on instruments, and for

humming over tunes in solitude, with only my own thoughts and feelings to keep me company, has exercised a powerful control over my heart and life, and has kept me away from many social temptations.

I never could discern the difference commonly made between sacred and profane music. It was a mystery to me, when a child, why Yankee Doodle should be called profane, and Old Hundred sacred. I might take Watt's Psalms and Hymns, and sing any thing in that book, to a proper tune, on Sunday; but to sing Bonny Doon, or Mary in Heaven, would have been counted wrong. I had many speculations about this distinction.

In after years, I visited the Shaker settlement at Lebanon, and spent Sunday with them, and attended their meeting for worship. One of their devotional exercises is, "to go forth in the dance," and worship with their feet. I saw them worship in the dance. Several elderly men and women stood apart from the dancers, in front of them, and sung. Among other tunes, they sung and danced "*Yankee Doodle*," "*The Rose Tree*," and "*The Girl I left behind me*." I was not shocked at the dancing, but I was shocked to hear them sing those profane tunes on Sunday.

Yet, when a child and alone, I could not help whistling or humming some pleasant march, or merry reel or hornpipe on Sunday, and I never felt very much condemned for it; for I could not tell why God was not as pleased to hear me, out of a full and joyous heart, whistle or sing a hornpipe, as Old Hundred.

CHILDHOOD'S VIEW OF THE SABBATH.

My father taught his children to regard the first day of the week as the *Lord's* day. Of course, the impression was deep and abiding on my mind, that other days were not the Lord's days, and that it was not so easy to desecrate other days as it was the first. It never entered my mind that any other day than that could be desecrated. Do what I would on other days; jump, wrestle, play ball, climb trees, laugh,

shout, or wander about the meadows, pastures, or woods, picking berries, looking at the birds and squirrels—no wrong was done to the day. I never could feel, that doing these things desecrated my body or soul on any day; but I was taught to believe that, while my heavenly Father was pleased to see me do these on other days, He was displeased to see me do them on Sunday. Often have I been rebuked for laughing and merriment on Sunday, and for looking out of the window. But I could not understand how an act that did not injure me, nor my fellow men, could insult or injure the Deity on that day. No one ever explained this to me, when I was a child; nor has any one explained it to me since.

I had a sabbatarian feeling—a first day religion; and I often used to condemn myself when I found my thoughts wandering, on the Sabbath, to the green fields and woods of summer, or to a slide down hill in winter; but I could not help it. I used to try very hard to be good, and to keep my restless, merry thoughts from wandering on Sunday; but it was of no use; they would rove about the pastures and meadows, and in the woods; and I never thought of condemning myself for it; but I thought I must feel, and did often feel, very unhappy, because I could not stop feeling and thinking. I never could see how it was a greater wrong to lie, to steal, get drunk, or do any wicked thing on the Sabbath, than on any other day; yet I was told it was. The only reason given why I must not look out of the window, or go about the meadows and woods on the first day of the week, was, "it is Sunday, the Lord's holy day;" and how Sunday could make wrong what Monday made right, I could not tell; yet, on the authority of others, I thought it must be so.

My father kept his Sabbath from sundown to sundown. As soon as the sun was set Saturday night, all work and play were suspended; and a new aspect came upon the family. This Sabbath-day look, tone and manner were kept up till the sun set on Sunday evening; and then the family assumed its laughing, talking, busy appearance. I was allowed to sing and play, and run about as I pleased. Many times have I watched the hands of the clock, or the setting

sun, with longing eyes, to catch the first moment when it would be right to do these things. My brothers and sisters would then go off to their amusements; and the restraints were taken away the moment the hands of the clock pointed to a particular hour and minute on the dial. I could not see into it, and no one could enlighten me upon it then; no one ever has.

One thing can never be effaced from my memory; i. e. the burden of the Sabbath. To me it was a burden, grievous to be borne. I was weary of it; and of all the days of the week, that which was called the *Lord's* day was the most tedious and intolerable; and I may add, what I then felt, and what I now know to be true, the most unprofitable to my body and my soul.

I say, I then felt the *Lord's* day, as Sunday was called, to be the most unprofitable to me of all days. It had no good restraining influence on me during the week. I only thought of its approach with dread, and of its disappearance with delight. This I was told was owing to my own depravity, and I thought it must be so. I tried to feel the *Lord's* day, as it was called, to be a delight, but I never could, while a child; for all the joyous impulses of my nature had to be crushed on that day.

The Sabbath and all that belonged to it, I cast aside as the sun went down. And in my mind, whatever I was taught to view as sacred, was mainly or entirely associated with the Sabbath; so that the influence of these considerations passed from my mind with the day. The theological God of my childhood was a Sabbath-day divinity, and the religion, a Sabbath-day religion. These were seldom present to my mind as motives, except on that day.

It would have given great peace and satisfaction to my mind then, to have been told, not to be at all concerned about keeping a *day* holy, but to keep *myself* holy; not to be troubled about desecrating the Sabbath, but only to take heed not to desecrate myself; not to be anxious about consecrating the Sunday to God, but to consecrate myself to Him. I formed a habit of looking at the clock and calendar, to determine the right or wrong of my actions; and I know

the effect was to confound moral distinctions, and to leave me without the restraining influence of religious considerations during the week.

GOING TO MEETING—AS A RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE.

Going to meeting on Sunday was as much a part of my father's life as his daily bread. It was in his view a duty from which none were absolved. The meeting to which he belonged was four miles from his house; and, rain or shine, summer or winter, hot or cold, he usually went to meeting, and took some of his family with him. The great wagon, or sleigh, was taken out; the horses were harnessed to it, and brought round to the door, and there my father and mother, and as many children as could pack in, were loaded into the wagon, and driven to meeting. Even the horses and the dog seemed to know when the family were going to meeting. Those who could not get into the wagon walked. The road to meeting ran up a valley, beside the Otsego creek; a delightful ride. The meeting-house was small and dingy; large enough, however, for all who came. It was usually called "the house of God." I never could tell why it should be called, "God's house," while others were not. I used to ask myself if God did not dwell in my father's house as well as in the meeting-house. My father owned a pew in front of the high pulpit, in which he and the older children used to sit; and the younger ones were sent up into the gallery, to sit where and how they pleased; my father not thinking that, if any of his children needed his care, the younger ones did. But we were taught the mysteries of sitting still in the meeting-house, as well as in the school-house. There we sat, and heard the singing, the praying, the preaching and the benediction, as silently, worshipfully and wakefully as we could; though many a sound nap did the parents and children take in that old meeting-house in hot weather; and many a time did they shiver and shake, and look blue, in winter, for there was no stove nor fire, and the thermometer was sometimes down to zero; and

the people must have extraordinary zeal to keep comfortable, sitting still in meeting in such an atmosphere. Soon as the minister had said his last *Amen*, the children in the gallery rushed for the door, glad to be relieved from the confinement. We entered the wagon, drove home, put up the horses, and then sat still in the house till sundown.

There were two whiskey shops in that village, near the meeting-house; both kept by persons who were members of the church to which my father belonged. The men used to gather into these whiskey shops between divine service, smoke cigars and pipes, and drink whiskey, and discuss over the affairs of their farms; nor could I see any more harm in these things, than in singing, praying and preaching. They would then go to the meeting-house again at the appointed time. They went from the performance of *religious* service, in the meeting-house, to the *secular* service of drinking whiskey, and smoking tobacco, in the whiskey shops; and then back again to the meeting-house to their divine performances. These gatherings in the whiskey shops, at noon, to drink whiskey, smoke tobacco, and talk over the price of pigs, &c., were as intimately associated with going to meeting, as part and parcel of Sunday's service, as were the performances in the meeting-house.

Rove, a great black dog of my father's, used to perform his part of the Sunday service on this wise: In going to meeting, he went before, and cleared the road of hens, geese, pigs and cattle. While the family were at their worship in the meeting-house, he would lie in the carriage to watch it; broiling under the summer's sun, or shivering beneath the cold blasts of winter. Then, as we started for home, he would usually leap into somebody's wood-yard and seize a stick of wood, or a stake or rail from some fence, and march before the horses—carrying his burden in his mouth—till he reached home. Rove was a wayward, reckless dog; and many a dog, goose, pig, cow and wood-pile had cause to remember him. But he regularly went to meeting.

Such are my childhood's recollections of going to meeting. I certainly regarded it, at that time, as a religious act

in itself, pleasing to God. Going to meeting was something that must be done, and all my recollections of it are connected with it as an observance. I am certain, I had little or no idea of going to meeting to learn how to treat my parents, brothers and sisters and playmates, more kindly. I certainly had no thought, that it had any connection with my life at home, in the school or on the play-ground ; and as a general thing, I do not believe that it had any redeeming influence on my feelings or my conduct, during the week. This observance, in my mind, was wholly confined to the Sabbath.

The only thing required to be remembered, was the text ; and it was the custom of my father to require his children to find the text, after we reached home, and learn to repeat it to him. This remembering the text, and the chapter and verse of it, was intimately associated in my mind with meeting-going : the only thing I thought of bringing away from the meeting was the text. Seldom did any one attempt to call to my mind, during the week, what the minister said on the Sabbath ; nor was I shown how to apply the instructions given from the pulpit to the regulation of my heart and conduct in the plays and labors of the week. The God of the meeting-house and the Sabbath, (i. e. the feelings and views I was taught to have of Him at meeting, on the Sabbath,) was not present to my mind in the kitchen, the bed-room, the play-ground, the fields, the woods, during the week. I was a different being in the meeting-house, and on the play-ground. Well had it been for me had I been taught, that there is as much divinity in the sports of a child, as in his going to meeting.

Why will parents, teachers and ministers thus abuse and outrage the confiding and susceptible spirit of childhood ? Why not teach children to feel that the innocent, joyous laugh of a merry, loving heart, is as pleasing to God as a prayer, a psalm, or a sermon ? It would save them from many a struggle between their humanity and their religion, and make their childhood and their manhood bright with the smiles of Heaven.

ASSEMBLY'S CATECHISM.

I was regularly taught the Westminster Catechism once a week. It was called—"saying the Catechism." It was done after this fashion: Soon as we came from meeting, Sunday afternoon, and the horses were unharnessed and put to stable or pasture, and the Sunday clothes taken off, folded and laid aside, and our ordinary clothes put on, and the whole process of meeting-going finished, my father seated us around the room. Then he, being seated where he could have an eye upon us all, took the Catechism and began to put the questions, beginning with—"What is the chief end of man?"—then going on with the questions to the end. Each answered a question; or, if he could not do it correctly, it was put to the next. We all had to sit still, while "saying the Catechism." Not a whisper, nor a movement, passed unrebuked. It was a serious and solemn performance, and every feeling and look must be regulated accordingly. But I said the Catechism as a parrot repeats words. I do not recollect that any explanations, or practical applications, were made of a single question or answer. I used to wonder what was meant by "Effectual Calling"—"Original Sin"—"Under Grace"—and many other phrases in that Catechism; but no one told me; and I do not believe that any other faculty was ever called into activity, while saying it, but my memory. My heart, my affections, were untouched by the process. My conscience was unenlightened; my reasoning powers lay dormant, except it were to doubt; and my imagination not aroused, except to wonder what this or that meant; but there I sat, in stolid, silent, and often miserable solemnness, repeating words with which I associated nothing but weary emptiness. This "saying the Catechism,"—a process which was to be begun, and carried on, and ended in a given day, and at a given time and place, (for the Catechism was not said, except on Sunday, after meeting, and around that circle,)—had no reference, as I supposed, to my heart and life during the week; and when asked, "What is Ef-

fectual Calling ? ” — “ What is Justification ? ” — “ What is Adoption ? ” — “ What is Sanctification ? ” the thought of my duty to my fellow-beings never entered my mind ; and no efforts were ever made with me to associate these things together.

One impression was powerfully made upon my mind respecting “ saying the Catechism ; ” i. e., that it was a wearisome business, — one from which I was ever glad to escape. There was no life in it. The only reason why it was so irksome to me was, as I then believed, my own wickedness. I was taught that I was by nature depraved, and that therefore I did not love to say the Catechism ; and this I really supposed to be the case with me. Yet I knew it was a feeling which I could not help. I could take no pleasure in saying over words that did not rouse a thought within me.

I do not believe that “ saying the Catechism ” ever restrained me from a single evil thought or deed ; or stimulated me to the performance of one act of justice and humanity.

THE BIBLE.

I was taught to reverence every chapter and verse in the Bible as the *Word of God*, and to believe that when I was reading any part of it, I was conversing with the Deity. The Bible had to be read on Sunday. Each child that could read, must read his chapter during the day. This Sunday-reading of a chapter, was a duty which was not to be omitted. The children were to take the Bible, and read to themselves or aloud, more reverently than other books were read. Reading the chapter was the task to be performed ; and little concern was manifested as to what impressions were made, what feelings engendered, or what thoughts awakened.

These Sunday Bible-readings powerfully affected my mind, and I imbibed a profound veneration for the book ; not for the sentiments it contained. These, I know, were not the source of my sacred regard for it ; but I thought the book was a holy book, as I thought the Sabbath was a holy day, and the meeting-house a holy house, and therefore I reve-

renced it. I regarded it as God's book, as I did the Sabbath and meeting-house, God's day and house ; and when I took it into my hand, I felt more awe-stricken than when I handled any other book ; and I opened and read it with a feeling that there was more virtue, in opening and reading it, than any other.

I was fond of the Old Testament. The stories of Joseph, of Ruth and Naomi, of David and Jonathan, of Saul and Samuel, of Esther and Mordecai, I greatly relished ; and the wars of the Jews against the Canaanites ; the destruction of Jericho ; and all the wars and fightings as detailed in Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings and Chronicles, I ever read with intense interest ; and these accounts I had at my tongue's end when quite young. While I read them with interest, there were many things which used to confound me, even as a child. I used to wonder how it could be right for parents to stone their children to death ; to stone and burn Achan's children because their father stole a wedge of gold ; how God could ever take any pleasure in seeing the little children and *infants* of Jericho, and the other cities of Canaan, slaughtered, because of the wickedness of their parents ; how God could order the Hebrews to exterminate the men, women and children of Canaan, when these had done them no harm. Such things used greatly to perplex my thoughts ; yet though every feeling of my nature was shocked by them, I had not a doubt that these and the like deeds were all ordered by the very Being who, in the New Testament, is represented as the loving and just Father of all.

The impression was made on my mind that as soon as I could get rid of my depravity, and get a new heart, all my difficulties about these and other things would be gone ; and many times have I sat over the Old Testament stories of blood and carnage, and wondered in my heart, if my depravity would ever go away, so that I could understand how God could approve of them. Nor had I any idea of reading the Bible on Sunday, to learn how I was to feel and act during the week. Reading the Bible, in my mind, was a task given to me to do ; I had no idea of reading it as I did other books, to learn how to feel and act towards my

playmates when we were at play, or towards my schoolmates while at school ; or towards my little sisters and my brothers, in our daily and hourly intercourse. The Bible was of little use to me as a guide to my childhood. How could it be, when nothing was done to associate the reading of it with my daily and hourly life ? I read in it that I must be perfect, as God is perfect ; and was then told that I could not be. I read in it, that I must put away all wrath, and anger, and bitterness of feeling, and be kind, gentle, tender-hearted, easy to be entreated, and that if any body struck me on one cheek, I must turn the other, and overcome evil with good ; that I must love my enemies, bless those who curse me, and do good to those who hate me. These things I read, and heard read ; but I have no recollection that it ever entered my mind, that these instructions were given to guide my feelings and actions. I saw all around me daily and habitually doing the very things which are there forbidden ; I saw professed ministers giving blow for blow ; I saw them full of anger, wrath and revenge ; they hated their enemies ; they were often cruel and unkind, and they said they had a right to do these things. I could see no use in reading the Bible, unless people were made better by it. It was a matter of course that I should feel, that God never gave these precepts to guide me, or others, in my intercourse with my companions.

The Bible seemed to me to have a mysterious connection with God and eternity, and to teach us how to obtain heaven ; but I had scarce an idea that it had any thing to do with the life that now is. A mystery shrouded that book, which my childhood could never penetrate.

I firmly believed, as an essential requisite for salvation, that the Bible was the only rule of faith and practice ; and that I must receive every thing in it,—not because I perceived it to be truth, but because it was in the Bible ; yet, at the same time, I was conscious that I believed thousands of things to be right or wrong, independent of that, or any book. When certain acts were presented to my mind, I instantly decided on their moral character, before a thought of what the Bible said came to my mind ; and before I had time to con-

sult it. I knew then, and have ever known, that a great portion of the purest, most just, humane and benevolent acts of my life, were the promptings of a spirit within me, and had no reference to the teachings of the Bible. That book never was, and never could be, an omnipresent guide, such as I needed. A decision, as to what was right or wrong, had often to be made at once and was made, without any reference to the teaching of the Bible. It never was and never can be, to any human being, the only rule of faith and practice. Here, my theology was at war with the facts of my being.

PRAYING.

Praying in the family, which my father called "doing duty," was done in this manner. The children were called in, before breakfast, wherever they were, if within hailing distance. The gathering call was, "Come to duty," or, "Come to prayers." All came into the room, and were seated in silence. A mysterious dread was often on my mind on such occasions; and to this day, that call, "Come to duty," has an indefinable solemnity connected with it. After we were all seated, and my father had taken down and opened the great family Bible, and adjusted his spectacles, he began to read from the sermon on the mount; or about the killing of Achan and his little children, or the men, women, and infants of Jericho; or Samuel hewing Agag to pieces before the Lord; or Samson killing the Philistines; for he read chapter after chapter, verse after verse, in course; believing every verse and chapter to be the word of God, and given for instruction and edification. After reading the chapter, he stood up, and we all arose, each in his place; and he, generally standing in the same spot, began to pray. His prayer was the same, morning and evening, with slight alterations, and uttered in a deliberate and solemn tone and manner. He ended, and we at once became as usual. We began to talk and busy ourselves about ordinary avocations, as though no extraordinary thing had been transpiring before us.

Yet, my father and his family regarded "tending duty" as an affair of importance and solemnity. There was more solemn preparation for this than for any other business done in the family; why, I could not tell then, nor can I now. There was to be no looking out of the window upon the bright, sunny morn, or the earth sparkling with dew; no winks, looks, or nods between the children; no smiles, nor suppressed whisperings; but a dead silence and a chilling solemnity were to be put on for that occasion. Had these family scenes been associated with more cheerfulness and loving familiarity, very different had been their influence on me.

The impression made on my mind by these stated family exercises in praying was deep and abiding. When my thoughts were not preoccupied by some scheme of amusement or labor, and I could give them, as I sometimes did, to what was passing before me, I regarded my father with a feeling of awe. Often have I looked at him with astonishment. There he stood, his back towards us, his face to the wall, leaning his hands on the top of a chair, talking in a solemn, deliberate and earnest tone of voice to a Being whom I could not see. Many times have I looked to the part of the room where he stood, to try if I could not see what he was talking to; and I wondered if my father could see Him. I knew his eyes were shut, and I wondered if this was the way to see God; and I would shut my eyes, and try to fix my thoughts on Him, thinking I might see Him in that way. I could not; and while gazing upon my father praying, a mysterious dread often came over me. I felt that he must see something that I did not; and, from the manner in which he addressed that unseen Being, I felt that there must be something great and very terrible about Him.

In childhood, I used to try very hard to see God. I thought if I could only look at Him, and know what He was like, it would satisfy me. Often have I stood still in the woods, shut my eyes, (for I got the idea that to see God, I must shut my eyes,) and tried to shut every thing out of my mind, that I might see God. I thought it was very

wicked to think about my amusements, or any work, when my father was praying, or in connection with God. How oft have I struggled to keep these truant thoughts out of my mind; but they would come in, and then I thought I was very wicked. Oft have I, at night, looked up into the deep dome of heaven, to see God. That my mind was so confused, so indefinite, and so dark about Him, I thought was owing to my depravity. Would I had imbibed purer, higher, more just notions of God in my childhood!

I used sometimes to hear a neighbor praying in the woods, in a very loud voice. He would always do it on his knees under some tree, and I have crept softly near enough to him, and gazed at him with amazement from behind a tree. It used to perplex me greatly, whether he saw any thing in the top of the tree, for his face would be turned up. There was a Methodist Elder in the same town. He was a very zealous preacher, of an ardent, enthusiastic temperament, and often passed our house to go to his preaching on the mountain east of us. When, in ascending the hill through the woods, he reached a certain spot, he usually alighted from his horse, and knelt down beside the road and prayed; and in a voice so loud that we could often hear him half a mile distant in the valley below. That man's voice used to echo around the deep forest like a trumpet. I used to be amazed at this, and wonder if prayer, when said in the woods, and in such a loud voice, was more likely to be heard and accepted by God, and more profitable to those who said it.

This Elder was an object of sacred dread to me, and the following incident greatly increased this feeling towards him. He was sick of fever. One Sunday morning, when the fever was near a crisis, he insisted that his family should leave him alone, and go to meeting. He was so earnest and restless about it, that they complied. When they had departed, he arose, went down to a spring of icy coldness, near the house, and there plunged into it. He bathed to his heart's content; then came back to his room, dressed, and sat down by a fire, and was found sitting there, his fever gone, and all danger passed. He sent word all

over the region, that he would hold a meeting in the school-house near by, on a certain evening, and there tell what a miracle had been wrought on him. The night and the meeting came. I was there, with other members of the family. The Elder appeared, looking thin and pale; but he was well. He arose in the midst, and told the whole process; how it was revealed to him to go to the spring and bathe; how he was strengthened to walk down to it; the sudden effect of the cold water; the disappearance of the fever, and the sudden increase of strength. He really believed that he had been an object of Heaven's special visitation, and he became more earnest and loud in his prayers as he ascended that hill in the woods, than ever, and he became an object of an increased dread to me. (*Priessnitz and the Water-Cure were unheard of then.*)

I was taught two prayers, when very young, by my father—the Lord's prayer, and the following:—

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

But I never was made to go by myself, to say these prayers morning and evening; nor was I made to kneel by my father, and say them to him.

I never had, when a child, the least idea that saying prayers was designed to have any bearing on my feelings and actions. I do not believe that the prayers which I learned ever had any influence in leading me to suppress anger, to put away revenge, and to make me more truthful, just, loving, and forgiving, in my intercourse with my companions; or to give me a more sacred respect for a single social virtue, or for the persons and rights of my fellow creatures. It was considered by me as an *outward* observance, designed rather as an offering unto God, to benefit Him, than as a means of intellectual, social, and spiritual improvement to man.

I had no feeling about prayer as a want of my nature,

an outpouring of the heart for a more sacred regard for the property and persons of men, and for a practical control of my passions. I believe the practice of making children kneel down and repeat over certain words, and calling it a prayer, has a pernicious effect on their minds. It habituates them to utter falsehoods to the Deity; to ask Him to help them do what they do not intend nor wish to do; and for things which they would beg Him to withhold, if they thought He would grant them. They get the idea that prayer is mere *words*, rather than life; whereas, he prays most devoutly who lives most honestly.

But I look back with a feeling of deep and affectionate interest upon those Sabbath observances, meeting-goings, catechisings, Bible-readings and prayers of my father. They serve to endear his memory to my heart; for, though I believe he was mistaken in the views which he took of these things, and the manner of his doing them, yet, I felt then, and do still feel assured, that he had the best interests of his children at heart, and only wished to influence them to love their God and to keep His commandments.

JOINING THE CHURCH.—BAPTISM.—LORD'S SUPPER.

There was a kind of sacred feeling associated in my mind with the word "*Church*,"—and with the phrase—"Joining a *Church*,"—and I supposed that people who joined a church were, by some mysterious influence, taken from the company of the evil, and put into the company of the good, and that they had a prescriptive right to heaven. I never thought it was necessary for myself or any one, to refrain from fretting, scolding, and fighting; or that we must be just, honest, kind and loving, in order to join a church; but, I did have an idea that I must not go to parties, nor dance, nor laugh, run, shout and play, if I joined a church. This act, I thought, would put an end to all that constituted life to me. Yet, I meant to join a church at some future time, in order to make sure of heaven. Though I was convinced that I must join a church, or never have heaven, yet I de-

terminated to put it off as long as I could. I felt by turns a spirit of joyous activity on the play-ground, and a sweet, tranquil, delightful feeling in the company of my little sisters, or in my wanderings in the woods, which seemed to me perfectly innocent and delightful, but which I supposed I must put away, if I joined a church.

Often, when I have seen infants brought up to be baptized, have I wondered what good it could do them; and, when the minister sprinkled water in their faces, and said over them the accustomed formula, I have looked on with a kind of stupid wonder, how that could benefit the child, or make it acceptable to God; and the mystery has never been solved. When I have seen men and women led down into the river, and plunged under the water, and seen them rise up gasping and strangling for breath, as I often did, and was told God was pleased with this, and that it was confessing Christ before men, I used to get bewildered; for I could not see how it could be any more pleasing to God, or profitable to themselves, to have a minister plunge them under the water, than to plunge themselves under as they did in swimming, or to be plunged in by any body that was not a minister.

Often have I sat and seen my father and others celebrate the *sacrament* or *supper*, with an indefinable feeling of awe. It was said, that they were eating the body and drinking the blood of Christ, as they took bits of bread and ate them, and the cup and drank wine; and I have felt the sense of fear come over me as I have seen them do these things. I used to marvel how eating that bit of bread, and tasting that drop of wine, when they were neither hungry nor thirsty, could please God. I never supposed that it could be of any use to them, by sustaining their bodies, or by purifying their souls, or by making them live more just and honest lives. Yet I thought that these observances were a necessary part of religion.

CONVICTION. — CONVERSION.

My childhood's impressions about *conversion* were, that it was some mysterious operation performed upon the soul by

an unseen agent. I supposed that it was to be done suddenly; and to be begun and ended in one and the same moment. I thought that it must be preceded by a great deal of anguish of mind; by many sighs and groans; and by visits from the minister and church-members, to talk with me about my soul. This antecedent process was called "*conviction, or distress of mind.*" Many times in the family, on the playground, in the school and in the church, when I felt serious, have I put on a careless, cheerful air and manner, lest I should be thought to be "under distress of mind." I greatly dreaded being thought to be passing through this initiatory step to conversion. I had no doubt that I must one day go through it, but I wanted to put it off as long as I could.

After being under distress of mind, for a time, then, all at once, came the *conversion*. This operation consisted in a sudden change from distress to joy; and this was all I supposed to be meant by "old things passing away, and all things becoming new," and by "putting off the old man, and putting on the new."

Before people joined the church, it was customary to have them come out before the congregation in the meeting-house, and tell their *experience*. This consisted almost universally in telling how they had been "under distress of mind;" how deeply and how long they suffered before conversion came; what first threw them into this distress, which was often some dream, or vision, or death, or sermon, or prayer, or remark, or text, flashing suddenly upon them. Then came a sudden rebound of the spirit, the shoutings and hallelujahs. I have heard many of these new converts relate their experience in my childhood, and it usually consisted in passing through the above process.

PLAYMATE CONVERTED.

The Methodists held a camp-meeting in some woods near my father's. The camp was formed in a beautiful spot—in a forest of tall trees, and at the foot of a high hill. The underbrush and bushes were cleared away from about an acre—the trees were left standing. The old logs and

brushwood were taken away ; and the cleared spot was enclosed by a brush fence, not easily penetrated by man or beast. There were two gates, one for the public to enter, — and the other for private entrance, and retirement of the preachers. A high scaffolding was erected near the entrance ~~gate~~, for the preachers' stand. In front of it was a platform ; before the platform was a little pen or fold, into which the anxious inquirers were put.

To this meeting came the Methodists from thirty or forty miles around ; bringing their tents, beds and provisions with them. The tents were put up around inside the enclosure ; and sometimes several families were in a tent. Here they remained in the camp, men, women and children — singing, praying, preaching, shouting, exhorting, day and night, for a week ; having several sermons every day and every night.

I was there two days and one night ; spending the night in the tent of some friends. It was the first I ever attended. What I there saw and heard deeply affected my spirit. Within the camp, convictions and conversions were going on night and day. The singing, by night, was most impressive, as it rose and died away in those dark woods ; but all around the camp, outside of the enclosure, was carried on every species of wickedness. *Gingerbread* and *whiskey* carts, and shows of various kinds, were there, and the noise of revelry, drunkenness and blasphemy mingled with the singing, praying, and preaching. That was a fearful night to me, as I wandered about in that camp — the bright watch-fires and candles making the darkness and gloom of the forest more dark and gloomy.

But I was most affected by what took place to one of my play-fellows. It was about midnight. Here and there all about the camp, groups or classes were formed to pray and sing. I had been standing near one, leaning against a tree, and looking upon about fifty men and women — many of whom I knew — as they knelt together praying ; many of them at the same time shouting, "Amen," "Glory," "Alleluia," and striking their hands together. These people I really supposed were worshipping God, and doing Him acceptable service. My attention was called to the minis-

ter's place of operation by unusual shouting and earnest praying. I went up and looked into the *anxious pen*, and there, to my amazement, I saw one of my school-fellows, in the strongest contortions of face and body. Soon I saw him fall flat on the ground, and stretch himself out on his back, looking pale and ghastly; his eyes shut—his hands clenched. There he lay some minutes, as one dead; the preachers all rushing down the steps from the platform, and kneeling around him, shouting, "the great and mighty power of God is on him; pray, brethren, pray for his deliverance." They did pray and shout over him. I was frightened, lest he was dead. He was not a pleasant and happy-tempered boy, and few liked him; but I was afraid the poor fellow was dead, as he lay there, so pale and still, while the ministers were shouting and praying over him. But in the midst of it all, he suddenly sprang to his feet, and began to leap up and down, and clap his hands, and shout out, at the top of his voice, "Glory," "Alleluia," "Praise the Lord," and the like; and the ministers joined in the same shoutings. I was inexpressibly amazed and confounded. What had come over the fellow I could not tell. They said he had been convicted and converted; but what that meant, I knew not. I crept away into the corner of a tent, and there lay coiled up the rest of the night, thinking of the scene I had witnessed; wondering if I must one day go through such a dreadful operation, in order to be good.

I had no idea conversion meant a practical change from hatred to love, from revenge to forgiveness, from lying to speaking the truth, from cruelty to kindness, from injustice to justice, and from dishonesty to honesty. Nothing that I saw or heard of it gave me any such impression. My sole idea of it was—a sudden mental change, from deep anguish of mind to great happiness.

PRIESTS.—PRIESTLY OFFICES.

The minister filled a very large place in my mental vision as a child. But what place did he hold? One of affec-

tionate, confiding regard? No: the minister was the last person on earth in whom, as a child, I could confide, or for whom I felt any tender affection; the last person from whom I could have asked counsel in things pertaining to this world, or to any other. Yet there was no person whom I was taught more to reverence.

I was afraid of them, and I would rather have met a bear, or a wolf, in the woods, alone, than a minister. An indefinable shudder came over me at the thought of meeting one, and of being in his company alone, and of having him speak to me personally.

Nor less did I dread to meet the minister in the family circle. It was the custom for the minister to pay annual or semi-annual visits to the families belonging to his church and congregation, and who contributed to his support. On these occasions, business and all plays were suspended, and the children had to be washed, and dressed in their cleanest and best. It was understood that the minister was coming to have a professional consultation with each member of the family about the health and prospects of his or her soul. This was a thing which I particularly dreaded. At the appointed hour, the family were all seated in readiness for the interview; my father first, then my mother, then the children, from the oldest to the youngest. The minister arrived; came into the room in a solemn manner; sat a moment and looked round, and then asked if all the family were present; and was answered that all were present who were expected to be. He first prayed, and then began to question my father; then my mother; then the oldest child; and so went round the circle, putting questions to each and every one personally. The questions were generally in substance as follows: "What is the state of your soul?" "Is the love of God shed abroad in your heart?" "Have you repented of sin?" "Do you hate sin?" "Do you feel that you are a sinner?" "Do you ever pray?" "Do you try to sanctify the Lord's day, and keep it holy?" As these questions were put, each gave such an answer as was thought appropriate. It was a fiery ordeal, and the sweat has rolled off me as the questioning drew near; and when

my turn came, I was so wrought up that I answered at random, yes or no, without knowing or caring whether the answer referred to the question or not. I had a horror of this family visitation and questioning about the state of my soul; yet I regarded it as a thing that must be done.

But I have sometimes ran away from them, and secretly betaken myself to the woods, far out of sight and hearing of the house, and hid in the top of a tree, or in some dark thicket, and there remained for hours, solely to get rid of these consultations about my soul. But I never felt easy when I did so; simply because I supposed this terrible ordeal was something that ought to be and must be passed through, in order to be converted. But it was a heartfelt relief to me when this trial was over for the time being; for I had not a thought that these professional visits had, or were designed to have, the least connection with my feelings and actions in daily life. The consultations related to the concerns of the soul in another state; and these, in my view, had nothing to do with my conduct in this world.

I had not this feeling of horror towards ministers because I supposed they were bad men. On the contrary, I was accustomed to regard them as most devout and holy; and it was precisely because of their supposed piety, that I had such a horror of them; for at that time, piety had no connection with any of those joyous or happy feelings which I experienced in myself. I supposed that, if I became pious, all my bright and happy feelings must be put away.

As a child, I was deeply impressed with the idea, that God had instituted an order of men, a priesthood, to stand between Him and the people; that He communicated with men through them; that he chose out one here and another there, by a special call, to act as His ambassadors; that they were to be ordained and set apart from all others to the ministry; that the minister was, by virtue of his profession and position, a holy man, and that it was his prerogative to do the preaching, praying, baptizing, and worshipping of the people. I supposed every body must have some minister to take care of his soul, and that those who had no one to do this, would stand a poor chance of reaching heaven.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

From my earliest recollections, my mind has been familiar with those excitements which are known as "revivals." Getting up and conducting revivals constituted one great ingredient of religion. To be well trained in the art of "awakening, convicting and converting sinners," was the highest point of professional excellence at which young ministers aimed. Often in my childhood have I heard this or that minister named as being eminently skilful in getting up and managing revivals. These were supposed to have special power to "prevail with God," to induce Him "to pour out His spirit" at a given time, and upon a specified place.

While I felt a dread of all ministers, I had a special horror of those who were famous in getting up revivals. I had an idea that they maintained some mysterious intercourse with the invisible world; that they had special power over God to induce Him to hear and grant their requests. Thus I heard them represented; and for these reasons, I looked upon them with dread.

Yet, with all my horror of these revival preachers and of all ministers, I used to feel an interest in hearing them preach and pray. I could not then account for the interest which I felt in the pulpit prayers and sermons of those whom, for worlds, I would not meet alone, or in society, if I could help it.

There were several revivals in that region during my childhood. During these "heavenly visitations," as they were called, prayer and conference meetings were held in different neighborhoods, at which the men and women prayed, exhorted, sang, and told what, as they said, the Lord had done for their souls. In them, the new converts were brought forward to tell their experience; and often church members entered into personal conversation with their friends and neighbors, who were supposed to be unconverted. I used to love to attend them, provided they would not talk to me about the condition of my soul. To avoid this, when I

did go, I used to get into some dark corner of the room, and behind others, where I could not be seen, or near the door, that I might slip away as soon as the meeting was over. At these times, there was more punctuality in going to meeting, and the people all looked more solemn; the minister was more earnest in his sermons, and the singing and praying seemed more tender and impassioned. The common remark among ministers and church members was, that "the Lord was passing by that way;" or "the Lord was visiting his people;" or that "God was gathering his elect;" or that "God was pouring out his spirit;" or that "God was separating the wheat from the chaff." These, and the like phrases, were constantly in their mouths; and sinners were urged to make haste, and secure a portion in the passing Deity, lest He should go away, and leave them in a more wicked and helpless state than ever.

Though I had no wish nor expectation that I might become converted, yet I used to feel frightened lest the Lord should go away from the place. I thought this would be a great calamity. We were urged to "seek religion;" to "take no rest till we had found it;" and I was deeply impressed with the idea that religion was a thing to be hunted for and found, as a man would hunt for and find a sheep which had strayed; and when wandering in the woods or pasture after the sheep or cows, I have often wondered when I should begin to seek after religion, and whether I should ever find it.

I had the impression that it was only in revivals that religion could be found. At other times, little or nothing was said about it. The revivals seldom lasted over a few weeks or months; the community had a religious spasm, and then it settled down again into its former state.

I had no idea of religion then as an all-controlling, omnipresent principle of action. I was impressed with the belief that God moved men to be good periodically,—by fits and starts. When I heard people talking about seeking salvation, it did not enter my mind that they were seeking to get rid of any wicked passion or practice. My only thought

was, that they had found something which was to deliver them from a future hell.

There used to be great heart-burnings between the different sects, as to the question, who had the best right to the new converts. I have often, very often, heard hot and angry disputes over this matter. I could not account for the fact, that a revival of religion should lead men to quarrel. The mystery is solved; the more of a fighting religion people have, the more they will fight.

The influence of my early impressions about revivals, to this hour has not wholly ceased to be felt. It has been evil, and only evil. The idea that God draws men to be good, at set times and places, is as derogatory to His character as it is absurd and unphilosophical, and hurtful to men.

HEAVEN.—HELL.

These were expressive words to me as a child; the one being little more attractive than the other. They represented fixed localities where sufferings were endured, or pleasures enjoyed; and what I supposed to be the enjoyments and occupations of heaven were but little less dreaded by me than were the sufferings of hell. Admission to heaven, I thought, was mysteriously associated with joining a church and going to meeting; with baptism and the supper; with keeping the Sabbath, reading the Bible, saying the catechism, and saying prayers. That heaven was to result from doing as I would be done by, from being kind, loving, forgiving, truthful, just and honest, to all my playmates and companions, never entered my mind.

I never supposed that heaven could be enjoyed; or hell suffered, in this life; both places were located some where beyond the boundary of this world, in which people were put and kept for ever after they were dead. The possibility of finding heaven here was never suggested to my mind.

In childhood, I do not think it ever occurred to me that heaven or hell was a character, and not a place. Had I

been told that to be loving, forgiving, self-forgetting, just, truthful, honest, gentle, and pure in heart and life, is to be in heaven; and that to be angry, hating, revengeful, selfish, unjust and cruel, is to be in hell; and that there was no other heaven or hell but these, I believe it would have been a savor of life unto life to me, and given a steadier, higher, purer, more energetic and fearless tone to my whole character and existence.

On the whole, the effect of my religious training in childhood was, to make me ashamed to be religious. I had a great dread of being thought "serious;" which, in my view, was the same as to be religious. Hence I was ashamed to be seen reading the Bible as a matter of choice; and when I did thus read it, I always went by myself, where no one could see me; and if any one approached, I hid the Bible from his view. I was ashamed to have any one, even my father, brothers or sisters, suppose I felt any interest in family prayers, in going to meeting, or in any thing which was supposed to indicate a religious turn of mind.

I never felt ashamed or afraid to speak the truth, and to be known to abhor a lie; I was not ashamed nor afraid to be thought to be gentle, kind and generous; nor was I ashamed to take the part of the oppressed against the oppressor, and to show my abhorrence of meanness, injustice and dishonesty, wherever, and in whomsoever, I saw them. I never was ashamed to be seen romping with my sisters, and joining in their most trifling amusements; or doing any thing for the comfort and benefit of my parents, or of any other living creature. But I was ashamed to be pious.

Had such feelings and actions been construed into a concern to please my heavenly Father, I believe I should have gloried in being thought thus concerned; for I never knew the time when such feelings and actions were not felt by me to be most praiseworthy and noble. To cherish such feelings, and do such actions, always made me happy and joyous; and no ridicule could ever have made me shrink from them. But all that was connected with religion seemed gloomy, forbidding, and calculated to isolate me from all the enjoyments and companions that were most dear to

my childhood. I did not then know, as I now do, that there is far more piety in the merry laugh and joyous shout of a child, than in its subdued, solemn, unnatural and chilling look and manner.

USE OF ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.

My father always kept whiskey or some kind of spirits in the house ; and it was carried into the field and there drank, more or less, in time of *haying* and *harvest*. The ploughing, sowing, planting, hoeing, chopping, and other common operations of the farm, were carried on without it, but in haying and harvesting it was always supplied. I never saw my father, or one of my brothers, drunk. They supposed that it was right and necessary to drink, to make them strong, and able to work. Yet I used often to see people drunk, who were hired to help get in our hay and wheat ; and it was a marvel to me then, how whiskey, if it made men strong and better able to work, could make them reel and stagger and fall down, and not be able to rise again.

I never liked whiskey, or other intoxicating drinks. I drank it, supposing that I must, because the rest did, but I never liked it. There was a pure brook of delicious water, that ran within a few feet of the door, and a spring of unrivalled clearness, coldness and richness, a few rods further off. These always offered to me a more delicious and tempting beverage. I have often knelt and laid down by that chrystal spring, and touched my lips to the water and drank. Often, in the evening, have I gone to it, to get water for the night, and often, during the day, to get it for my brothers at work in the field. That spring is a dear spot in the map of my childhood. Some beech, birch, and pine bushes overhung the dear fountain. No tea, coffee, or chocolate, of which I scarce ever drank, ever tasted so delicious and refreshing as a draught from that spring.

A drunkard was always an object of pity as well as of horror to me. I never could laugh and make merry over his silly, disgusting babblings. I often saw men drunk, for

the distilleries were in every neighborhood, and these were the most lucrative markets for the farmer's grain crops, and they took pay partly in whiskey. The drunkard's appetite was never formed in me, and I do not think I ever had any temptation to become one. *Tee-totalism* was not thought or heard of in the days of my childhood. Whiskey was considered a necessary article of life, and supplied to all families as was bread or meat. It was thought that one could no more be dispensed with than the other.

SOURCES OF DRUNKENNESS.

What were called Bees, (social gatherings to aid one another,) were famous places for manufacturing drunkards. It was a new country, i. e., a country covered with native forests. A man bought a tract of this forest land. The first thing to be done was, to clear away the trees and open the earth to the sun. These must be cut down with an axe wielded by the hand of man. Often a new settler, wishing to clear a few acres, would invite his neighbors to *give* him a helping hand to chop down the trees. They would come and give him each a day's work. And such a resounding of the axes as they were struck into the trees; and such a crackling, crashing and roaring as the gigantic sons of the forest made, when they came to the ground! This was a glorious sight to my eyes, and early did I learn to wield the axe and to fell these stately trees. They were felled and cut into pieces, ten or fifteen feet long, the branches also being cut off, and cut into suitable lengths. This operation, when thus performed gratuitously by the neighbors, was called a *Chopping Bee*. The whiskey always circulated freely on these occasions, and limbs were often broken, and sometimes lives destroyed in consequence. Then, after the logs and branches had become dry enough to burn, again were the neighbors invited to come and lend a helping hand; and again they came, with all the horses and oxen that could be mustered. The logs were drawn together and rolled into heaps, and the branches and brush picked up by children and

youth, and cast upon the log heaps or into brush heaps. These brush and log heaps, the new settler could burn at his leisure. Thus he could get a piece of ground cleared in a few days, which it would have taken him months to have cleared alone. These gatherings were called *Logging Bees*; and these, too, were fruitful occasions of whiskey drinking.

But these Chopping and Logging Bees were occasions of great interest to the young boys all about, and they went with their little axes, and worked manfully at the little trees and bushes, while their fathers and older brothers brought down the tall ones.

Indian corn was extensively grown, and used for bread and puddings, as well as for making whiskey, and for fattening beef and pork. This crop was ready for harvesting in October. If a man had a large crop, and only his own hands to *husk* it, he would cut down the corn with a sickle or scythe, and draw it to some spot, and lay it in heaps;—then send round and invite his neighbors, far and near, to come on an appointed evening, (for this was usually night work,) and help him husk it. The neighbors came, and generally husked till all was done, if it took most of the night. This was all gratuitous. Of course, the whiskey circulated freely; every one helping himself as frequently and as plentifully as he chose. These gatherings were called *Husking Bees*, and were frightful sources of drunkenness. Generally, many went away intoxicated.

The houses were built universally of wood at that time, and in that region, and still are to a great extent, throughout America, except in large towns or cities. Carpenters went into the forest, selected trees, felled them, cut them to suitable lengths for the various parts, hewed them, and framed them to fit together. These were all taken to the spot where the building was to stand. Then invitations were sent round to the neighbors to come, on an appointed afternoon, and put up the frame of the building thus made ready. They came, and, under the direction of the master carpenter, put it up, from the foundation to the ridge-pole. This was called a *Raising Bee*; and, in these matters, my father and some of my

elder brothers had much to do. These *raisings* were great occasions; and, as the labor was gratuitous, the whiskey went round most freely, and many a serious injury used to be the result. But no matter: the whiskey must go round, or the frame could not go up. These were great sources of drunkenness; for, as at Chopping, Logging and Husking Bees, all were expected to drink as often and as plentifully as they pleased.

After the frame was up, the last timber placed, and the last peg driven, all took off and swung their hats, and gave three cheers. And if the building were to be a meeting-house, the minister would be present, to add a *prayer* to the *cheers*.

The foregoing Bees were attended only by men and boys. Females never took part in them, except, as was sometimes the case, to aid the man's wife to prepare a supper. They never took any part with the males in the labor. But women had their *Bees*. When a woman had prepared her *patch-work*, her wadding, and arranged all into a suitable shape for a *Quilt*, and put it all upon the *Quilting Frame*, she sent round invitations to all the young girls and younger married women, far and near, to come to the Quilting at an appointed afternoon. They came, often several miles, on horseback, and through the woods. Then the quilting frame was laid on the tops of four chairs, one at each corner, and the women drew up and plied their needles, and kept at it till the Quilt was made ready for the bed. All things were cleared away, and a supper of custards, nut-cakes, short-cake, and butter and cheese and tea, served up. The young men came in the evening, and then were music and dancing, and other amusements. These were called *Quilting Bees*; but were not often occasions of drunkenness.

These various *Bees* fill a large place in the mental horizon of my childhood. They were household topics of conversation, around the table and the evening fire, and were of great interest to the indwellers of those forest homes. But they were sources of a vast amount of drunkenness; and while there were great outcries against excessive drinking, not a

word was ever uttered against the drinking custom. He would have been counted a fool or a madman, who should have declared all drinking, distilling, and vending of alcoholic liquors to be wrong and ruinous.

I believe there was scarce a family for miles around, in which some near and dear relative was not a drunkard. I have often heard it remarked as an extraordinary event, that there should be so many sons in my father's family, and not one of them a drunkard. Very many of my playmates have, years ago, gone down to the drunkard's grave, with whom I was very intimate, and who were very dear to me. They were kind, generous, loving and daring children of the forest; but they fell victims to the drinking custom, which was then sanctioned by universal consent. *Tee-totalism* would have saved them. But there were none to publish it.

TOBACCO.

It was a very common custom for the men in that forest region to chew or smoke tobacco, and the women often took it in snuff—and old women sometimes smoked. I have no recollection of ever seeing my father chew or smoke one particle of tobacco. No tobacco, no cigars, no snuff, no pipes, were kept in the house, in my childhood, except on one occasion. The taste and the smell of tobacco, or tobacco smoke, was then and has ever been disgusting to me, though I have smoked many a pipe and cigar since those days. Till from twelve to twenty-three years old, I never attempted to smoke tobacco.

My paternal grand-mother, in her extreme age, being eighty, followed her children from the older settlements of New England to the west, to spend her last days with them. She spent a winter with my father. I had never seen her before. I loved that kind old woman; and as it was my charge to prepare wood, make her fire, warm her room, and arrange it for her before she arose in the morning; to set her chair, to bring her water to wash and drink, and to go

her errands, I became greatly fond of her, and attentive to her. She was my *charge*, and I watched over her with fond affection and reverence.

It was one part of my business to see that she was supplied with tobacco and a pipe, and to fill her pipe with tobacco, to light it and hand it to her. She was a great smoker, generally smoking several times in a day. Every thing about tobacco was disgusting. She used to tell me if I would only learn to smoke or chew, it would be more agreeable. This was, of course, true; but I did not then understand the full meaning of that truth. So one evening, when alone with her, under her direction, I undertook to learn to smoke. I filled the pipe, lighted it, and began to suck in and puff out the smoke. I soon began to feel sick, but my venerable instructress told me to persevere, and all would come right. I did, but the sickness increased. I grew so giddy, that I could not walk or stand or sit: the nausea was intolerable. I vomited; and after a while grew better, and crept to my bed, and arose nearly well next morning. But that cured me of smoking for the time being. I still helped my grandmother to her pipe as usual, but never joined her again.

It was some years after this, when, after repeated sicknesses, and by hardy perseverance, I was enabled to smoke a pipe or a cigar. It is now near twenty years since the disgusting weed has diffused its deadly poison into my system in any form. It is an impure, selfish, filthy, disgusting, wicked habit, to chew, smoke or snuff it. It shall never pollute my system again; it is a curse to body and soul. No man has a right to pollute the atmosphere with its filthiness.

My grandmother removed to the home of another of her children in the forests of Pennsylvania, and there she died.

INDIANS.

Scarce any objects of my childhood acquaintance come to my mind with fresher and deeper interest than the Indians,

or Aborigines of America. The middle and western parts of New York State were covered with woods, in which were many Indians. No child of white, or professedly *Christian* parents was allowed to grow up in that region, without imbibing more or less hatred and horror of the Indians. Tales of Indian cruelties were in the mouths of all mothers and nurses. In the summer season, companies of Indians were often seen wandering over that region unmolested; hunting in the woods, fishing in the creeks, rivers, ponds and lakes; or going from house to house, selling neatly made baskets of bark or willow, variously painted, or moccasins of dressed deer skin, beautifully ornamented with beads of all colors, made of bones, or the shells of fish. These Indians used to show great dexterity in the use of the bow and arrow, and teach the boys how to make and use them.

I used to feel a deep interest in meeting these little parties of wandering Indians. Though I never heard about them, except in connection with scenes of massacres and murders, I never had any fear of them. So far as I saw them, they were as kind and trustworthy as other people. I have heard them state the wrongs, cruelties and murders perpetrated upon them by professedly Christian whites, and my sympathies were all with them. Their warriors were solemn, dignified men, with their fearful tomahawks and scalping knives; but every thing about them invested them with interest to me.

One little incident affected me deeply. My father and his family were at breakfast one bright summer morning. A party of Indians came along, some ten or twelve in number—men, women and children. They sat down on the ground, a little way from the door, which was open, allowing them to look in and see us at our morning meal. Not one came near the door while we were eating. There they sat, waiting till we were done. After we had arisen from the table, a young girl entered, and asked if she, and her parents, and brothers and sisters, and the others, could have something to eat. My mother told her to wait awhile, and she would get a breakfast for them. Meat, potatoes and

bread were in due time set on; knives and forks and plates furnished, and chairs put round. They came in, sat down, and tried to use the knives and forks and plates; but they were awkward enough, and had great merriment over it, for one or two had cut their lips. My father told them to use their hands, and never mind their forks and knives. They did, and got on more to their satisfaction. They finished eating, and all arose, standing around the table, thanking my father and mother for their kindness.

When I was but ten or twelve years old, I thought, and still think, that professedly civilized and Christian whites have been far more revengeful, unjust and murderous to the Indians of America, than those Indians have been to them.

I was endowed with a physical hardihood and capability of endurance that knew no fatigue, and could meet any amount of physical privation or exposure without fear or shrinking. I had a self-possession and presence of mind in sudden excitements and dangers; a fearless confidence in myself to do whatever I attempted; a power of concentrating my thoughts, and feelings, and energies, on a given object, combined with a steady perseverance in doing whatever I undertook to do, which never was discouraged; and these things would have made me a desperado, had the profession of arms been my portion. I have often felt that I should have been a fearful besom of destruction, had I been left to the gratification of my desires after military glory.

My father was a Federalist, and sided with England in the wars of Napoleon. My oldest brother, who had charge of the farm, and most all things at home, while my father was away building houses, was a Democrat, and sided with Napoleon. They often held discussions over Napoleon's progress. It has often been cause for wonder to me, with what absorbing interest I used to hear and read of that man's movements; for though a child, my heart always triumphed in his victories, his rapid movements, his sudden encounters with the combined armies of all Europe. It was the fearful daring and energy of the man that kindled up my young heart. Many a stirring speech have I made, in

the dreams of my childhood, to an army, to animate them to battle and to victory.

Stories and histories about wars and warriors were then my meat and drink. The conquests and wars of Cortez and Pizarro, in Mexico and Peru; the wars between the Puritans and the Indians, and the events of the Revolutionary War, were familiar to my mind, and deeply engraven on my heart. The Jewish wars and massacres were the portions of the Bible most familiar and interesting to my mind. Many an hour and day have I spent, in secret and stillness, in the house, in the barn, and in the woods, poring over those scenes of violence and blood, till the very soul of war seemed to be breathed into me. The martial music, the fife, and drum, and bugle horn; the motion, the order, the firm and measured tread; the glittering of swords, and the roar of musketry and cannon, on military parade days, were invested with enchantment to me.

In early life, I got hold of an old military catechism, that aimed to teach the science and mysteries of war; of drilling and disciplining armies; of the sword and the gun exercise; of shooting and stabbing men, and of arranging and ordering battles; and over this book I pored till it was as familiar to me as my alphabet.

Though the thought was never suggested to my mind, that it was wrong to slaughter men, women and children in war, yet I have often wondered, when a child, how men could love and forgive their enemies, and do these things to them. The solution to my mind was, that these precepts of the New Testament were never to be applied to our feelings and conduct in this world.

There was a dreadful spell upon my mind, in childhood and youth, and long afterwards, in reference to war. Every thing around me said it was right, and what then appeared to me to be the energy, the daring, the heroism, and glory of man, found an echo in my bosom. How very little of *Christian* instruction would have turned my spirit into the more beautiful, generous, magnanimous channel of Non-Resistance!

Before passing from this period of my existence, I would say, that, as a child, the joyous, irrepressible and innocent promptings of my spirit, and the solemn rebukes and threats of religion, were ever at war within me. I had two natures, the *Human* and the *Theological*; and to this day, the evil effects of my training remain. I would say to all parents, never teach your children, nor allow them to be taught, a religion that conflicts with their humanity. Never allow them to receive any thing as from God, that conflicts with the facts of their physical, social, intellectual or moral being. If you do, you abuse them, and lay a foundation for future perplexity; for, however sacredly men may cherish the theology of their childhood, it must, sooner or later, go down, if it is opposed to the laws that are engraven on the constitution of their being. Happy and blessed are they, whose childhood opinions, that are hallowed by all that is associated with parents and home, are in harmony with the facts of their existence!

LETTER III.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

ROCHANE COTTAGE, ROSENEATH, SCOTLAND,
June 12, 1847.

DEAR GARRISON:

I have hastily reviewed my childhood. Its impressions are inextinguishable. I wish I could say to all parents, teachers and ministers never teach children a theology that conflicts with the facts and laws of their being. Never instruct them to meditate on God, apart from their relations and duties to man. Teach them that Anthropology is the only true Theology; that the Science of Humanity is the only science of God that can be made available to human redemption.

The following is taken from my journal, written on the top of Glen Fruen mountain, which is visible from the window of my Highland cottage. As you will see, the excursion was made in 1845.

TOP OF GLEN FRUEN MOUNTAIN,
Friday, August 15, 1845.

"I am sitting on a cairn, on the highest peak between Loch Lomond and Loch Lomond. I can look down upon Gare Loch, Loch Lomond, Loch Goil, Holy Loch, Loch Fine, Loch Katrine, and Loch Lomond. To the east and south-east, I can see Glasgow, Paisley and Greenock, and the vale of Clyde far to the east. I trace the river for miles south, where rises Ailsa Craig, the mother of birds. To the west, the Isle of Arran, with Goat Fell and other lofty peaks, and the small Isle of Bute and the Cumbræes, are before me; and all around the west and north are desolate, bare mountains, rising pile on pile and peak over peak, in wild confusion. I can see from this spot

every direction, not less than fifty miles ; and a bolder, wilder scene, it is scarcely possible to conceive. The view is totally unlike any thing seen in the Tyrol or in Switzerland. This is more wild, gloomy, desolate. It makes one feel more lost and lonely. One of Scotia's noblest children is with me. We crossed Gare Loch, and walked up here, some five miles.

"I have heard of the Highlands of Scotland, but I never knew what the word meant as I now know. 'C.,' I say, 'I should like to congregate all of human kind on these mountains around, and speak to them of human brotherhood.' 'Let us issue a call for a world's convention, to meet here,' said she. 'I think the women would be allowed to sit as members of a convention called here,' I said. 'Even J. S., who excluded them from Free Mason's Hall, in London, would not exclude them from a convention in this august temple.' 'It would enlarge our hearts to meet and consult about human rights in this place,' said C. 'That it would,' I say, 'and warm and elevate them, too. No man could be a sectarian here, nor a patriot, unless his church and his country were the world, and his brethren and countrymen all mankind. We could not be Americans, nor Europeans, nor Africans, nor Asiatics, here ; we could only be human beings, and children of one Father. Only God and Man could be here. Here we could worship God as he is seen in man, and in the physical universe with which we are connected.' 'This is a true temple of God,' says C., 'and we cannot but feel worshipful here ; and how insignificant does that worship seem which is confined to time and place !' 'One cannot well help loathing it,' I say, 'as he stands amid this panorama. I do think we had better issue our call at once, dated "Top of Glen Fruen Mountain, August 15, 1845," summoning a world to meet in these Highlands, having the rocks and mountain tops and sides for pews and seats, and the heavens for our glorious dome ; and here will we consider the bearing of the religious, political and social institutions of Europe on the welfare of man.' 'Would we not examine closely into the royalty, aristocracy, and land-monopoly, the religion and government of this kingdom ?' said C. 'That we would,' I say, 'and we would see if man is ever to be considered an appendage to institutions, and to be victimized to them.' 'Yes,' said C., 'and you should have this cairn for a pulpit. I think you could hardly

make those on yon old Cobbler, (name of a peak that rises over Loch Lomond,) Ben Lomond and Ben Leddie hear.' 'O,' I say, 'it is not over one hundred miles, and that is not much in these railway times. With the voice of an archangel, and the trump of God, i. e., the electric telegraph, I could speak to a world on human brotherhood. I do think man would rise above his institutions, and throw off their rubbish, in this glorious spot.' 'Crowns, sceptres, titles and wealth would seem very contemptible here,' said C. 'True,' I said, 'when men bow to kings and queens, to what do they pay homage? To the human being, the work of God, or to the jewels, the sceptre, and title, the work of man?' 'To the work of the tailor, the jeweller, and parchment,' says C. 'Kings and queens,' I said, 'would be but men and women here. To be a human being is more glorious and godlike than to be a king or queen.' 'Yes,' said C., 'in this spot every man and woman would be their own priest and king, their own church and kingdom, under God. Here we should feel ourselves inhabitants of the universe, and subjects only of the empire of Jehovah.' 'And who,' I asked, 'can help but see God in this scenery, and also the utter folly and error of that superstition which separates the Deity from His works, and then worships Him as an almighty abstraction, and sacrifices justice and humanity on the altar of their undefinable, unseen, unknown Divinity? It is a demon who is placed on the throne of the universe, by war-making and slave-holding religionists, and not the Being who presides over this scenery, and over the empire of mind.' 'True,' says C., 'and never will I worship at the bloody shrine of such a being, though he be called God.' 'Here, too,' I said, 'could we discuss the question of labor. Are those who produce all the food and raiment—the necessities and comforts of this world—always to be the last to partake of the productions of their skill and their toil?' 'Certain it is,' said C., 'that those who feed and clothe mankind are themselves the last to be fed and clothed. Witness their condition in Europe and in America. The three millions of slaves cannot have the disposal of one farthing of their earnings; and the laborers of Britain, to whom the kingdom owes all its glory and strength, are at this moment in rags, and on the borders of starvation. This would be the place to call mankind together to right all these matters.' 'Let us issue the call, then, at

once,' I say; 'we two will sign it, and let the world assemble at our bidding.'

"Thus we talk, as we sit on the top of this mountain, on a cairn, or a pile of stones. Not a tree, nor shrub, is to be seen on this mountain; nought but heather. It is strange that on the very top is the best pasture. Down its steep sides it is covered with thick heather, at this moment in full bloom. Thousands of sheep, with black faces, and black legs and feet, are feeding all around, and down in the deep glens. It is now the time for weaning the lambs, and the sheep make a great noise over the absence of their little ones. Very natural. The shepherd could do nothing with the sheep on these Highlands, but for his dogs. When he would move his sheep from one spot to another, or drive them to market, his reliance is on his dog, who comprehends and instantly obeys the given order. I have often seen the dogs collect and drive the sheep to the designated place or town, while the shepherd would be half a mile off—having no concern but that his wishes will be obeyed.

"These mountains and glens are covered with moor fowls. As we climbed the steep ascent, toiling slowly up, we started many a moor-cock and partridge. I have just picked up three partridge feathers, and some blue bells, and a bit of full-blown heather, and put them into the memorandum book in which I am writing. They are memorials of my visit to this mountain. There are sheep-walks all over these Highlands. The sheep are never sheltered or fed in winter. They live and lie out, and pick their own living, on the mountains and in the glens, winter and summer. They become hardy; but, poor things! terrible are the tempests which they oft experience, sweeping over these bare and wild mountains.

"As I sit here, and look over these wild Highlands, and see here and there, far down on their sides and in the glens, the shepherds' turf-covered biggins, (cottages,) I cannot but think with pain how few of the laborers of this kingdom own a foot of land or the hut they live in! Not one in ten thousand! 'These mountains and lochs are all ours,' say a few landlords. I trust the people of this kingdom will not much longer be a law-abiding people; but that they will wipe out all such infamous laws, which give the land to a few, who riot and fatten on the heart's blood of the people. God speed the day! and I believe it is nearer at hand than most think.

"Now I must descend. I am cold; the wind is raw. It is sweet to look down into Loch Lomond, seemingly at our feet, though several miles off. My fingers are numb. I must go down, or we shall not reach Momore Cottage (our Highland home) till late. Farewell to Glen Fruen Mountain! I shall visit thee no more, except in spirit. But the wild, desolate and magnificent scenery around thee will never fade from my heart."

TEMPERANCE HOTEL, EDINBURGH, }
June 2, 1847. }

"This is a bright morning. I leave this city to-day, not expecting to see it again. Have spent five months here, and am familiar with it and its vicinity. I have had exciting scenes here about the Free Church alliance with man-stealers in America.

REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D., was found dead in his bed the morning of May 31. He went to bed on the evening of the 30th, well as usual, and died during the night—none knew from what cause. He has left a name that will be execrated by the American slaves. He had a slaveholder's spirit. He published his plan for the abolition of slavery in America in 1844, in which he proposes that the slave shall buy himself of his master, paying the last farthing for his body and soul, his wife and children, except one-sixth, which he proposed that government should pay. The slave having been robbed all his life, Dr. Chalmers would commit one crowning robbery upon him, and then let him go. Never was a proposition for emancipation more unjust and inhuman. The last word he spoke for slave-holders (he never spoke one word for the slave) was in May, 1845, in the Witness, in Edinburgh, to show that Christ is in loving communion with them. How low Chalmers will sink, when O'Connell, the politician, who died in Genoa Saturday evening, May 15, 1847, will rise, in the estimation of mankind! Thomas Chalmers, D. D., a minister of Jesus! He saw three millions of slaves, who had fallen among American thieves and robbers; he looked upon their wounds, but poured into them no oil; nor did he bind them up; but passed on, and allied himself with those who had struck them down and robbed them."

H. C. WRIGHT.

PART II.—THE YOUTH.

STUDIES AT SCHOOL.

I have done with the child; now for the youth. But before entering upon this period, I would remark, that my mind has, ever since childhood, been struggling to cast out many of my early impressions, as deadly enemies to its advancement in purity and enjoyment, as the bodily system seeks to cast out a fever or a plague; the former being no less certain elements of death to the soul than the latter are to the body.

The period of my youth bears no comparison, in importance, to that of my childhood; yet it is very distinctly marked with developments of my characteristics and tendencies. I shall pass over this more hastily, in order to arrive at the commencement of the mental revolution through which I passed.

Physical strength and health were my father's first aim in our education; and in this plan he succeeded admirably with us all. When about fourteen, I first began to study Arithmetic. The first step in this process was, to learn the multiplication table. This, being a mere effort of memory, was quickly despatched; for this faculty had been thoroughly developed and strengthened in learning to spell and read. No one can tell the ecstasy I felt as I came to

understand the fundamental principles of Arithmetic. No miser ever gloated over his gold as I have contemplated propositions which I had demonstrated. When I saw, by the figures on my slate, that the result could not be otherwise, I have shouted for joy, to feel that I had found that about which there could be no perplexing uncertainty. All was light; my mind seemed to settle down upon a certain, immutable basis. Such had been my training, up to that period of my life, that a kind of painful uncertainty seemed to hang over me, and every thing around me. It was the study of Arithmetic that made me feel that there was a fixed and indisputable truth and reality in my existence. I loved those demonstrations; and when a proposition was put on my slate for me to work out, and I had gone through, step by step, and understood the reason of every one, till I knew, for certainty, that the demonstration was complete, I used to feel unmingled satisfaction in writing the whole down in a book, which I had for the purpose, before I rubbed the figures from my slate. My fondness for Arithmetic knew no moderation. My dormant mental powers sprang into life with an energy and joyousness, of which I had hitherto no conception. I knew not that I had any such powers, and was capable of any such enjoyments. I knew that I had intense physical energy, and that I sometimes became wild with joy in putting it forth; but this was a feeling of pleasure more intense and more absorbing, and in gratifying it, I could sit motionless for hours. My restless physical nature became suddenly quiet under the influence of this absorbing feeling. My slate and my Arithmetic were scarce ever out of my hand, from my entrance into school in the morning, to my departure from it at night.

It was not merely to excel others, that I studied Arithmetic with avidity; it was mainly for the intense happiness I felt in following out the problem, and in the certainty that every step I took was an advance, and indisputably true. The delight I felt in the positiveness, the undeniable certainty of the process, was the source of my enjoyment. All guessings and imaginings, all painful doubts, were gone. I could say—"I know this is true; I know that is false."

It met an element of my being, when I had found something that answered "Yes," or "No," emphatically and peremptorily, to my inquiries. I found this to my heart's content in Arithmetic, and my nature was satisfied.

For three or four winters did I go to school for about ten weeks each winter, and worked on the farm with my brothers in summer. The summer was a season of activity and development to my body; the winter, a season of growth to my mind.

Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic—these constituted the sum total of my school studies, during childhood and youth. I never studied one lesson in Grammar, Geography, History, Political Economy, or physical, intellectual or moral Philosophy. Not an effort was made to teach me how to express my thoughts or feelings in writing; a defect in my early training which I have ever had reason to deplore. Young children have thoughts and feelings, often most invaluable, because most natural and original. An early habit of expressing these, connectedly and properly, would be of infinite service to them, as a source of amusement and improvement. It would greatly tend to form and confirm habits of independence of thought and reflection on all subjects, which would secure them against subserviency to human authority—"a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Only by the study of Arithmetic did the school ever do any thing to develop and strengthen any of my intellectual powers, except my memory.

When quite young, there was a total eclipse of the sun in June. That event made a deep impression on me. I heard much about it for weeks beforehand. I knew not what it was to be like, except that it was to be dark about mid-day. I was hoeing Indian corn, with two older brothers. They sent me off on an errand, and as I passed to the place, I could see the woods begin to look dingy. I started to return, and by this time, birds and beasts began to be in extraordinary excitement, rushing to the roost and the lair. The woods became dark and gloomy. I was in their midst, and night seemed to drop down upon the scene in the midst

of daylight. The forest had the same gloomy appearance which it had at night. The sun had an appearance I never saw before; it seemed to be in a process of going out, till, for a moment, it was all gone. I knew where I was, and the way out of the wood, and what was the matter, and had no fear. I stood still in the woods, and contemplated the scene with wonder. It soon passed, and I went on my way; but an awe was on my spirit long afterwards, whenever I saw the heavens by day or night.

My step-mother died in the winter of 1814. I was seventeen years old. Once more it brought death very near to me. I felt that there was a vacancy in the family. A familiar object was wanting. I had contracted a feeling of strong affection for her. After her death, my feelings towards my half-sisters, who were bereft of their mother, became very strong. They were all small, and they appeared very desolate. My heart felt for them far more than for any loss I had sustained. Now, more than ever, I loved to be with them, and to try to amuse them.

TEASING A YOUNGER BROTHER.

During the two last summers of my residence at home, my brother next older than myself had the management of the farm. Our youngest brother was with us. All the older branches of the family were away. We were generally happy, except at times when I and my elder brother took it into our heads to amuse ourselves by making game of our youngest brother, MILES. He was a boy of warm and acute feelings, quick to anger and quick over it, and keenly susceptible to ridicule. He had no personal deformity, but was exceedingly quick and elastic in his movements, and his frame was strongly knit and compact. He was single-hearted and unsuspecting, and often did things which were turned against him as means to vex him. He would endure as long as he could, and then complain to our father against us. This always brought down upon him a fresh outbreak of ridicule. I have seen that confiding little

fellow's heart just ready to burst with sheer vexation, caused by our unkind and cruel taunts; and at such times, I have condemned myself for ever having vexed him.

On one occasion, he learned to recite the piece beginning,

“Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,” &c.

This he learned to speak with propriety, but it was made by us an engine of torture to him. He became so sensitive about it, that a mere allusion to it, by repeating, in a whining, beggarly tone, “Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,” would vex him beyond endurance. My wonder has often been, that his temper was not completely ruined, and his affections alienated from us for ever. But, as he grew up, our unkindness and cruelty were forgiven and forgotten. It is mean and wicked to seek to gratify our love of fun or excitement, by giving pain to any human being. This treatment of my brother is one of the faults of my youth, for which I could never find the least palliation, or for which I could ever forgive myself.

MY DEPARTURE FROM HOME.

The spring after my step-mother died, I left the house of my childhood and youth, to learn the hat-making business. My father considered habits of industry and economy the richest legacy he could leave to his children; one that could not but be useful to them, whatever might be their station and condition in life. I do not believe that one of them ever regretted his training in this particular.

In April, 1814, my father went with me on horseback to the village of Norwich, in the county of Chenango, about thirty miles west of Hartwick. There he left me with David G. Bright. I had no particularly unhappy feelings about leaving home. I knew not what this meant. I had never been from home to spend more than one day at a time. Nor had I any very desolate feelings, when my father left

me to return home ; but he seemed to feel the separation keenly. He left me, bidding me good bye, with a tearful eye and a sad countenance. But he departed, riding on horse, and leading the one on which I had rode. Then began a new existence for me. I had left the paternal roof and was afloat in the world.

I had made up my mind that I would learn thoroughly how to make hats, that I would submit to all necessary hardships to perfect myself in it. There were several journeymen and apprentices in the shop, when I came into it. I was the youngest apprentice, and, according to rules in such case made and provided, had to make the fires and fill the kettles in the morning, and to keep the fires going and the kettles filled and boiling all day ; to pack away wool and furs ; to chop wool, and cut fur from the pelts ; to boil glue ; to set hats out to dry by day, and bring them in at night ; to sweep the floor, clean out the ashes, and to keep the shop tidy. I knew that, if I would ever be a hatter, I would not be ashamed of his work or shop, I must learn to do all these things. I set myself cheerfully and heartily to do them, and I gave satisfaction to all. At the same time I began to apply my hand to the operation of bowing, setting up, planking, blocking and dyeing hats. In a few weeks I understood what was to be done in each step of the process and before the term of my trial was out, I could take the raw material, and make a hat without aid from any one. I felt great pride in being able to do this, and to contemplate my first hat with no small delight, rude though it was.

I was put on trial for three months ; at the end of which if David G. Bright, or Boss, as he was called, or myself wished the connection to cease, it was to cease. But at the end of that time, my father came again, and both parties being agreed, indentures were drawn and signed between my father and Mr. Bright, binding me an apprentice to him for the term of four years, or till I was twenty-one.

But what had been my experience, in my inner mind during these three months ? Of my sufferings, and the shock to my moral feelings, and my loathing and disgust at certain things, my father knew nothing till long after

wards. Had he known the moral crucifixion which my feelings passed through daily and almost hourly, I believe he would have cut his right hand off before he would have let me remain there.

I was home-sick, without one moment's cessation, after the first few days, except when asleep. This is a feeling of wretchedness, the like of which I never felt before nor since; such a sinking of spirit; such loneliness; such a longing for human sympathy, and such a fear, lest any one should know how I felt, and be able to sympathise with me; such a loathing of food, and dread of not seeming to relish it; such an utter distaste for amusement, and such a fear of being thought not to enjoy it; such a prostration of soul and body, and yet such an effort to appear cheerful and energetic; all this, lest the real state of my feelings should be discovered, and I should be subjected to the laughter of those around me. Those three months were an age of torment to me, by reason of my home-sickness.

I found my local attachments and home affections were intense and enduring. I knew nothing about myself in these particulars, till taught by these three months' experience. I knew not how I loved my father, my elder brothers and sisters; I knew not how dear to me was the younger brother, whose spirit I had so often and so cruelly vexed; nor had I any conception of my affection for my three little half-sisters. Every remembered instance of disobedience to my father; of cruel vexation of my young brother; or of want of attention to any of my brothers and sisters; all rose up before me, and, seen through the magnifying glass of my home-sickness, appeared to me like heinous crimes that never ought to be forgiven. I was very desolate and wretched; and many times have I walked alone at night, in some woods, near the shop, and sat on the border of the Chenango river, which flowed about three-fourths of a mile from the house, and there wept for very sickness of heart, longing for the home of my childhood. But, during this time, I had to attend to my daily work, and to conceal my feelings in my own bosom; knowing, that an exhibition of them before

my shop-mates would only excite their scorn, or their coarse and brutal jests — so prone are men to mock at others' miseries, when they are sure there is no danger to life or limb.

But I had other sources of misery; and sources which had caused my father and family far more anxiety, had they known of their existence.

TEMPTATIONS TO DRUNKENNESS AND OTHER VICES.

Three times a day, and every day, during those three months, I went to a whiskey shop to get whiskey for the journeymen. There was not a day, rain or shine, foul or fair, holy days, or unholy days, in which I did not repair with a bottle to a shop about twenty rods off, to get whiskey. Not a night came, which did not find some of those journeymen more or less drunk. In this state, their profanity, their obscenity, their utter brutishness, knew no bounds. They earned much money, but spent it in strong drinks, and I had to be purveyor to their filthiness and corruption.

I rebelled somewhat against this at first, for I had an undefined feeling, even then, that it was wrong thus to administer to their drunkenness. But I was told that it was a part of the youngest apprentice's business to fetch whiskey to the journeymen. I submitted, but with no ease or heartiness of mind. Had I then seen the sin of drinking spirits as I now do, I should have settled the business of going after the filthy poison at once, though it had banished me from the shop. But though often urged to drink, I do not remember that I ever tasted one drop of whiskey, or of any other intoxicating liquor in that shop. The drinking and the accompaniments, and my constant hastening to and from the vile drunkery for whiskey, disgusted me with the very sight of the foul stuff, and settled me in my determination not to drink with them, come what might. This resolve I kept, and it saved my father's son from the drunkard's grave. What helped to confirm me in this resolution was, the remark of my brother Chester, as I bid him adieu on leaving home:

“ Henry, I’d rather see you in a felon’s dungeon, than to see you a drunkard.” That was a timely warning, though he knew not the great need of it at the time.

In progress of time, I became master of every step in the process of making all kinds of hats from wool and fur: the use of silk for making hats was not then thought of in that region. I felt real satisfaction in being able to make a hat, because I loved to contemplate the work when finished, and because I felt a pleasure in carrying it through the various stages. The process of manufacturing hats out of wool or fur is one which no man, who has a taste for skilful works of the hand, can contemplate without interest. Making a fur hat is a light, tasteful and fairy-like operation, in some of the stages; one requiring close attention, and light and skilful hands. And when the hat is finished, nothing can be more soft and delicate. The fur of the beaver, or of the otter, is susceptible of a very soft, bright and high finish. I always had great admiration for skill and ingenuity, when employed in the making of any thing useful; but never had much regard for that skill which is devoted to making any thing merely ornamental, or which is designed solely to administer to pleasure. I have far less admiration for that skill which could create a St. Paul’s Cathedral, or a York Minster, than I have for that which can turn cotton or wool or silk in cloth, or iron into a plough or a spade, or corn into a pudding, or a loaf of bread; the latter saves human beings from suffering and death; the other sustains no life, relieves no suffering, and contributes nothing to the physical, social, or moral advancement of the human race.

LIFE AMONG THE APPRENTICES.

In about one year after I entered the shop, I became the oldest apprentice. We were gathered from widely different and distant quarters; but having, for the most part, been all born and brought up as children of the forest, we were all familiar with the same objects, and accustomed to the same

hardy, active life. But we differed widely as possible in our early religious training, and in our tempers.

I have often looked back with wonder upon that group of young lads, just springing into manhood, with our discordant tempers and dispositions, and admired how we contrived to live so lovingly together. Our varied and joyous spirits, with now and then an outbreak, were all so controlled and blended as to produce a kind, generous and happy company. On no part of my life do I look back with more satisfaction than on my brief but pleasant connection with those apprentices; and I have often regarded with surprise the steady and redeeming influence which we had on one another. I acted out my peculiarities of mind and disposition; they did the same; yet they came to love and respect me greatly, as I did them, and our parting, when it came, was a sad one. I made it a rule, from which I never deviated with those lads, (with one exception,) never to fret and scold at them, or to tease them. I had learned a lesson, never more to be forgotten, from the deep sorrow I felt at having vexed and tormented the generous spirit of my younger brother. Say or do what they would to me personally, I never complained of them. When any thing was done by them, of which I had to bear the blame, or expose them, I always bore the blame; if any thing extraordinary was to be done, that required increased effort, I never put these extra tasks on them, nor asked them to assist me, if I could do them alone. If I wished for any tool, to carry on my work or to administer to my necessities or comfort, I never asked one of those apprentices to hand it to me; I never called on them to do any thing for me which I could do for myself; and this I carried out while I was with them, and this habit of *waiting on myself* not only gave me a standing with them, but it also strengthened in me a feeling and habit of self-reliance and personal independence, which has been invaluable to me in the life I have been called to live the last twenty years.

To one practice I invariably adhered with these apprentices. If I had apples, plums, pears, melons, or any good

edible, whether given to me or bought with my own money, I gave them a portion. This was my uniform conduct towards those generous-hearted lads. I had no enjoyments in which they did not share, if it were possible for me to extend it to them. There is no act of my life, in the performance of which, I felt a more conscious sense of acting generously and rightly, and on which I look back with more comfort, than on my treatment of those my youthful companions. I did then enjoy the blessedness of giving. I knew I was right; I knew my conduct was generous and self-forgetting. I did not pretend to have any religion in me; for I had never been converted, and of course had nothing good in me; but no power in heaven or earth could have made me believe that the feeling which prompted me thus to share what I had with these lads, was not right and good in itself, acceptable to God, and full of rich pleasure to myself. But in another point of view, I have ever regarded my conduct with far less satisfaction; though at the time I considered it right and expedient. I never received from them the least thing. I never asked them to share any thing they had with me; and when it was offered, I never received it. But did they offer? They never failed; and those generous boys often felt hurt because I would not receive from them whatever token of affection and regard they had to give; and they ever laid their apple, their roast potato, their bunch of raisins, or other tokens of kindness, by my place of work, in my desk, in my pocket, or by my bed, that I might take it without knowing from whom it came; but it was immediately returned to any of them who would take it; and if all refused it, it was put aside and left to be disposed of by chance. They always received of mine; I never received of theirs, but always gave a peremptory and determined refusal to their proffered kindness.

I was wrong, entirely wrong; I did not do as I would be done by; for, had those boys refused my offers as I did theirs, it would have vexed me sorely, and deprived me of a source of one of my greatest luxuries at that time. They often told me I was wrong; and that I did not do by them as I wished them to do by me.

"Shall I help you to this or that?" asks the mistress at table, of me. Without a thought, I answer—"No." "Will you take some fowl, bread, butter, or cheese?" "No,—No,—No," is the answer. Imagine a man at table, at random giving an unequivocal No to all such kindly asked and kindly intended questions, when, at the same time, he is half famished. This habit was so confirmed in me in childhood and youth, and especially while connected with these young shop-mates, that I find it difficult to shake it off. But my willingness to share with those generous lads what I had, gave me great happiness. It took away many vexations and bickerings, which might have sprung from selfishness. They were uniformly kind and generous to me, and generally so to one another. My conduct in giving endeared me to them, and theirs in receiving and offering endeared them to me.

If I had carried out the spirit of sharing with others whatever I had, during my life thus far, as I did then with these shopmates, it would have been far better for myself and all with whom I have had intercourse. It is a spirit that will conquer all on whom it is brought to bear. A man need fear no evil from those whom he can bring within the influence of such a spirit. It saved our shop from becoming a scene of strife and quarrelling; it would save the wide earth from violence and bloodshed.

I determined that I would never be betrayed into an outbreak of anger towards those young lads; I have no recollection that I ever was. Whatever of anger I might feel, I kept it to myself; and never did I speak to them when I was excited, except in a deliberate, cool tone and manner. So disciplining myself, and that in proportion as I was soured in spirit, I became cool and deliberate in outward speech and demeanor. I then acquired a calmness of voice, and a coolness and self-possession of manners, that have stood me in stead since, in many a stern encounter with men of violence and blood. It has been of infinite service to me in public debates, on Anti-Slavery and Non-Resistance.

My fondness for music still continued. My shrill fife or soft flute often beguiled my moments of leisure. A singing

school was taught in the village one winter. I greatly enjoyed attending it. The school was taught by a man who was counted very religious, and he always opened and closed his singing by a prayer. He was much given to talking to people about their souls, and about being converted. But he was a sweet singer, and for this, and this only, I attended. I used to carry my flute, and play on that; he had a harp, which he played. He would often try to get a word with me about my soul, but I contrived to shun these talks, while I reaped the pleasure and benefit of his musical powers, which were far more agreeable and profitable to me than his skill in talking about conversion and the state of the soul.

For several weeks after he left, I conducted the singing school, meeting some fifty persons every Sunday evening, and instructing them in singing. This I enjoyed greatly. Teaching this singing school had a powerful effect on my own feelings and conduct. Mine was a gratuitous school, and I taught it merely for the pleasure it afforded me. Mr. Bright had bought and presented to me a fine flute, and this helped me on greatly. Then, whenever I went to meeting, I led the singing; and I often went solely to do this, for I had no pleasure or profit in the preaching or praying. But the church members got into a discussion whether it was right for any one to sing in meeting who was not converted, and had not joined the church, and I gave it up. I felt that it was right for me to sing in the woods or fields, under the open canopy of heaven, in the presence of all created and uncreated beings, and I could not see how it could be wrong for me to sing in a meeting-house, to a few Presbyterians.

We were never controlled, in the least, by the man with whom we lived, as to our manner of spending the Sabbath. Whether we went to meeting or staid at home; whether we read the Bible or read a newspaper; whether we were asleep or awake, in the house or in the fields, merry or sad, he cared not, provided we had put off our soiled clothes, washed, and put on clean ones, and did not disturb the neighbors, nor get into mischief. I often strolled away, quietly and alone, down by the Chenango,—a beautiful

river, and flowing through the sweet valley in which the village of Norwich stood. In the meadows on its banks, have I spent many Sabbaths, under large apple trees, scattered here and there, that were planted by the Indians. Sometimes others of the young lads were with me, and we bathed in the clear river, and were refreshed. We picked berries, ate apples, (no one questioning our right to eat what apples we wanted,) laughed, sang, and inhaled the sweet, pure air of heaven, after a week's work in the shop.

In about eighteen months after entering the shop, I could do my day's work by the middle of the afternoon. Then I used to put away my work, wash, and go to my room, and read or study. I obtained an old English Grammar, and made myself master of it; and afterwards, when I came to study the philosophy of language, I found I had all the essential principles in my mind,—first introduced there in my little garret where I slept, and after I had accomplished my daily task at making hats.

Geography, too, was there first studied by me. I became acquainted with the elementary principles of this science; and my mind, after being employed in shaping wool and fur into an article for the comfort and use of man, grappled with oceans and continents, mountains and rivers, states and empires. I had a very large and minute Geography of the Western Hemisphere, and became most familiar with its climates, mountains, rivers, lakes and bays. The enlargement of my mind by this study was an inexhaustible fountain of profit and pleasure to me.

Of Astronomy, too, I obtained some knowledge. After spending most of the day with my mind engaged in business avocations, I would retire to my sleeping garret, and there, coat off, and sleeves rolled up, I would mount to the heavens, and wander and revel among the planets, and explore the mysteries of the vaulted sky. This was to me unspeakable bliss. I used to feel a sense of overwhelming grandeur, as I pursued the study of Astronomy. I had no means to go far into it; but what I did study gave me a taste for it which I afterwards gratified to the full.

History I read, too. I borrowed Rollin's Ancient History, and read it through. Mr. Bright, seeing me so fond of reading history, bought me a very fine edition, and gave it to me. I then read it through again, till its leading military characters and events were familiar to me. I obtained a history of the early settlement of the Puritans in New England, and of their wars with the Indians, and this I devoured. But even then, my heart and my head took the part of the Indians against the Puritans. These were my principal studies and readings during my apprenticeship. Arithmetic I never gave up. On this study, my mind rested as on nothing else. Over all other things there was doubt, uncertainty; here all was light, demonstration, and nothing to be gainsayed or doubted.

One of our fellow apprentices, named Henry Folsom, was a strange mixture. He was the only son of his mother, who was a widow, and who fondly doted on him, as her solace and support. He was the oldest apprentice in years, and the youngest in apprenticeship. He was taken into the shop at the earnest request of his kind mother, rather to acquire habits of application to some active and useful employment, than from any necessity—she having enough to sustain him without labor. Poor Henry! He was the daily and hourly victim of some practical joke; and then came down upon us the storms of his wrath; for when thus run upon, he seldom discriminated, but considered us all as leagued against him.

Scarcely had he entered the shop, before his sensitiveness to jokes was made manifest. His great foible was seized upon as a source of amusement, and he was subjected to a fiery ordeal. He often inflicted personal injuries upon his tormentors; but the spirit which tormented him was one which never leads to the infliction of injuries upon the body, and which leads men to suffer great bodily pain without retaliation. It was the spirit of fun and frolic, and not of ill-will or hatred; though the miseries it inflicts, the vexations and goadings of spirit, and the mental torments, are often more difficult to endure patiently than any bodily sufferings. It was so with that lad. Poor fellow! he used to often

come to me with tears of vexation, completely worn down by the continual ridicule to which he was subjected, and beseech me to help him. I have often procured him a respite for a few days, but it was of no use; his awkwardness was irresistibly ludicrous, and the spirit of fun would not be controlled.

He never could learn to shape wool or fur into a decent or useful hat; he would always "bungle" some where in the process, and after spoiling many a pound of wool, and being the laughing-stock of the shop for about one year, he was sent home to his mother, where his spirit found repose, after being sorely tempest-tossed. He might truly say to his mother that he had been "under distress of mind," and that he had been "brought out."

Was our treatment towards that shopmate right? It was any thing but that. It was wrong, and that continually; and when he left, I believe nearly every apprentice felt sorry for what he had said and done to him. He left behind him not only a vacancy in the shop, but a sting in the hearts of some of us. For myself, I can say in truth, that I never felt any comfort in thinking about it, after I had joined the others in ridiculing him.

I cannot but allude here to my early feelings towards those who are deformed in body or mind, or are laboring under any disabilities of person or position. My father impressed on my mind, in childhood, the exceeding cruelty and wickedness of making the personal deformity of any human being a subject of merriment; and I never could, with any satisfaction, ridicule, or hear others ridicule such persons, either to their faces or behind their backs. I had no sympathy with it. When a child and a youth, I never could bear to hear ragged people, or beggars, or the lame, halt, blind, or deaf, made subjects of mirth among children. The same feeling I had about idiotic and insane people. It ever seemed to me indicative of a mean, coarse and cruel disposition in children, to make game of such persons. People naturally deformed in body or mind, should ever be treated kindly; it is aggravating their burdens to make them objects of merriment. Such ought to be made to feel and

know that they always have our sympathies, and that we delight to help bear their burdens, and make them forget their infirmities. This would soothe and comfort them, and strew their otherwise sad pathway with flowers. I have ever felt it to be utterly wrong to mock at any human being for any thing about him he could not help, and in which he had no choice.

The same feeling in me extended to drunkards. I never could have any enjoyment or merriment over the babblings and staggerings of a drunkard; and when I used to see children making fun of them, and vexing them, I ever felt an inclination to take their part, and save them from their youthful tormentors.

One of our fellow-apprentices was born out of wedlock. He had a mother, who had trained him up in a good way, and whom he dearly loved; but he never knew a father, nor was known by one. This was one of the best tempered, most steady, intelligent and enterprising lads in the shop. He was generally beloved by the rest, and by the whole family. He was generous, and kind to all. But I have heard that youth reproached, because he was born contrary to law. They made him suffer for the fault of his parents. I never could see the justice of that public sentiment, that meets out reproach to such people on account of the circumstances of their birth. It seems to me no less unnatural and monstrous, than unjust and cruel. I never could hear that generous shopmate mocked on this account, without a feeling of indignation; and I felt then, and do still feel, that my indignation was a just and righteous one. Though justified by those calling themselves Christians, it is a fiendish spirit that thus visits upon a child the iniquities of its parents, and makes him an object of cruel reproach, because they did not do justice by him.

The necessary result of such treatment to the person thus born must be to make him hate his parents, and loathe the religion and the Being who can sanction such injustice. No power in heaven or earth can make him feel that it is just, that he should be branded for that over which he could have no control. But it is false to assert that Christianity ever created or sanctioned such a sentiment,

Should it be said that the sentiment grew up as the result of the principle, that "the iniquities of the fathers are to be visited upon their children;" my reply is, if that remark of the Jewish law was designed to create and sustain a sentiment, those thus born must of necessity reject the doctrine and the Being, that can thus unjustly impute to them as their reproach, the circumstances of their birth. As well reproach a man for being a descendant of Adam. As well tell him that he is a sinner, and is to be blamed and punished, because his first parents sinned and were punished. No revelation, no miracle, no power can ever make a human being feel this to be just, while man's moral constitution remains as it is.

A SINCERE CHRISTIAN.

Mrs. Bright was a truly good woman, her religion being a principle of daily life, governing her feelings and her practice. An old woman, by the name of Snow, used to visit her. She was a kind of mother to all in the pretty village, having seen it spring up amid the wilderness; herself being one of the first settlers. She knew every body, and every body knew and loved her. She could tell the history of the past, when few beside Indians dwelt on the borders of the Chenango river, and fished in its waters. I used to love to meet that kind Christian woman, and hear her talk. I became well acquainted with her. She used to ask permission for me to come into the house, that she might talk with me; and, as much as I dreaded to have others talk to me about my soul, I was ever glad to hear her talk about any thing. She spoke so kindly, so sweetly, and so cheerfully, that it was pleasant to hear her. There was no awful, holy manner, tone or look, about her; no affectation, no solemn grimace, no making up religious *faces* at me; but she just entered into my feelings and answered my questions, kindly and naturally, without any solemn and ominous shake of the head. She had much to say about the Bible; and though I had been taught to believe every chapter and verse of it to be the word of God, yet I used to ask her, "How she knew

it was?" Her only answer was: "I know it is, for I *feel* that it is." When I asked her how she knew there was a God and another state of existence, her ever ready and ever positive and only answer was: "I know there is a future state and a God, because I am conscious of it." When I used to tell her, that her feelings could be no evidence to me, she would ask me, "Do you not feel the same evidence that there is a God and a future state, that you have of your own present existence? I do," she would say, "and can no more doubt the one than the other." To this argument, I could never find an answer. That kindly and truly Christian woman taught me many good things. She would insist that her consciousness was sufficient evidence to her of the truth and power of Christianity; and that if ever I felt that truth and power, then my feelings would become evidence to me.

But I would never allow the authority of the church and ministers in settling truth, at which she was greatly grieved. She used to urge me to read for myself the Bible, which I promised on one occasion to do from beginning to end. Had always, from childhood, been spoken to in this frank and I kindly way on religious matters, as they were called, I believe my whole life had been a happier one. I should have had less to contend with. My acquaintance with her is a kind of bright sunny spot in my mental horizon, so far as my mind has been exercised on points of theology. She directed me in fact to religion, as a living principle in the soul—to God as an ever present, ever controlling Guide to my youth—taught me to look to Him as a little child to a father. The spirit, embodied in that woman, seemed inexpressibly lovely to me; and I could not but wish that it might be mine.

GOING HOME.

I had been in that shop about five months, when I was allowed two weeks' absence to visit my father. During that whole time, I had not ceased to pine in my heart for home. Those few months taught me to know the full import of

the "home of childhood." It was a moment of joyous impatience, when, at the dawn of day, and before any one was stirring, I started for home. It was about thirty miles, and nearly half the distance lay through woods, with here and there a clearing, and scarcely an apology for a road. I could not wait for breakfast, and I was to walk the distance in an intensely hot August day, and the little springs and brooks were dried up.

I took some pieces of dried salt fish in my pocket and started, and soon struck into the woods, and came across one range of hills after another, until I became ravenously hungry. I ate my salt fish—then came the thirst, not less intolerable than the hunger; and I could find no spring or brook to slake it. To add to my troubles, a new pair of boots pinched and blistered my feet. Off went boots and stockings, and carrying them in my hand, I walked barefoot the rest of the way, being some fourteen miles. As I came down upon the Butternut Creek, I entered a little dirty tavern. I asked, "Have you any beer?" "I have," said the landlord. "Let me have a pint," said I—my mind thinking all the while only of beer made of ginger, and various kinds of pleasant roots. He soon presented the beer. It frothed on the top, and looked as if it would taste deliciously. I put it to my mouth, nor stopped to breathe, till it was all down. And this was my first drink of *ale* or *porter*, and the last. I have no recollection of having drank one drop from that day to this. That was enough to last one man a life-time. Besides the bitterness of it, which was insupportable, the foul stuff so affected me that I could not walk with comfort for two hours.

I reached the top of the mountain whence I could look down upon the sweet home of my childhood, long before night. There I sat down, and for an hour feasted my spirit by looking upon the dear spot. The hills, the forests, the brooks, and all, were the same. I hastened down to my father's house, and there were my father, my brothers, and my three young sisters, and, also, my father's third wife, ready to welcome me. I found a second step-mother, and my father seemed perfectly happy in the marriage.

Every body and every thing seemed glad to see me back again.

Here, with what interest did I visit every meadow, pasture and field, where I had worked, and where I had watched after the sheep and cows and horses, and every corner where I had picked raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, wild cherries, plums and gooseberries, and wandered through the woods and by the streams, where I had so often sported. For a time, my heart was full. Home was associated with the place, as well as with father, brothers and sisters. This feeling of home, as a locality, is nearly gone; and now I feel that where duty is, there is home. I often feel that the universe is the beautiful, magnificent, illimitable home of my spirit. Still, even now, I love to visit that sweet little vale.

I staid one fortnight in the indulgence of my domestic affections; then departed again on foot for my distant place of residence. An older brother accompanied me a few miles to the top of the hill that looked down upon the home valley, and there we parted in the woods; he returned, and I went about half a mile deeper into the woods, and there sat down on a log, took out my flageolet, and played a sweet, plaintive air to relieve my desolation.

But a change had come over me during my five months' absence. I had come to think and act more for myself on all matters; and I felt that I was in the right way. I came to the hat-shop again; went to work with a better relish, and I have never felt that dreadful feeling of home-sickness since.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION.—MY CONVERSION.

I come now to an important period, in which an event occurred that changed the whole course of my life. I was at this time twenty years of age. It took place in the winter of 1817.

A Presbyterian church had been organized in the village. Having no minister to do their work, they used to do their own singing, and praying, and preaching. Rev. John

Truair, of Sherburne,—a village twelve miles north of Norwich,—was invited to spend a few weeks among them as an evangelist. He was an extraordinary man; middle-aged, tall and erect, with piercing black eyes; foppish in his dress and manners, and having a habit of playing with his watch key and seal, while preaching or praying. He was a man of stern brow, emphatic and determined tone of voice, and thoroughly versed in the art of moving the feelings, and producing an excitement in society.

This man came; began to hold meetings; to sing, pray, and preach; to go from house to house, visiting families, talking to every individual about his or her soul, and praying with them. Soon rumor said that a revival had begun. The minister assured the people who flocked to him for his eloquence, "that the Lord was about to visit this village, and to gather into His fold His elect." This announcement had a startling effect, and led to the inquiry among many—"Who are the elect?" And many made up their minds to be among the chosen ones. Meetings were multiplied; praying and singing were more frequent and energetic; exhortations and appeals to the unconverted were more earnest. Soon it was rumored about that such and such one and that one were "under distress of mind," and people were asked in public to pray for them. Notes were presented by individuals to the minister, asking him and the church to pray for an unconverted relative or friend. These notes were read and commented on by the minister, and the people were urged to put up prayers for such persons. Prayers and conference meetings, and family visitations, were multiplied. The excitement soon extended through the village and surrounding neighborhoods. There was not a family nor an individual that was not more or less moved by the excitement, to approve or oppose. Converts soon began to appear. It was made public that such and such persons had "found or experienced religion." It was expected that those who had been "brought out" would at once be witnesses to the fact, by rising up in a prayer or conference meeting, tell their experience, make an exhortation to the old companions, telling them they could go no more

them—that they had “chosen a portion among the people of God.”

From the first arrival of John Truair in the town, I had been greatly taken with the man, though I had not formed any personal acquaintance with him, nor did I wish to do it. I admired his preaching and praying in public, but I had not a willingness to have him talk to me about my soul, or to have it supposed that I felt any concern about religion. Yet I was spell-bound by his preaching and praying, before I had a thought of applying what he said to my own case.

In his crowded meetings in the evenings, in private dwellings, or in school-houses, I used to get behind all others in some dark corner, where none could be witness to my interest; and there I would sit, completely fascinated, as I heard that man pour forth his prayers and preachings. I often felt overcome by them, but concealed my emotion, lest I should be thought to be “under distress of mind.”

I conducted the singing in these meetings when I was present. This I greatly enjoyed. Most rousing hymns were given out, and I used to sing them in the most exciting tunes; so that the effect of the singing was not much less on the people assembled, than the preaching and praying. The revival had come down upon the whole village, and was sweeping over it like a whirlwind. Nothing else was talked of. All amusements among the young people were abandoned, and the whole village flocked to the exciting scenes of the prayer and conference meetings.

I certainly partook of that excitement in no ordinary degree. I thoroughly enjoyed it; and yet there were times when it was not all enjoyment. The man must have been of more than Indian hardihood and self-possession not to have been excited. But at the first, it was my enjoyment in seeing a whole community thoroughly aroused; in seeing them look, speak and act in earnest, as if urged forward by some irresistible impulse to the accomplishment of some great end; this, together with the energetic and determined manner and eloquence of the minister, was the sole cause of my deep interest in the revival. I could not have made merry with that scene; I did not wish to have it cease; the

whole town was in terrible earnest, in pursuit of something which they deemed worthy to call forth their mightiest energies. Beneath all my enjoyment, I felt that I had never been "under distress of mind," and been "brought out," and that I must be. I certainly felt, and at times, when alone, painfully felt, that I must seek and find that thing called religion, or I must suffer the torments of hell for ever. This was impressed upon my mind at times with great force, in my private moments. I finally gave myself up to this feeling entirely.

It was under this deeply excited state of mind, this determination to "seek religion and to find it," that I began to read the Bible with a view to read it through, and judge for myself of its contents. I was enabled so to manage my work in the shop, as to have several hours every day, and all Sunday, for reading. I had a Bible, in which my father had written his own name and mine, and which he had given me when I left home. This I began to read with a purpose to go through the whole of it. I read on, verse after verse and chapter after chapter, from the first to the last, and generally with a deepening interest, and a more settled purpose to make myself possessor of that hidden, but invaluable jewel which was called religion, and of which I had heard so much from my earliest childhood. The impression became daily more vivid, that I had not yet found religion, and that I must find it, and that this was the time to finish the work. I had begun it, and I felt as determined to go through with it, and finish what seemed to me to be the necessary work of conviction and conversion, as I ever was to learn a lesson, or to demonstrate a mathematical problem.

No pen could portray the anguish with which, at that time, I contemplated the fall of Adam and Eve. I had been thoroughly taught in the Westminster Catechism, and the questions and answers about the fall rose up to my excited mind with terrible distinctness. The following especially: "Did all mankind fall in Adam's first transgression?" Answer. "All mankind descending from him by ordinary generation, sinned in him, and fell with him in his first transgression."

Q. "Into what estate did the fall bring all mankind?"

A. "The fall brought mankind into an estate of sin and misery."

Q. "Wherein consists the sinfulness of that estate whereinto man fell?" A. "In the guilt of Adam's first sin, the want of original righteousness, and the corruption of his whole nature, which is commonly called Original Sin; together with all actual transgressions, which proceed from it."

Q. "What is the misery of that state, whereinto man fell?" A. "All mankind, by their fall, lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to all the miseries in this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever."

I did then believe, as I sat in my little garret, on my rude old chest, reading the third chapter of Genesis, that when Adam ate the apple, I "sinned in him, and fell with him;" that, by that one act of Adam, I was "brought into a state of sin," was born destitute "of original righteousness," had received "corruption in my whole nature," had "lost all communion with God," "was under his wrath and curse," "made liable to all the miseries in this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever."

I had a profound conviction of the understanding that all this was true, and, by turns, I scorned Adam with indignation, and then wept over his weakness and his fall. I bewailed my misfortune, for such I considered my existence to be under such circumstances, and wondered how my parents could dare to cause me to be, when they believed my being must, of necessity, be "under the wrath and curse of God." As I read through the New Testament, I felt that it must be true, and I longed to be possessed of its glorious spirit. What was the result of my reading? What did I find? I did not find religion.

The excitement went on, rather increasing than diminishing. Several of the leading men and women of the village had been convicted and converted. The conversion of a sedate, influential lawyer was announced. I was at the meeting when he first made known the fact, and gave a most stirring exhortation. This "brought out" others under

distress of mind. I certainly was laboring under much anguish of mind; my enjoyment of the excitement still continued, but mingled with it was an abiding sense of wretchedness. The very operation of which I had so often thought and heard with dread, had commenced with me, and I felt myself going through it, in all its bitterness. I can say with truth, that but a small part of my distress had any reference to any particular act of wickedness which I had perpetrated. My anguish was the result of my theological belief, rather than of conscious wrong-feeling or doing. I was in a distracted state. My *heart* was at war with my *head*. My theology said I was "under the wrath and curse of God." My heart said No to that. My head said, I had "lost all communion with God." My heart said that I loved to be close to him, and to feel that I lived and moved in Him. Thus was I sorely distressed; my heart an utter infidel to my head, and my affections pouring contempt upon my theology. Bitterly now did I suffer the consequences of having imbibed, in childhood, a theology at variance with the facts relating to my physical and moral being.

The hearts of Calvinists often reject the theological dogmas of their heads. Their affections are at war with their opinions. What Calvinistic professor feels that he sinned in Adam? Yet this is his theology. Who really feels that he is deservedly under the "wrath and curse of God," because Adam ate of the forbidden fruit? Yet his head asserts this to be so. A human heart is necessarily at war with a Calvinistic head.

After being several weeks under this distress of mind, at length I "was brought out." I had sought religion, and I had found it, as I supposed, and as others did. I had always been taught to believe that persons would generally know the exact time and place of their conversion. I had often heard this point warmly debated, and many maintained that if the certain time and place were not known, and could not be specified, this of itself was enough to render null and void all other evidences of a change. The first question to new converts often was: "Do you remember the time and place in which you were converted?" Of course, this became

an important point. I suppose I knew the time and place at which the operation was wrought upon me. I was in my little chamber, on my bed, reading and thinking over my calamitous state ; ready, at times, to curse the day that gave me birth under such circumstances, and then ready to curse myself for thus cursing that day. At one moment, indignant at Adam for taking that forbidden fruit, when he well knew that a "covenant had been made with him, not only for himself, but for all his posterity," and that if he ate it, it would bring countless millions under the "wrath and curse of God," and expose them to "the pains of hell forever." I did feel indignant, when I thought of this ; and then again, I was crushed with a sense of misfortune, in being placed in such a condition, by a Being whose power was so irresistible. At one time, I had a feeling that my parents committed an awful crime, in causing my existence under these circumstances ; and then I was horrified at myself for casting the blame on them. I felt crushed down to the earth, and overwhelmed with a sense of my affliction.

At length, as I thus lay brooding over my condition, there was an instantaneous revolution in my feelings ; from deep anguish, I passed to great joy. There was a sudden revulsion from sorrow to joy. I had found deliverance, and said to myself, "This is religion ! I have found it at last !"

I did then and long afterwards think I was then and there made a Christian by that operation. It was this sudden revulsion in my feelings, which I supposed constituted me a Christian. My distress about my unfortunate and miserable condition as a descendant of Adam, and an heir of his guilt and shame, was gone. I believed the doctrine still, but it did not greatly distress me. My indignation against Adam and my parents was gone, though I still believed that they were very weak, for doing what they knew involved such fearful consequences. A few evenings after my "being brought out," there was to be a church-meeting ; where it was expected many would tell their experience. Multitudes were there to hear. Among others, I came upon the stand, and, to use the language which all used, related "what the Lord had done to my soul" — a phrase expressive simply

of the process of being "under distress of mind," and of "being brought out." So I told the process through which I had passed.

This process, as I now think, was simply a mental one. I did not suppose that "my deliverance" was designed to suppress any wrong feelings, and to strengthen those that are good; nor was I conscious of having been delivered from any evil passion and habit. The deliverance which I sought and found was one from darkness to light—from sorrow to joy. I believe this was the impression of that whole community respecting the religion which was to be sought and found. It consisted in being punctual to attend meetings; fearless and faithful to talk to persons about their souls, and to warn them to escape from wrath to come; faithful to keep the Sabbath, to join a church and abide by its regulations, and to observe the sacrament. It is certain that, in the estimation of the new converts, their change referred mainly or wholly to such matters. This the final event showed beyond contradiction.

Several young men in the place were determined to arrest the excitement. To this end, they set on foot a ball. They made great efforts; bespoke the best hall in the place, engaged a famous musician to do the fiddling, issued their cards, prepared for their supper, and intended to have a splendid dance. The evening came, and the fiddler; but there were few dancers, male or female. There had been a powerful excitement about the ball among those who sympathized with the revival. Their zeal became bolder and more intense than ever. The minister gave one of his most terrible sermons against it, as an atheistical design, as he expressed it, to "drive the Lord away from Norwich." A meeting was appointed the evening of the ball, and near where it was to be, in order that those who chose might have an opportunity to plead with the Deity, not to gratify the wishes of the impious dancers by leaving the place. The young converts caught up the cry put forth by the minister, that those who got up the ball were seeking to drive the Lord away from the village. So the prayer-meeting was pitted against the ball—the latter to drive the Lord away,

the former to keep him there; and when it was known how signally the ball had failed, the remark was usually made, that the dancers had found the Lord too strong for them.

I doubt not that many who went into that revival, went into it from the same motive that leads people to a ball or a theatre—the love of excitement.

I knew I had been in a state of great excitement, and I knew not how much of the revolution in my mind, which was called conversion, was attributable to this. I obtained leave of Mr. B. to travel three weeks. I had a brother living in Pennsylvania, whom I wished to see. I turned my back on Norwich and the revival, which was then in full progress, and started off, on foot, to visit my brother. My motive for going was, to get out of the excitement, and try how I should feel when I mingled with others who were not at all excited; I wanted to know if what I had experienced was to be any thing abiding.

I arrived in Pennsylvania, and had a pleasant time with my relatives. While there, my excitement cooled down in a good degree. Yet I felt no abatement of my determination to lead a religious life, as I understood that to mean.

I returned from Pennsylvania. The excitement had subsided greatly. The different churches were gathering in the new converts. That village I left in a strong convulsion; I found it calm. Meetings were continued, but no body seemed excited; all were engaged in their employments, as if nothing had happened.

Soon after my return, I “came forward,” as it was called, to join the church. A meeting was to be held to examine candidates for admission to the Presbyterian Church. Over sixty came forward, myself among the rest. There I again told the story of my conversion, detailed the process through which I had passed, and which I honestly and sincerely thought was the great process through which all must pass to become Christians.

I was accepted with the rest, on condition of my declaration of belief in all the tenets put forth in the Westminster Catechism, which I then could honestly and truly make. The minister, elders, deacons and members were satisfied

that I was a Christian, from the experience through which I had passed. I was, with the rest, formally propounded to be admitted; and a few Sundays after, we were all taken into the church.

MY FIRST LETTER.

The first letter I ever wrote, was written to my father, giving him an account of the process through which I had passed in conviction and conversion, and of my joining the church. This, indeed, was the first time I ever tried my hand at original composition. I insert the letter as it was written, correcting only some instances of incorrect spelling and grammar. This letter contains a true specimen of my theology, and of my ideas of the process of becoming a Christian, when I was twenty years old.

NORWICH, January 19, 1817.

BELoved FATHER :

It is with great satisfaction I now relate, and it will undoubtedly be a great consolation to you to learn what God has done for your son. I have the clearest reason to believe He has brought me to behold my situation, which was dreadful beyond expression. I hope and trust that he has so established my mind that I may, in whatever situation in life I may be, know where to flee for refuge. I have been between hope and despair for some time, not knowing where to go, nor which way to turn. Jesus was continually inviting me to take his yoke upon me. He has said that his yoke is easy, and his burden is light; but I thought the burden and the yoke would be heavy. I thought if I should take them upon me, that my friends would forsake me — that my young companions would be laughing me to scorn and derision. They would say, "This fellow has been told by somebody that he must die and go to hell, if he did not make his peace with God, and he was afraid of it." I have been told by you, father, times innumerable, that I must die, but I was not conscious then of the fact; but now I have been made to realize that this world is nothing but a prison, and that death is the only door out of it; and when that door shall be opened, I shall enter into a world where my state will be eternally miserable or eternally happy. This day has been more happy to me than ten thousand times ten thousand days of mirth. It gives me heartfelt pleasure to inform you that, this day, there have been about fifty converts admitted into the Presbyterian Church — the most part of

them young people, from the ages of twelve to twenty-four years. Last Sabbath there were about thirty taken into the Baptist Church, of which Elder Jedediah Randall has the care. There is no settled Presbyterian minister in this place, but Mr. John Trusair, pastor of the First Congregational Church in Sherburne, has been with us here for several weeks, in which time there have been meetings held two or three times a week, and conferences held almost every night in the week; and the general inquiry is — “What shall I do to inherit eternal life?” Would that this might be the inquiry, till all shall have made their peace with their Maker.

I am, your affectionate son,

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

P. S. — MY BROTHERS AND FRIENDS :

I cannot close this letter with a clear conscience, without warning you to be prepared to meet your God. That you are in a state of rebellion against the Almighty, you cannot deny, since He has declared, in the holy Scriptures, that except you repent of your sins, and turn to Him and accept of salvation, as it is freely offered to you in the gospel, you shall all perish, and that eternally. Now I entreat you, as you value your immortal souls, to come out from the world, and be ye separate; for so long as you go on in the ways of sin, you are sealing your eternal damnation. May God make you sensible that death is nigh at hand, when all that you have gained in this world will profit you nothing; when relations, friends, honors and distinctions among men will be of no avail. Where will you, I ask, flee, if you have not an interest in Him who bore the scoffings and derisions of men, and gave his life for the redemption of mankind — who was dead and buried, and who conquered death and hell, burst the bars of death, and rose triumphant over the grave, and ascended up to heaven; and there sitteth at the right hand of God the Father, and there is continually making intercession for your sins and mine?

Now I invite you — I entreat you — I pray you — I beg of you — I warn you — to prepare yourselves to stand before the awful Judge, who will judge you as you have judged. I pray that God will open your eyes and understandings; I pray that He would make you sensible of your lost and undone condition; I pray that your days may be prolonged, and that you may not be cut off in your mad career, till you shall have repented of your sins — that you may be made sensible that the gates of hell are open night and day, and that smooth is the descent and easy is the way. I pray that you may realize this. Come, now, my brothers and friends, and let us give glory to God. Amen.

I remain, your affectionate brother and friend,

H. C. W.

PART III.—THE MAN.

My reading and study, during my apprenticeship, had created in me a strong desire to go to school to one who could instruct me in the higher branches of Mathematics, in Geometry, Astronomy, and Mental and Natural Philosophy. I had settled in my mind to gratify this desire, as soon as my apprenticeship should be ended. But that period was fortunately anticipated by about eighteen months.

About three months after I had put myself under the watch and care of a Presbyterian Church, business being very dull, Mr. B. expressed a wish to reduce the number of his apprentices. Four of us at once made known to him our willingness to leave, if it should be agreeable to him. We had learned the trade, and could work at it as journeymen, or carry it on for ourselves. Mr. B. complied with our request. We all wrote cheerfully to our parents or guardians, and made known our wishes and Mr. B.'s compliance. My father directly consented; but, as I afterwards found, for a reason of which I had no suspicion. I had no thought of giving up working at hatting to make my living; any other course had never entered my mind. I did wish to go to school, and this was my motive for wishing to leave.

I felt, most keenly, the want of knowing how to express my thoughts on paper. This art I was trying to learn, and

I had my pen and ink and paper always at hand, to put down any thoughts with which I was pleased, and which I wished to preserve. But, though a most delightful work, it was unsatisfactory, because I had nobody to criticise me, and to tell me wherein to improve.

The terms of dissolving the relation subsisting between Mr. B. and myself were satisfactorily adjusted, and I began to realize the fact that I was to leave and go to school. My heart leaped for joy; and, at the same time, it was sad. I felt desolate at the idea of separating from that band of youths who had shown so much generous affection and confidence towards me, and whom I sincerely loved and respected. I had formed a strong attachment to the young children of the family, with whom I had often romped and laughed. Then there were many in the village who had partaken in the same religious excitement, and had joined the church when I did; we had sung, prayed and worshipped often together, and a strong feeling of fraternity subsisted between us.

In April, 1817, the business matters relating to my departure were all completed. I spent an evening with many of those who had been the "subjects of the revival." We had been often together; and now, for the last time, we met and talked over the great future in this and another state. We had, as we supposed, all been the subjects of a work or operation which we regarded as divine—a sort of miracle; the effect of which was to change our relations to God and man, and to secure to us a title to the kingdom of heaven. We had taken the sacrament together; and this we considered the highest evidence of our regenerated state. Once more we sang and prayed together, and interchanged our thoughts and feelings, pledging ourselves to one another and to God, to be true and faithful to our allegiance to him. But, alas! how soon were these pledges forgotten by some! We parted; a few of us have met since. Some four months afterwards, I returned to the place on a visit; and, on inquiry, found that several of those who were most zealous in praying, exhorting and singing during the revival, and who had bid fairest to be bright and shining lights in the

church, had gone far, far astray, and had become ten-fold more the children of evil than they were before.

I spent an evening with my fellow apprentices. We had been very intimate and very happy together. There had been no unkindness between me and them; or if any, it had been forgiven and forgotten. Our mutual affection and esteem had been uninterrupted; they had confided in me without measure. We were ardent, hopeful, confiding and inexperienced; and we were determined to make our way boldly and energetically, by some honest and useful calling. The names of those who were to leave were Hiram Kinney, Robert Dixon, Horace Bagg, and H. C. Wright. I was to leave the next day. This was a time of joy and sadness; of fond anticipation, high resolve, and fixed determination to meet and conquer "the ills that flesh is heir to." We were about to separate, and had no hope of meeting again. Dear, generous youths! There is one heart that still cherishes you fondly, though its possessor has been a wanderer far from that little chamber where we had our last interview. I love to think of those fellow apprentices, and count the time spent with them as among the most thoughtful, influential and pleasant days of my existence. We parted, to live together no more.*

The next day, I bade adieu to all, and started off, accompanied a short way by Mr. Bright. As we left the house, he entered into conversation with me on religious matters in reference to himself; said the future was all dark to him, and that he had little comfort in looking into it; encouraged me to persevere in the straightforward and honest course I had pursued with him; and when he parted from me, asked me to forget and forgive any ill-temper or unkindness he

*The above was written in Scotland, in June, 1847. Since my return to America, in September, 1847, I have met H. K., one of those who left with me. He is a Judge of Probate in Otsego County, New York State. He informed me of the prosperity of R. D. and H. B., the two others who left at that time; and also of the other apprentices, and of Mr. Bright and his family. One of the sons, Jesse Bright, is now a Senator in Congress, from Indiana. Thirty years ago, I bore him in my arms, as an infant child!

had ever shown to me. The tears were in his eyes. We parted, and I have never seen him since.

I went on my way, and from that hour to this, my connection with hating ceased.

As I passed on my way to my father's home, I had time for reflection. It was a day of heart-searchings. I was alone, and much of the way in the woods, where none but the All-seeing eyes were upon me. That day, for the first time, I felt that I was a MAN; and had resumed responsibilities as such. I was twenty years of age; and my father had let me act for myself in the matter of dissolving my connection with Mr. Bright. As I passed over those hills and through those woods, on foot and alone, I had leisure to ask, what I was—and how I came to be what I was.—The world was before me, and I was fairly in for self-guidance and self-support. I determined to go to school, a longer or shorter term, as the case might be, but not over six months; and then to work as a journeyman hatter, till I could get means to set up the business for myself. How little did I know of the future!

At that period of my life, it was a deep and settled conviction of my heart, that no created being had any right to exercise authority over me; and any attempt to do so, instantly aroused in me a spirit of determined and energetic resistance. I was happy in being influenced by affection and kindness; but I felt a disposition to scorn and defy all exercise of authority over me, by those who, as I believed, were only my equals. I did then feel that I was fully competent to the task of guiding and sustaining myself, so far as human instrumentality was needed. My nature led me into habits of forming my own opinion of men and things; I felt that I had a right to mark out a course for myself, and pursue it unmolested, provided I interfered not with the just claims of others. But I had not then learned to apply this sentiment to Church and State, and it was long before I did.

I consulted my father as to my future course, and found that he and my step-mother, the minister, and others, had worked out for me a destiny widely different from that which I had fixed upon. I had decided on being a hatter;

they had determined on making a minister, or priest, of me. Here was an unexpected turn to my affairs. My parents and brothers offered to assist in furnishing the means, if I would study and become a minister. This inquiry, then, was before me. Shall I be a minister, or a hatter? I determined to go to school a few months, and then go to work again at my trade.

There was a school kept in Hartwick village, four miles north of my father's, and where he went to meeting. Arrangements were made, and I at once entered it; confining myself to English studies, and to composition. Now I was at school, as a man, conscious that my success depended solely on myself; and that I could be wise, good or great, only by my own efforts. It is a general feeling among children and youth, and parents too, that teachers, hired for the purpose, can thrust knowledge into the human mind, as a nurse puts food into the mouth of a child; and that what is received into the body will become a constituent element of their mental being, by much the same involuntary process by which food is incorporated into the body. As well hire a priest to engraft truth, justice and goodness, into their souls, without any efforts of their own, as a teacher to educate the intellect of your children, without any exertions on their part. The development of physical, intellectual and moral powers must be our own work.

What false views men entertain of this matter! I did not then know that nothing but my exertions could discipline, develop and strengthen my intellectual powers; but then, I had different views of religious matters. I had an impression that repentance, faith, conversion, election, adoption, sanctification and justification were things to be performed on me by some agency out of myself; that these were to be engrafted into my spirit by some human or divine influence; and that I had no power, in myself, to get them. I went to school and concentrated my energies on Grammar, Geography, Astronomy, Mathematics, Optics, Logic and Composition. My appetite was insatiable; and the more I studied, the more ravenous I became. There were about forty in the school; but I scarcely recognized their exist-

ence. I felt that my time was short, and that I had not one moment to spare. I wanted to discipline my mind to think, and to write out my thoughts in an intelligible manner, so that as I pursued my work in after life, I could apply my mind to acquire knowledge by myself. I accomplished my end; learned what mental powers I possessed, and how to use them. My teacher's name was ISAAC COLLINS. He knew how to develop and train the intellect, as well as how to bring into activity the moral and social powers. He did not attempt to thrust science, literature or religion into us, but to bring out, strengthen, and give vitality to all the powers of our minds, that we might know how to apply ourselves to the acquisition of knowledge, and the practice of goodness. He was the teacher I needed. Life was at that time a glorious boon to me. I *lived*; for though I lived and moved amidst my fellow beings, I was in solitude. My own thoughts and my studies were my companions. I lived, as I had never lived before, in the empire of my own thoughts. My intellectual being received an impulse; and I revelled in my own existence. I was very happy.

The time which I had set to return to my work as a hatter arrived; and I left the school, in opposition to my parents and brothers, to the minister and the church. I laid aside my books and the student, and went forth in quest of work, as a journeyman hatter. The trade was very dull, in consequence of the immense importations from Britain since the close of the war in 1815. Hats were so cheap, no body was disposed to work at the trade extensively. Congress had not adjusted a law to prevent the people from getting cheap hats from England, and to compel them to buy dear ones of Americans. I travelled about seeking work and finding none, till I saw it was hopeless to go further at that time. So I returned once more to my father's home; and glad were he and my step-mother to welcome me; hoping that now I would return to studying for the ministry.

Now, once more the question came, Shall I be a priest, or a hatter? This time, I decided for the ministry. I knew that I must study Latin, Greek and Hebrew, if, according to Presbyterian ideas, I would be thoroughly qualified to preach

the gospel. I had never tried my hand at any language, except English. I felt that it would be a great change. I was twenty-one years old; and up to that time, I had found my delight in useful manual labor, and had never entertained a thought of being other than a laborer with my hands. But whatever the work of preparation might be, I felt equal to it, and I decided on the profession of a minister; for at that time I considered it simply as a profession, which none had a right to pursue who were not regularly trained to it.

My first step was to transfer my church relation from that in Norwich to the one in Hartwick. So a letter was obtained from the former, addressed to the latter, as to a sister church, stating, that I was a member of that, "in good and regular standing;" and recommending me to "the watch and care of the church in Hartwick," stating that soon as I joined them, they should cease all watch and care over me. Such was my view, then, of the duty of church membership, and of the dignity of that station, that it was counted a great calamity by me not to be under the "watch and care" of some church. It had never occurred to me that a person could administer baptism or the supper to himself without joining a church, where he could have others do these for and to him. Having taken this step, I prepared to enter upon a course of study for the priesthood.

I commenced the study of Latin, pursued it three months, reading Virgil through; and then commenced the Greek, and pursued this and the Latin together. This was in the fall and winter of 1817-18. I studied them in my own way, pen in hand; and making my own grammar, dictionary and concordance, as I went along. This made it slow work at first; but it soon enabled me to advance most rapidly; for I was ever gaining, and never losing. I was determined so to master these two languages as to be able to read them with comfort, and I did. Under Mr. Collins, I pursued these languages, composition, reading, and other English studies in connection with them, till the fall of 1819.

During this time, I used to return home Saturday nights, and enjoy the society of my father and step-mother; and an older brother and his wife, who had the care of the farm.

About four weeks, each summer, I aided him in his haying and harvesting. I laid aside Latin and Greek, Astronomy, Geometry, Logic, Philosophy, &c. I took the scythe and sickle, the rake and pitchfork, and heartily did I enjoy the mowing, reaping and gathering in the hay and grain. Those who saw me at these times in the meadows, will not be likely to forget my appearance, for I wore an old sun-bonnet to shield my head and neck from the sun. It was pleasant to rise at the dawn of day, take my scythe, go out and mow down the grass before the sun was up, and while the dew was hanging on it in chrystal drops.

I never professed to feel or to write poetry; and I know not that any sentiments of what is called poetry are in me; but the purest and richest enjoyment was mine, in mowing down the grass, while the clear, thick, glittering drops hung pendant from it. The sweetness, the freshness, the cool balmy air, the elastic muscular energy, the rising sun, the merry music of the "bob-o'-link," used to fill my soul with unspeakable joy. Myriads of gentle, loving, merry, happy spirits seemed to hover and sing around me and in me. The tossing and drying of the new-mown grass, the raking and rolling into heaps, the carting in and storing away in the barn; there was joy in my heart when I did these things, and then laid me down on the fresh grass or hay to rest. These things are called poetry when they are dressed up in fine words, placed in rhyme; and they give pleasure to thousands who read about them. In description, they ever give delight; they gave me far greater enjoyment when I was in the midst of them, wielding the scythe, the sickle, the rake or fork, and creating the beautiful picture. How disgusting it has often been to me to hear people reading and praising such scenes in poetry, and then treating with neglect or scorn the laborers who make the picture which they admire!

My father and step-mother used to make that home, by that ever-sparkling, ever-joyous, ever-laughing brook, and in that sweetest of vales, very happy to me. She did all she could to help me on in my studies. It was sweet to see their smiles, to sit in their kitchen, to visit their pantry, and

to feel their love. I have been in many houses and localities more splendidly and elegantly furnished and adorned; for my father's house was a plain, one story cottage, surrounded with stumps and forest trees, but no spot on earth has supplanted that dear, rude house and home in my heart. The warm, unsuspecting, all-hoping, all-daring, and all-loving aspirations and affections of my childhood clustered around that house and its inmates, and around that brook and spring, those pastures, meadows, fields and forests. Once more will I visit that spot, if possible, before I leave time.

HOW I SHOWED MY RELIGION.

While pursuing my studies, I tried to show out my religion in the way in which I then supposed Christianity was mainly to be shown; i. e., by a strict attention to certain outward observances. I was strict to keep the Sabbath, to go to meeting, to attend the ordinance of the supper, to observe set times and places for secret prayer and meditation. I also, in conjunction with others, established evening meetings among the young people, once or twice a week, to pray and to converse about religious matters, and to exhort one another; to read a chapter and comment on it; to tell our experience from time to time. Also, we kept up a prayer-meeting Sundays, at noon, during the intermission; also, a prayer-meeting, at sunrise, on Sunday morning. Whenever I met young people, to spend an hour in social intercourse, no matter for what specific purpose, I used to feel it my duty to read a chapter and pray with them. I also used to make it a practice, if I met people in the road, no matter who they were, strangers or otherwise, or met them in social circles, in shops, or in the field, to speak to them about the concerns of their souls, as religion was called; especially when I supposed they were unconverted. And in this way I did then really believe that I was manifesting to men that I was a Christian.

I did then feel, and was always from childhood taught to believe, that zeal and boldness in questioning people about

the state of their souls, and in praying, exhorting, and in defending certain theological tenets, were acceptable to God. I had no conception of Christianity, aside from what was and is called "public or social worship." It would then have shocked me greatly to have heard people talk of worshipping God by ploughing, planting, reaping and mowing; spinning and weaving; feeding the hungry and clothing the naked; visiting the sick and administering to the afflicted; dealing honestly and doing justice between man and man.

It was under the influence of this belief and this feeling that I acted; and as I supposed that man's chief end was to "worship and glorify God," as a Being entirely separate from all human relations and duties, and this was *the* way to worship and glorify Him, I set about doing these things in earnest, as I think all should do who thus believe and feel. It was ever pleasant to me to see human beings fearless and earnest in doing whatever they thought it their duty to do, whether it related to what they called the concerns of the soul, or of the body; and those who consider the concerns of the one distinct from the concerns of the other, and more important, are perfectly justified in going most earnestly and devoutly about those which they deem the most important.

During the period of two years' study, I resided most of the time in the family of the Presbyterian minister in that place, Henry Chapman. He was a man of a kindly disposition, educated under the Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D., President of Yale College, and studied theology with the Rev. Dr. Backus, of Connecticut. He was thoroughly read in polemic theology, and in ecclesiastical history, as it appears in Milner and in historians of a similar stamp. What classical literature he may have had, had slipped from his mind, as it generally does from ministers, after they settle over a church; and devote themselves to the profession of a pastor. He was a man of probity and justice; quiet, unassuming, and peaceful in his spirit and manner; loved every body, and was, of course, beloved by every body; and had land on which he labored, during the week, like a farmer, generally taking Friday and Saturday to write out his sermons for Sunday.

As I was to be a minister, I supposed I must understand theology, for I thought it to be the great end of the profession to defend and perpetuate theology among men. I therefore gave my mind to this study eagerly. And I took great delight, at that time, in abstract, intangible dogmas and distinctions. Edwards on the Will, the controversial writings of Hopkins, Emmons, Weeks; of Toplady and Wesley, and those generally relating to the controversy between Calvinism and Arminianism—going to establish or overthrow the theology of the Westminster Catechism; these were studied and talked about with eagerness.

The minister's wife was a kind-hearted woman, but had a coarse way of making her kindness manifest—an imperious, positive tone and manner (she had for years been a school teacher); but possessing striking qualities of head and heart, which, in the opinion of those who best understood her, far outweighed her faults. Morning, noon and night, that woman was ready for a theological contest, having an astonishing memory, and the Bible, Edwards, Hopkins, Dwight, Watts, Milton and Young, at her tongue's end; and an unrivalled tact in the art of knocking down an opponent with a text, or a whole broadside of texts. I never knew one more perfectly skilled in the art of theological cannonading. When her opponent imagined himself perfectly secure behind a rampart of metaphysics; or if he had built up a citadel of logical distinctions and fire-proof syllogisms, and comfortably ensconced himself in it, down would rush a text from her exhaustless magazine, explode near him, and blow him to fragments. I never saw texts wielded by another with such dexterity, and thrown at opponents with such unerring and fatal aim. And the texts were all the more fatal, because they were hurled with such perfect confidence, such self-satisfaction, and such provoking good nature, that he felt himself humbled and crushed. Then her texts were often backed up by a volley of small arms, from "Night Thoughts," "Paradise Lost," "The Task," or from "Psalms and Spiritual Songs." Often then and since have I admired the astonishing tact and power of that woman in managing a theological discussion, and in

silencing or overwhelming an opponent. Her texts came down upon the heads of her enemies like sledge-hammers. I remember that apparently coarse, imperious, dogmatic, but really kind and clever woman, with deep and respectful interest. She was a source of real good to me.

It was an advantage to me to be in that family, because it brought me to a more familiar acquaintance with ministers. Mr. C. was extensively known, and all Presbyterian ministers who travelled through that region made it a point to visit him. Ministers, from various and distant parts of the country, often spent a few days with us. By this means, I obtained an extensive knowledge of their characters, and of the kind of attainments which were most prized among them, and which were counted most necessary to render a minister successful and popular in his profession.

I do not think the intercourse with ministers tended to give me a more favorable opinion of their worth and probity as men. For honesty and fidelity between man and man, I do not think that they rose in my estimation; but rather sunk much lower, as a class. It used often to be painful to me to witness their want of regard to common integrity. It did then, and it does still seem to me that ministers, as a body, are prone to think that the profession which has power to confer on them a professional piety and sanctity, also should have and does have power to exempt them from the common obligations to truth, justice and honesty, by which others are bound. They look upon themselves as having a kind of professional or ex-officio claim to be regarded as pious, godly men; and this ex-officio piety they are too apt to consider as a substitute for truth, justice and honesty in the common affairs of life.

One circumstance is deeply engraven on my mind, as indicative of their character. The State of Connecticut, from its first settlement, had supported Congregationalism as the State religion, and Congregational ministers were supported by a tax upon the people. They were the established clergy. The Democratic triumphs in that State had been gradually spreading, and one of its points was the abolition of the State church and ministry. While I was in

Mr. Chapman's family, compulsory laws touching the support of religion were abolished, and every person left free to pay a minister, or to go or belong to any meeting or not, as he chose. The ministers of Connecticut considered this change as a violation of their professional rights, and of a Divine injunction to support them in their office. The flood-gates of infidelity and corruption were said to have been thrown open. Many ministers strayed from Connecticut into western New York and Ohio. They called at Mr. Chapman's. To hear their conversation about the change in Connecticut, their groans and complaints, was most instructive to one who sought an insight into their character. I never could see the justice of compelling a man to pay for the support of opinions which he deemed false, or to support ministers whom he deemed a curse rather than a blessing.

The time came for me to decide whether I should pursue my studies further, or take out a license, and enter at once upon the practice of the profession. Two propositions came before me. One was to go to the Theological Seminary at Andover, and there prosecute my studies several years longer; the other was, to join a band of missionaries who were about to sail for the Sandwich Islands. A company of young men from those islands,—natives,—was then being educated at a school in the town of Cornwall, Connecticut. The proposition was, that I should go to the Cornwall school, spend a year there with that band in the work of preparation, and then go out with them.

At that time, I believed that all the heathen must eternally lie "under the wrath and curse of God," and "endure the pains of hell for ever," unless the Bible was sent to them, and they were taught to read it. I supposed they never would be saved, unless the ministers and churches of Christendom could be made willing to send them that Book. It had never occurred to me, then, that they could have the Christian spirit, and love God and their fellow-men, without a church, a priesthood, or a Bible; or that the war-making, slave-holding, commercial and political religion of Christendom might prove more corrupting and injurious to their bodies and souls than their present superstitions.

Letters had been exchanged between me and Andover, and I finally determined to go there. I had a great desire to study the Hebrew language, and the writers on Christianity during the first five centuries of the Christian era.

Having made up my mind to prosecute my studies further at Andover Seminary, preparations were soon made for my departure. Letters of introduction and recommendation were furnished; I took good care to get one from the church, attesting my membership and standing, and commending me to the watch and care of the Seminary Church at Andover, or of any other sister church. I took leave of my friends, to go forth alone to take up my abode among strangers, and in a new and untried sphere.

My father took me to Cooperstown,—ten miles,—there to take the stage coach to Albany. We arrived, and found the coach would start the next morning, at early dawn. I bespoke a bed for the night in a hotel, and then we walked on the borders of Otsego Lake and the Susquehanna River till nearly sundown. My father must leave me, and return to his home. He was somewhat advanced in years, but still erect in person, and decided and firm in mind. The moment of departure came. He took my hand and held it long. He spoke not, nor did I. He cast on me a paternal look of deep affection and anguish, having before declared that he should see me no more in this world, and given me his last advice. The tears were in his eyes, and rolling down his cheeks; but he could not speak. I felt awed and crushed before that paternal anguish. I could not weep, nor could I speak. He departed, and I went to my room; and there the floods of my desolation poured forth.

And there, on the shore of that beautiful lake, in September, 1819, I had the last look of my father, and heard the last sound of his voice. He died suddenly, about three years after this. Stern, inflexible, just, but loving author of my being! I cherish thy remembrance with deep-felt, undiminished filial love and respect. Somewhere in the universe we shall meet again.

That was a sleepless night to me. The next day, late at night, I arrived in Albany; and after a few hours rest,

started for Northampton, due east, over hills and mountains, about eighty miles,—a weary ride,—and about eleven at night, found myself, for the first time, in the birth-place of my mother, where she spent her childhood and youth, till her marriage to my father.

I was invited to spend my time with a maternal uncle while I remained in that town. He and his family were Unitarians, members of Dr. Channing's church in Boston, where they had lived, there being no Unitarian church in Northampton at that time. This was my first personal intercourse with Unitarians. I had read about Unitarianism, but had never felt much interest in the controversy. I had felt no particular horror of Unitarians, as I had of Arminians, Universalists and Papists.

Dr. Channing's sermon, preached in Baltimore in 1819, was put into my hands by my cousins. I read it with thrilling interest. While I was struck by the candor, boldness and energy with which Dr. Channing there states his own views, I was greatly shocked by his equally bold and energetic attack upon what appeared to me to be essential truth. I was horrified; and when asked by one of my cousins what I thought of it, I replied — "*That sermon should be preached only in hell.*"

They were all as much shocked by my remark, as I had been by the sermon. They asked what I meant. I could hardly answer, or give any reason for a remark which I found had deeply hurt their feelings—for they were among Dr. Channing's warmest admirers. I could only say, it was a mere explosion of the pent-up horror within me.

We recovered from all unpleasantness of feeling; but my wonderment was unbounded how they, or any who read the New Testament, could be Unitarians.

During my stay in his family, my uncle took me to the house in which my mother was born; where she laughed and romped as a child; where she grew up to womanhood, and where she was married. I went into the room where she was born, and around the house where she had lived, and laughed, and wept, with feelings of pensive, yet happy sadness. She seemed to live and breathe in every thing.

around me; for though nearly half a century had passed since she left it, all things remained much as they were when she was a child. It seemed good to be there; for though such feelings as were called up by looking at the past, could have but little connection with the stern realities and duties of the passing hour, yet they were sweet emotions, which seemed to me innocent, at least, if not useful.

I called on another surviving brother of my mother—a very old and infirm man. When told that I was the child of his sister Miriam, that good old man bowed his head on my shoulder and wept, and blessed me for her sake. I love such exhibitions of human affection; though I may not share them myself, I am never weary of them; they endear human beings to my heart, and make me love to think I am a man. I can now say of that, and all similar exhibitions of human affection, of which the world is full, even where they are least suspected to exist, that they evince to me that it is far happier and more natural for man to love than to hate; to be tender and gentle, than cruel and harsh;—total depravity and original sin to the contrary notwithstanding.

After spending a pleasant fortnight in Northampton, among my family connections, and enjoying the Connecticut river that flows past the town, the delicious meadows on its banks, the village of Old Hadley, and a visit to Mount Holyoke, and looking upon the long valley of the Connecticut and the mountains by which it is skirted, I went on my way to Boston,—100 miles,—and thence, the next morning, twenty miles north, to Andover.

The same day I called on Dr. Woods; presented my letters and certificates, was examined as to my literary and theological qualifications, and admitted to join the junior class, when the term should open—which was to take place in a few days; till which time, I looked about the college buildings, and the ground around, and the town, making myself familiar with the localities.

I took my lodgings, in the mean time, at the residence of a farmer named A. A. The weather was dreary, dark, and my heart, at times, was as dreary and dark as it. I

had come far from home — I was alone — knew not an individual — had never come into personal contact with many literary men — was about to enter on an untried career, in connection with more than one hundred young men, every one of whom had enjoyed the advantages of a public collegiate course of discipline and study. With these, I was to pursue a three or four years' course of training. I knew nothing of the ways, habits and customs of colleges. They did, having been under classical training eight or nine years. I had been under instruction but three; had studied mostly in solitude; I must run a three years' race, and keep up with them, which I was resolved to do, or die in the attempt. I felt overwhelmed for a few days by the undertaking. I was very sad, and could enter into conversation with no one; I kept my room, or wandered about the fields or in the woods, alone. The kind old people with whom I boarded saw the cloud that was on me, and accorded to me their kindest sympathies. But I knew I must fall back upon my own energies, and seek cheerfulness and confidence in action. I did so. I gave my mind to the task before me, and the cloud passed away.

The term-day drew near; the students came in from the various colleges of the land, who were to enter the junior class — about forty in number; the other classes came. The new comers for the junior class called a meeting. Chums (room-mates) were to be chosen, and rooms selected by lot, and other arrangements to be made. A young man from Middlebury College, Vermont, by the name of M., became my chum. We chose our room, set ourselves to arrange it, and moved our luggage into it. There was a bed, but no bedding; sheets, pillow-cases and blankets were to be bought or hired. I walked off two miles to the house of a farmer, hired some bed linen and blankets, and carried them to my room. My chum furnished his portion. We bought our wood, and I returned, to spend the remaining night or two at Mr. A.'s.

It was here I first saw Sydney E. Morse, who was afterwards to play a notorious part in the drama of life, as editor

of the New York Observer,—the deadly and untiring foe of Anti-Slavery, and the staunch defender of the honesty and Christianity of American slave-traders.*

I settled my accounts with that kind old man, and bade adieu to him and his wife and house, as a boarding-place, returned to the Seminary, took possession of my room with my chum, and with a determined and desperate spirit to do or die, entered upon my studies, in connection with the most noted and popular Theological Seminary in the nation.

Here, then, I behold myself, in the twenty-third year of my age, in company with one hundred other young men, studying to qualify myself, according to the customary forms of the country, to enter the ministerial profession.

* As I was reading the proof of the above, my attention was called to the following editorial article in the Observer of Feb. 2d, 1849 :

"Our Southern brethren are not responsible for the origin of slavery. * * * It is not easy now to get rid of the evil, suddenly. * * * We must not be too impatient. * * * Our Southern brethren have done more to get rid of the evil than could have been reasonably anticipated. * * * One would think that such men might be safely trusted with the management of the anti-slavery cause in their own States.

"Christ and his apostles did not denounce or irritate the slaveholder. They lived and preached in countries where the law gave man despotic power over his fellows ; but they did not denounce the law or the men who held power under it. They did not require the despot to abdicate, or the slaveholder to emancipate his slaves, without regard to consequences. Paul did not aid and abet Onesimus in his escape from his master ; nor did he threaten to cut his connection with the master, if he continued to employ the labor of the slave. He used no harsh epithets. He called Philemon, slaveholder as he was, his 'dearly beloved fellow laborer' in the gospel, and thanked God for his 'love and faith,' and all his noble Christian graces. He sent back the penitent runaway slave to his master, with a courteous, conciliatory and affectionate letter, calculated to soften the feelings, and render all the future intercourse of the parties pleasant and profitable.

"The Bible method of dealing with slavery and slaveholders is the best method. * * * The policy of the North is a 'masterly inactivity,' a 'let-alone,' 'do-nothing' policy." [!!!]

LETTER IV.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

ROCKFANE COTTAGE, ROSEWEATH, SCOTLAND, }
 June 15, 1847. }

I would give human life as it is represented in the experience of an individual. The history of man has never been written; only that of church and governmental organizations. The history of these is written in blood. So far as my biography can do it, it shall give the history of human nature, as it is illustrated in the daily life of a human being.

I am just in from a walk with my wee playmate along the shore of Loch Long; and a merry time we have had. We played take tea, bob-and-jolly (horse,) go-to-sleep, and various other important matters. You would be amused to witness the perfect sympathy between us, as we stroll about and romp together. It would be hard to tell who most perfectly represents the child. I am a child here, if I never was before; and it comes natural to me to be one. But, dear me! the moment I get into society, the child runs away. I can't help it. There I, like others, *perform* humanity — here I live and enjoy it; there I am an *artificial* man — here I am confident, easy, *graceful*; yes, don't laugh, I am graceful here, simply because I am a child of nature, and can speak, laugh, walk and act, with perfect ease and naturalness.

But I want to give you, in this, some extracts from my journal, kept in London, last spring.

STOKES NEWINGTON, Sunday, May 9, 1847.

"Came from Enfield, by Edmonton, to this place, this morning. I am at Fallenberg House, the pleasant home of H. and L. V. — two persons whose acquaintance I value above all riches, and who

are doing a work for the masses of this kingdom, of infinitely more importance to them than all the Church and State are doing. He lectures on Democracy. I know of no one who is more deservedly loved and respected by the people.

"After dinner, we walked out by the spot where Cowper lived, and by the Canal or New River, that supplies large quantities of water to London. The canal is some fifty miles long. The originator of it lived long ago, and had great wealth, all of which he sunk in this project, and died, as I am informed, in a poor-house. The shares originally were worth £100 (\$500); now they are sold at £5000 (\$25,000.)

"Here had a long talk with H. and L. V. about government. The question is now agitating the whole nation — What part should government take in educating the children? Parliament is trying to establish a system of national schools. The great difficulty is — What religious sect shall control the schools? The State Church says, 'I will.' The Dissenters say, 'No; we will not allow you to educate our children. We prefer the voluntary system.' So the point is — governmental schools, or voluntary schools. H. says government should have nothing to do with the physical, intellectual, or religious education of the people; that it should act only as arbitrator, or court of reference between individuals, to adjust their differences. I believe this should be the great end of government. But the great fault of this kingdom, and of all governments, is, they govern the people to death. They throw obstacles in the way of the improvement of the people. To make criminals, and then punish them, is the real, practical result of all governments, even those called most civilized. Nine-tenths of all the criminals of this kingdom are made so, more or less, by the influence of government. Criminal laws are multiplied — not one in ten thousand of the people know or can know what they are. Acts are made into crimes, to be punished, that have no moral turpitude in them, but are positively right and duties; and these laws are violated by those who know not of their existence, and then they are taken up, fined, imprisoned, or hung. A large portion of the crimes for which men are punished in London, and in the nation, are no violations of morals; they are crimes only by the decrees of Parliament. It is a singular fact, that there is less crime in poor, down-trodden, ignorant, impulsive Ire-

land, than in England, in proportion to the population; and less in England than in Scotland. There is, according to official reports, more crime in Sabbath-keeping, praying, psalm-singing, minister-worshipping Scotland, than in any other part of the kingdom, according to the population. The idea of punishment, H. V. says, and I agree with him, should be banished from government, and discipline, or reformation, or restraint, substituted. To prevent evil and promote virtue, to restrain the bad and encourage the good, to restrain wrong and enforce right, is the only proper end of all national organizations. This never can be done by violence. Let governments arbitrate between the individuals composing them, but let them have nothing to do with the conduct of individuals of one state towards those of another. Let individuals go and trade round the world, as individuals. When men of distant and different climes and governments attempt to regulate their intercourse by means of soulless national combinations, they always generate wars. Let men think, speak and act unregulated by the arm of violence, and only guided by social sympathy, by mutual interest, and by justice, and wars would cease."

LONDON, 7 o'clock, Sunday evening.

"I am now on Hungerford Suspension Bridge. Came down out of the Strand into Hungerford Market; then went down the stairs to the boat-landing. Thousands flocking to the steamer, to take a trip on the river down to London Bridge, for a half-penny, (one cent.) As I stood looking at the throng landing from and entering the boats, I saw a specimen of John Bull. A difficulty arose between two young lads who were pitching coppers. One struck the other, and a fight began. Instantly some two hundred gathered around, formed a ring, and the two lads threw off their coats, and went at the work of bruising and smashing each other's noses and eyes and heads. They were fairly under way, and the throng was shouting to encourage them to show fair play, and beat each other soundly, when, lo! in rushed four policemen, scattered the crowd, seized the two boys, and dragged them off to the lock-up, for breaking the peace.

"Then I came up the stairs, and on to the bridge. Thousands were walking on it, to breathe the fresh air, and the bridge swayed

to and fro, and we were all reeling and staggering, scarcely able to stand. It was laughable to see the swinging of the people, as they walked. But each was laughing at the others. I am now on the second pier, looking down upon the steamers as they pass under the bridge, and as they pour out their multitudes upon the landing, and take in others. I have often stood here, and seen this busy scene. The people are excited, laughing, chatting, and happy as they can be in London. I have walked about here oft with far-away friends; around Charing Cross, by Nelson's and Wellington's monuments, and the fountains there.

"It is now 10, evening. I am at 24 Salisbury street, off the Strand. I left the bridge, and walked about Covent Garden and St. Giles, and into St. James Park, and then came here to sleep. I have been talking with the landlady. She says the four pound loaf of bread is 11d. (22 cents,) lamb and mutton 1s. (24 cents,) potatoes 2d. (4 cents) per pound. How can the laborers live, when wages are so low and food so dear? In this nation, as the price of food rises, the price of labor always falls. Then comes starvation."

BOW STREET, POLICE COURT, LONDON, }
 Monday, May 10, 1847. }

"I am in the reporter's seat. As I came in, I asked to be shown to a place where I could take notes; a policeman directed me here. The magistrate has just taken his seat.

"A woman, with a child in her arms, is brought in and placed in the box. A policeman is her accuser. He says he found her begging, (no begging in the streets of London, according to law,) and took her up. He says he saw her following people about, but did not hear her ask for any thing. The woman says—'The policeman is a liar, and capable of saying any thing. I never was locked up before, and there I have been, with my child, twelve hours with nothing to eat or drink.' The judge reprimands the policeman, and discharges the woman. The policeman goes away greatly chagrined, and the woman looks exultingly and snaps her fingers at him.

"A poor, forlorn-looking lad, an Italian, is placed in the box. Speaks no English. Crime—begging in the streets. A policeman his accuser. Says he found him begging, and locked him up. The

judge says, 'Go call an Italian who speaks English, to interpret for him.' So the lad is put over a while."

"Two young girls are put in the box. Keeper of Fox and Hound tavern their accuser. Says the two girls came into his house, and began to fight, and to save the reputation of his inn, he handed them over to the policeman, to be locked up. The accuser says they were not drunk; had been in his house half an hour; had drank 6d. worth of brandy, and then began to fight. 'I went in there five minutes,' says one of the girls. 'I did not strike any one. I heard my sister scream; went in and found the man hold of her, and he bit my arm because I interfered.' They both insist that they made no disturbance; that the man made the rout. 'You may go this time,' says the judge.

"Two men placed at the bar; a policeman their accuser. Says, in the night he found them fighting, drunk, and disturbing the peace. They are hardy looking fellows. 'What are you?' asks the judge. 'I am a laborer,' says one. 'What are you?' says the judge to the other. 'I am seeking labor, your worship,' he says. 'I never did such a thing before, and never will again, if your worship will let me go; I regret it.' 'I fine you 1s. each,' says the judge.

"A young man is put in the box; a young woman his accuser. She says — 'I went into a public house to get something to drink. He came in and gave me some gin; and then said he would give me 3s. to go with him. Afterwards, he gave me an old handkerchief, and when I asked for 3s., he kicked me, and knocked me down, and beat me.' She is a very young girl, and pretty, but her face is bruised and bloody. It is dreadful to see the condition of these poor castaways! What demons are men in their treatment of women! This is the police court of St. Giles, and all the crime and degradation of that part of London pass through it. 'Do you wish to ask her any questions?' says the judge to the young man. He asked — 'Did I give you my handkerchief?' 'You did,' said she. 'Did I give you no more?' said he. 'No,' said she, 'except kicks and blows.' A policeman who took the man is called to testify. He confirms the poor girl's statement, and says he found her covered with blood. The clerk notes down all the statements. 'Did any one come to your aid when you screamed?' asked the judge. 'No,'

said the girl. The man denies that he struck her. 'Quite clear,' says the judge, 'the girl has been exceedingly ill used by you. Because she is in that unfortunate position in society, you have no right to abuse her. I cannot allow you to act in this way. If you will beat poor, unfortunate, castaway girls in this manner, you must be punished. I fine you £2, (\$10,) and imprison you till you pay it.'

"The Italian is come to interpret for the Italian beggar. The poor fellow was turned out by his master to get bread where he could. He was begging to save himself from famishing. This is a sorrowful case; a poor lad, ragged, forsaken, a stranger in a strange land. The judge knows not what to do, and says — 'His story is true, I dare say; and it is very common. It is scandalous to turn such poor fellows out to starve.' These Bow Street officers are men, after all; but they are desperate looking fellows, and seem callous to suffering. I hope it is but seeming.

"There comes a well dressed, good looking girl, evidently very young in such scenes. She cannot be over 14, and seems not at all used to such company. A policeman is her accuser. He found her in the streets, wandering about, having no where to go; and he locked her up as a vagabond. The tears are coursing down her pale, fair cheeks. She tells her story, broken by sobs. She came from the country to get work; was entrapped into a brothel, and there abused and cast out, having nothing to pay her board, and being unwilling to comply with the ways of the house. 'Discharged,' says the judge; 'and she should be helped to go to her friends.'

"Here is another woman, with a hard and horrible face. A shop-keeper her accuser. Says she came to his shop to beg; he refused her, and she struck at him, and he handed her to the policeman. 'Please your worship,' growls the woman, 'I came from Woolwich a week ago, to get into a hospital. I am a widow, and was never locked up before. What he says about me is false.' She is loud and boisterous, and is in a great rage, and swings her fists about. It would not be very desirable to have those fists light on any man's head. 'He is the greatest liar that ever lived,' she screamed out, 'and I'll pepper and mustard his face for

him, if your Honor will let me.' 'Committed,' says the judge, 'thirty days.'

"A man and boy are put into the box. Poor little fellow! He looks frightened, and the tears run, and his chin quivers, and he clings to the hand of the man he calls father. He cannot be over eight years old. A whiskered, pert, foppish looking fellow is their accuser—a shoe-dealer. Says they came into his shop to buy a pair of shoes. As they went out, 'I saw another pair in the boy's hand. I ran and took the boy, got my shoes, brought him back, and gave him in charge,' says the man. There are many poor, lost-looking men and women behind, looking on to see the trials. This excites their sympathy. The little boy's case touches their hearts. A man is here as the attorney of the prisoners. The judge is a humane looking man. The evidence is against the boy, and he can give no explanation. The man with the boy is well dressed and behaved, and seems to be deeply moved by some hidden sorrow.

"The lawyer is now cross-examining the witness, trying to confound him, and to lead him to contradict himself. He is particularly insolent. The judge has just ordered the lawyer to sit down, and told him he will not allow him to treat witnesses thus. The manner in which the clerk administers the oath is ludicrous and blasphemous: 'You solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—*so help you God.*' The judge says—'Landlords are ever ready to give good characters to all their tenants who pay well; this is their standard of character, and there is no use in presenting their names as security for character.' There are two human beings arraigned here, as felons, charged with stealing shoes worth 5s. The policeman, having taken the oath, is now giving in his testimony about the boy. This is indeed a place to try men's humanity. This is a horrible farce. 'The case,' says the judge, 'must go before a jury.' This child before a jury, as a felon! God of mercy! what is human government? A monster of blood! It is hard, very hard. The boy should be kindly led in the right way. But he will be made into a hardened villain by this act.

"A young girl comes into the box, another female appearing as the accuser and witness. The witness is a brazen-faced, hardened

creature, probably the keeper of a house of assignment. The prisoner is a beautiful, but a heart-stricken creature, who has been seduced under promise of marriage, and then cast away. This case excites great interest in the court and in the crowd. Every face looks sorrowfully upon the prisoner, and indignantly upon the accuser. Somebody had made the poor girl drunk, and then horribly abused her in the house, and she was determined to leave when she became sober; and the prosecutor has charged her with theft. 'Discharged,' says the judge.

"A ragged man, of powerful frame, brought in, charged with assault. His accuser a small man. The fellow was fighting; the policeman tried to arrest him; the little man came to help him, and the prisoner struck him. Accuser's eyes black and blue. 'He was drunk,' says the policeman. The prisoner is a ferocious looking man. A witness is called for prisoner. Says he goes to the public house to smoke his pipe, as others do. 'I see clearly you are a partizan in the matter,' says the judge to the witness. '40s. to pay, or stand committed fourteen days,' says the judge. Off goes the prisoner, laughing at his comrades in the crowd.

"Four young boys are in the box; a well dressed man their accuser—a hard looking fellow. Says—'I caught them playing dominoes during divine service. They were laughing, hallooing, insubordinate, and disturbers of the peace. When I went to take them, they were very impudent and insolent, and threatened me, and refused to give their names; so I locked them up, your Honor.' 'Discharged,' says the judge; 'but be sure and make no noise, boys, when you play during divine service; and when any body comes to take you and lock you up, you must not be saucy; and if any body asks your names, tell them.' Policeman walked off, ashamed enough.

"I can stay here no longer. Often have I been in these courts of London. No man knows London till he has seen St. Giles in Bow Street Police Court. But what gigantic monsters are governments of violence and blood! And these are the church's means to prevent wrong and enforce right; to convert sinners and save souls! I will never ask them to protect me. I abjure all allegiance to them; I cannot help to form nor administer them. Such a farce is justice, as administered by human government!

8, P. M. I am at the Shoreditch station — that of the Eastern Counties Railway. Came here to go to Enfield. I sit on a bench in the waiting room. A soldier is asleep on a bench at my left hand, with his knapsack for a pillow. Poor fellow! his is a dog's life. The officers get all the pay, the prizes, and the honor; and the soldier does the drudgery and fighting. Our gallant protectors! God save the mark. On my right is a boy, cutting open the leaves of *Punch* — a paper in great repute in this kingdom. At railway stations, in public houses, in all places of public resort, more of this are sold than of any others. The pictures give attraction to it; then it is full of spicy and racy articles. Children all get hold of it."

ENFIELD, 7, evening, May 11.

"Came here from London, ten miles, due north. A sweet spot. Put up with M. M. M. and his mother. A more beautiful and lovely specimen of maternal and filial affection, I have never witnessed. A woman of a purer spirit, of greater energy, and of more elevated mind, lives not. After 40 years of age, she studied Greek, Hebrew, Latin, French, and has stored her mind with extensive information. This has been a sweet home to me, many times.

"I am in my room. Have been reading the '*Mysteries of London*,' by Reynolds — a powerful book, portraying the iniquity of this emporium of crime, as well as of wealth. My visits to the Bow street Police Court room have prepared me to understand this book. He has revealed the horrors of St. Giles. Had much talk this evening about the Funds, with M. and his mother. The prosperity of all the Savings Banks depends on the Funded Debt. Parliament passed a law to allow Savings Banks to invest their stock in them. They have done so; and now every man and woman who has a few shillings in a Savings Bank, has an interest in the Funded Debt. Not less than ten millions have stock, directly or indirectly, in the Funds. It was a master stroke of policy in government. Now, who dare talk of repudiating the Debt? The masses hold the stock. The Funds are the great circulating medium of the nation. M. went into the city to-day, and brings out word that £6 (\$30) are asked per quarter (eight bushels) for wheat; that bread, meat, vegetables, and all articles of food, are rapidly rising in price.

"This has been a sunny, bright day; trees all in bloom, air soft and balmy. I must now leave this dear spot. Before my window is a large oak, into whose branches the turkies and chickens are gathering to their roost. They are peeping, and clucking, and flying up, and nestling close to one another, under the leaves and on the limbs of the tree. It is a pleasant sight and soothing. Here W. L. Garrison sat with me, last August, and was very happy in the enjoyment of the company of this model mother and her noble son. I have often sat by this window, and looked out upon the gathering of these fowls to their roost. I have been very happy here, and have profited by my intercourse with this mother and son as I have profited by few others in this world. The son is a farmer, and the mother is his counsellor."

CLAPTON, LONDON, Friday, May 14, 1847.

"After visiting Guild Hall, St. Paul's Cathedral, and Smithfield — of fire and faggot renown — I came to this place, to take tea (water) with William and Mary Howitt. It is some four miles from the Bank. Found William busy with his papers. Had an interesting talk with him and Mary concerning the right of private property in land. He says it is purely a conventional right; that the State has a right to take the land from those who will not live on it, and improve it, and put it into the hands of those who will; that the land ought to support those who live on it; that if it is the duty of government to feed the starving, it is the right of government to prevent starvation; and I say, if it is the duty of government to punish crime, it is the right of government to prevent men from becoming criminals, by giving them a moral and intellectual education.

"William gave an interesting account of the system of taxation, and of the effects of it. Three-fourths of the fruits of the national industry are swallowed up in taxes, mainly to make war on mankind. I am charmed with William and Mary in their domestic circle; they are gentle, playful and loving to all around them. It is pleasant to know them, and I shall ever regret that I did not know them sooner. No literary persons in this kingdom have done so much for the people as they have, nor have taken so deep an interest in American abolitionists, and the glorious enterprise in which they are engaged.

"As I passed through Piccadilly to-day, I came by a show-wagon, — a large box, or cage, on four wheels. In it were three cats, lots of rats and mice, one dog, two guinea-pigs, several rabbits, owls, doves, hawks, vultures, sparrows, rabbits, and other animals and birds, of supposed opposite and irreconcilable natures. There they were in loving fellowship. A cat was eating a bit of cheese, and two mice were nibbling at it with her, and one sat on her back. Several mice were climbing over the hawks, and a dove was sitting dressing its plumes on the back of a vulture. It was a pleasant sight. Truly, kindness conquers every thing, and reconciles contradictions."

LONDON, Hornsey Arms Inn, }
Saturday, May 15. }

"It is 2, P. M. I am sitting on a bench, on which toppers sit to drink porter and whiskey, in front of the tavern. I have just arrived here from 5 Bishopgate Without, and here I must wait an hour for the omnibus to take me to Muswell Hill. I staid in Chelsea last night, with G. T. At 10, A. M., after a talk with G. T. about elections, and about his running as a candidate for the Tower Hamlets, or Westminster, I walked into Sloane street, took the omnibus, came up Sloane street into and along Piccadilly, by Hyde Park and St. James Park, through Regent Circus, along Pall Mall, by Charing Cross, along the Strand over Ludgate, around St. Paul's, through Cheapside, by the Bank, through Threadneedle street, and along Bishopgate to No. 5. Stopped at C. G.'s, and packed all my things, to start to-morrow for Birmingham, York, Newcastle, Carlisle, Dumfries and Glasgow. Called at the Four Swans Hotel, to see W. D., from Marr, near Doncaster, who is here to attend the Yearly Meeting of Friends. Had a pleasant chat with these friends, in whose domestic circle I have found an agreeable home. W. D. is an honest man. Would that all Friends were like him! Then walked to the Post Office, and took the green omnibus — the FAVORITE — for this place — a long way. Can ride six miles for 6d. (12 cents.) A great convenience are these omnibuses."

"Here, then, I sit, and a world is moving around me. A little child, five years old, named Emily, is looking on to see my pencil

fly over the paper. The curls of her hair touch my cheek. She is the child of the innkeeper, I presume. She is chattering away at a great rate, and telling me about her playthings. A sweet, innocent face she has, with blue and laughing eyes. The very soul of fun shines through them. Such a din! Omnibuses, coming and going; whips cracking; and behind me, in the gin-shop, such a clatter of the thick, babbling tongues of tipplers! The gin-shop is full of them, and they are furiously, loudly, and all together, discussing the proceedings of Parliament, and the price of corn, pigs, sheep and cattle; for, in the minds of Englishmen, the price of these is always associated with the action of Parliament. Their gin and beer give them zeal and fluency, energy and wit in debate. Sweet little Emily has crept close to me, as if she feared the din of the drunkards; and she has brought her little sister, three years old, to look at my book. There! the child has brought a beautiful flower to put into my book. It is a sweet primrose. There, her mother comes to the door, and sees her by me; and she calls to the child and says—‘Eh-h-h, you are there, are you? Come here, I say, you naughty gal. Quick, step here to me.’ The child hangs her head, as if she had done something wicked, and goes to her mother; and as she comes within reach of her brawny arm, the mother seizes her and gives her a violent shaking, and pushes her into the house; and as she does so, hits her on the back with her hand a blow that brings the child upon her hands and knees upon the floor. The brutal woman! Such unfitness to be a mother, and have the charge of children! It is enough to make one forswear his humanity. It is enough to turn children into demons. I wonder there are not ten murderers where there is one; for many parents spare no pains to make their children such. This child’s face seemed the very expression of love, of joyous and happy life, and she was doing what I wanted her to do; but the mother beat her for coming near me. She will drive the child into all evil.

“There is a precious hubbub around me. Dogs barking, children crying, laughing and shouting; men and women talking, waiting for omnibusses; wheels rattling over pavements; and all mingled with the rant, the songs, the gibberish of the filthy drunkards in the inn!

“This is a little west of north from London Bridge, and a pleasant part of the city environs. The wind blows in gusts, and sweeps the

dust along in clouds, and covers my paper. The children have ventured out again, and it is good to see their faces once more, though they look sad and shy. Now my omnibus is ready, and I must go."

DUMFRIES, SCOTLAND, May 22, 1847.

"It is 10, A. M., Saturday. Came from Carlisle at 5; crossed the river Eden, that runs past that town, and then came down the vale of Eden, some eight miles, to Gretna Green, where the English used to come to get a stolen marriage; — but Gretna Green is abolished now. We came down upon the shore of Solway Frith, and followed it down to Annan, the wind blowing strong from the Solway. In this region, Scott laid the story of Guy Mannering. Off to our right were the hills where Dandy Dinmont, of Charlie's Hope, had his home; on our left was the supposed place of Ellan-gowan, and the Dernaclough of Meg Merrilies. We arrived here on the stage coach, at half-past nine. I ran to the churchyard to see the monument of Burns. He had a farm some four miles out of town, on the banks of the Nith; there he died, and was buried in this town. Some of the old Covenanters were buried here also; for among the hills in this region, they used to find a retreat from persecution. They were a dauntless, conscientious, but mistaken people."

H. C. W.

A REVIEW OF MY THEOLOGICAL OPINIONS WHEN I ENTERED THE SEMINARY.

As I am about to pass through a most painful mental revolution, in regard to my theological opinions, I will pause here and take a short retrospect, and state what were my views on some important points when I entered the Theological Seminary. I believed in the existence of a God, and the immortality of the soul ; I regarded this life as a probation, and freedom from sin and perfection in goodness unattainable till we pass into another state of existence ; I regarded the Old and New Testaments as equally binding on Christians ; considered the penal code, and the aggressive, exterminating wars of the Jews as ordered and approved by the same Being who gave the New Testament ; believed in Original Sin and Total Depravity, Election and Reprobation, and that our destiny in the future had little or no connection with personal purity of heart and life ; I believed in heaven and hell, and that there were positive inflictions in another state. I had no conception of Christianity, without a Bible, a Church, a Priesthood, a Sabbath, a Meeting, and the Ordinances of Baptism and the Supper. I believed in the divine appointment of a Church and Ministry, and that it was the exclusive right and duty of ministers to administer Baptism and the Supper, and perform the services of praying and preaching on Sunday ; I supposed it wrong for men not to go to meeting on Sunday, not to join a church, not to pray orally and at stated times in the family and in secret, and that not to do these things was a reproach. I believed that the religion of Christendom was Christianity ; that Christ's church was a social organization that might be formed and disbanded at human will and pleasure ; that men might be voted into and out of Christ's church by majorities ; that to be cast out of a church for any cause was a great disgrace, and that no individual, once in a church, had any right to withdraw ; and that no man was entitled to be called a minister of Christ, till he had been licensed or ordained by other ministers.

A spell was on me respecting Christianity as an observance or institution. It seemed to be a pious, holy play, or drama, to be performed on the theatre of time for the gratification and glory of the Deity, and ministers and churches were the Heaven-appointed and approved actors and managers in this performance. I had little or no idea of the kingdom of heaven as an ever-living, all-controlling principle of life.

RULES OF LIFE IN THE SEMINARY.

When I entered the Seminary, I was, as I have said, totally ignorant of the feelings and habits of young men, when brought together in college; and wholly destitute of the training which they there get by being brought into daily competition with equals or superiors. I knew not the treatment to be expected of students, as such, towards professors or towards one another; of the deference expected and supposed to be due from lower to higher classes; nor had I any idea of the importance which young men attach to the fact that they have been through college, and obtained the degree of A. B. or A. M. Of all these and of many other things, a knowledge of which might have been desirable, I was totally ignorant.

But I determined to pursue a course of investigation and conduct, and to dispose of my time, and use the opportunities afforded for study, without any reference to the opinions and practices of the students or professors, except in so far as the settled studies and duties of the Seminary required a given line of conduct. I accordingly drew up several rules to guide me in my investigations and my conduct, among which are the following:

1. That for sixteen hours a day, I would give my undivided attention to the prescribed studies of the Seminary, and to such others as I saw fit.
2. That, on all subjects of theology that should come up for investigation I would, as far as possible, put my mind into a posture of neutrality.

3. That I would take nothing for granted as true or false, right or wrong, but would doubt on all subjects, without any regard to what others might think or say of me — looking at all I believed to be true as if it might be false, and all I thought false as if it might be true.

4. That I would reject any and every thing, though I had previously cherished it as sacred and essential truth, which I should find to rest solely on authority.

A strict adherence to this rule had a powerful effect in producing the mental revolution which I soon after experienced.

5. That I would receive nothing as truth, against which I could find what appeared to me to be a reasonable and unanswerable objection.

The effect of this rule on my mind was to drive me into a habit of taking the side against that taken by the professor, on all questions, a habit of searching out objections to every proposition, however self-evident it might be; in short, it led me into a state of entire scepticism on all questions. I supposed that theology and morals, that Christianity, must be based on demonstration, like Mathematics.

6. That I would carefully peruse whatever had been written against, as well as for, every point that I deemed important, so far as time and opportunity would allow.

7. That I would have as little intercourse with the students as possible; not calling at their rooms, nor seeking their intimacy.

8. That I would avoid all intercourse with the people of the town and vicinity.

9. That the cry of heresy or infidelity should not deter me from a thorough examination into every question that should come before me in the regular course of the studies.

10. That I would, as far as practicable, write down my thoughts on all matters that arrested my particular attention; whether in reading, in the lecture room, in the religious meeting, or in conversation; and freely comment on men and things as they passed before my mind.

This habit there formed has continued to this day, and has thrown into my possession a large amount of manuscript

in the shape of journals and reflections, and descriptions of things and men that have since crossed my pathway in life. The effect of an adherence to these rules remains to this hour, whether most for good or for evil, I will not pretend to judge, probably some of them would never have been adopted had I been better instructed as a child and a youth in the mutual relations of man to man, and their mutual dependence upon one another.

The whole course required by the Seminary regulations occupies three years. There are three classes ; i. e., Junior, Middle and Senior.

The Junior Class was the lowest, and mainly under the tuition of Moses Stuart, then professor of Biblical Literature and Sacred Exegesis, i. e., to teach and expound the Bible in the *Hebrew* and *Greek* text. The great business of the class the first year under Professor Stuart, was to study the Bible in the original languages. To this end the Hebrew language, as well as the Greek, must be understood. The Professor met the class several times during the week, to hear alternate lessons in the Hebrew and Greek Testaments ; and to instruct in the science of interpreting the Bible.

In addition to these studies under Professor Stuart, the Junior Class met each of the other professors once a week to hear lectures, and receive instructions from them in the studies appropriate to their departments.

The Middle Class was under the principal care of Leonard Woods, D.D., professor of *Theology*. His system was drawn out in detail in a series of propositions, each of which was to be the subject of distinct investigation, and the books to be read on each subject were named in the list, and furnished to the class from the library belonging to the Seminary. That list of theological propositions by Dr. Woods is a wonder ! But he was liberal in his reference to books, as if he feared not investigation, and wished to have his class read both sides of all questions. But the minuteness of the division is marvellous !

During this year, Professor Stuart met the Middle Class about twice a week to hear recitations in and give lectures on the science of Exegesis.

The Senior Class was under Ebenezer Porter, D.D., Professor of Rhetoric and Pulpit Eloquence. Under this Professor, the exercises in Declamation and in Composition were conducted. There was a Professor of Ecclesiastical History—James Murdock, D.D. His labors, though confined mainly to the Senior Class, were yet extended more or less to all the classes.

THE STUDY OF THE HEBREW LANGUAGE.

My first term opened the —— day of October, 1819. This Institution was founded and sustained by the Orthodox Congregationalists of New England, as an offset to Cambridge College, that had fallen into the hands of Unitarians, whose theology was taught there. I at once entered upon the study of the Hebrew language, with a settled purpose, cost what it might to health or life, so far to make myself master of it as to enable me to read with ease and comfort the Jewish Scriptures in that language. I began to learn the alphabet with pen in hand, to form the letters, and in two or three hours made myself familiar with their form and name, and to some extent their sound and power. I then took hold of the Grammar; I soon learned, that, as a class, there was to be no earnestness manifested in the study of that language, and that by far the greater portion of the young men would give it no more attention than the recitations absolutely required. I went on with my Hebrew, paying no respect to the studies and progress of the class, except to have each lesson ready for the recitation and explanation before the professor, and to be on the spot at each assembling of the class before him from day to day.

I studied with my pen in hand, and, though I had a printed Grammar and a Lexicon, began to form my own Grammar, Lexicon and Concordance. I began with the first chapter of Genesis, and though my progress was slow at first, yet I was soon brought to a familiarity with the structure and use of words. As I progressed in the knowledge of the Hebrew language, my delight in it increased till it became a

passion with me, which I never ceased to indulge in till my health failed in England, in 1843, and I had to repair to Graefenberg, in Austria, to a Water Cure Establishment, to regain it.

The first term lasted six months, during which time I had read about one-half of the Old Testament in Hebrew, the class, as a class, having read only a part of Genesis and a few Psalms. I spent the first vacation in the spring of 1820 at the Seminary, studying, writing, and translating Hebrew, and reading German commentators, especially Rosenmüller and the writers of the sixteenth century, embodied in the large work, called *Critici Sacri*. This work, in nine huge folios, I obtained afterwards from Germany, and it contains the principal commentators of that century on the original text of the Old and New Testaments. During my first year in that Seminary, I did not lose one day, nor scarcely one hour, of my prescribed time of sixteen hours per day, from my studies. I abandoned myself to the work as if this was all I had to do on earth. Vacations and term-time were alike consecrated; so were Sundays as well as other days of the week, except so much of them as were necessary to attend morning and afternoon service in the chapel, these being a part of the prescribed round of duties.

During the first year, I read the whole of the Hebrew Testament. Such was my passion for the Hebrew language, that I translated most of it for my own use, and from that time up to 1843, was in the habit of writing more or less of the Hebrew text every day, and translating it into English, as my journal kept during that time will show. A lesson in the Greek Testament was studied alternately with the lesson in Hebrew.

As I pursued the study of the Hebrew and Greek Testaments, I had not in view merely a knowledge of those languages, but mainly to know what the various authors of the Bible actually intended to teach. Hitherto I had interpreted the Bible, mainly with reference to my theological tenets acquired from the Westminster Catechism, and from writers on theology. Now I was studying and interpreting it with reference to the true meaning of the authors, as their writings

are interpreted by certain plain and obvious rules. These rules were such as the following:

1. Words to be explained according to their derivations, or philology.
2. According to their position in a sentence.
3. Phrases and sentences to be explained in reference to their connection with what precedes and succeeds.
4. All passages to be explained with reference to the general subject of which the writer is speaking, and to the general tenor and spirit of his instructions.
5. Passages to be interpreted with reference to the manners, customs, modes of thinking, speaking and acting, and to the civil and religious institutions and opinions of the writers, and of the people, among whom they lived and whom they were addressing.
6. Also, with reference to the views of the animal and vegetable kingdom, the Geography, Astronomy, social and domestic habits and institutions of his country.

These and other like rules were to be applied to the language of the Bible. I began to seek after the meaning of that book, as I did for that of others; by the use of my own faculties. This was a new affair to me; for I had never dreamed that I was to approach the Bible as I did other books; it struck me forcibly at first. It shocked me; for, as a book, it had stood out, separate and alone, from all other books in every respect. It was to me a holy book—God's book, in a sense differing from all others, no matter how much of truth they might contain. I had no idea that the language of that book was to be dealt with as is the language of other books. But the rules were reasonable, and I must and did apply them; and the effect was that, as a book, from that hour, I have had no more reverence for it than for any other book.

As I have said, Moses Stuart was my principal instructor the first year. He had been a settled pastor, and was transferred to the professorship which he now held. He was an extraordinary man. Had he taken to a violent and criminal course in early life, he would have been peculiarly fitted to

be daring, desperate ; but he was saved from this career, and his extraordinary powers and temperament turned to a less criminal account ; though, in so interpreting the Bible as to make it a guaranty to the honor and respectability of slaveholders and soldiers, he has given his support to principles and practices, as murderous and destructive as any that are involved in piracy. The influence of his teachings, as a professor, on mankind, has been more hurtful than it would have been as a pirate. As a man, he was irritable, excitable, generous, frank, without cunning or deceit, and precipitate in forming an opinion or in abandoning it. As a religionist, he was full of zeal, easily affected, especially by considerations of Divine love and mercy ; not over mindful of forms and observances of any kind, but throwing his whole soul into them when he undertook to perform them. There was nothing stern, cold, cautious, solemn, forbidding, cunning, stealthy in him, but the reverse of all this. As a Professor, extensively read in what belonged to his department ; enthusiastic in his lectures and recitations, and in spirit and manner fitted to inspire his pupils with enthusiasm, especially in the study of Hebrew and Exegesis ; snappish and brow-beating towards those who disputed his positions ; positive and " unquestionable " in asserting his opinions ; hasty in forming his views of authors and their interpretations ; to-day recommending an author, and eulogizing him in unmeasured terms of approbation ; to-morrow casting him aside as of no value ; to-day giving one interpretation of a passage in the Bible, or other book, as the " unquestionable," " undoubted " (words of constant use with Moses Stuart) meaning, and to-morrow casting that aside, and adopting another construction as " undoubted " and " unquestionable." On the whole, as a Professor, he was peculiarly adapted to inspire students with zeal in the studies belonging to his department.

But Moses Stuart was just the man whose opinions no student would ever quote. Every one felt that his premises were not deliberately and permanently laid down, and his conclusions not drawn with sufficient accuracy and per-

tinency to entitle his opinions to be quoted as of much value, and seldom did any of the students refer to him among themselves.

Yet Moses Stuart, if he was not greatly loved and respected, was greatly admired among the students as a man, or professor, and in preaching and praying. For myself, I had great sympathy with him in many of his peculiarities, and ever loved to meet him in the lecture or recitation room, at evening prayers in the chapel, and in the pulpit on Sundays. Prof. Stuart's mode of conducting his recitations was calculated to destroy, and did destroy, in my mind, all reverence for the Letter of the Bible. I had so associated my respect for its spirit and principles with my reverence for its language, that, as the latter gave way, the former had well nigh gone with it. Sufficient care was not taken to secure my mind from such a result, by teaching me to discriminate between the spirit and principles, and the language and outward form with which they were clothed. The heavy burden of the letter, that was grievous to be borne, was thrown off, but the light and easy burden of the spirit was not retained, because I had not been accustomed to think the one could exist without the other. I was not then led to see the spiritual nature of Christianity, as an inward, all-pervading spirit and principle of holy living, in opposition to its institutional forms with the consecrated letter, days, houses, professions and observances. Had Prof. Stuart then at once boldly stripped Christianity of its holy priesthood, holy Sabbath, holy temple, holy meeting, holy ordinances, as he did of its holy letters, syllables, words, sentences, verses and chapters, he would have saved me from many dark and dreary hours of scepticism. But he cast off the holy language, and still persevered in saddling upon the pure, sublime spirit, all the other forms and ceremonies.

But the tendency of his instructions was to promote freedom of opinion. I felt far freer and far more interested to study the Bible than I ever did before.

MY CLASSMATES.

I expected to have a severe struggle to maintain my standing in the class; but, to my surprise, I found my classmates far, very far from what I expected. My fears were all uncalled for. In intellectual attainments, in energy of application and thirst after knowledge, I found them far short of what I expected and wished. There were exceptions; but for real mental energy, for downright application to the business before them, there was a great deficiency. They did not study the Hebrew or Greek, or any thing, for love of study; they went to their lessons as to a task which must be performed. They seemed to me to have no enthusiasm in their object, but just did as little as they could do and get along; and if they had any time to spare, it was fooled away in chit-chat, and in things that could not add to their character and power in society. Their minds, generally, seemed to me to cower before the authority of the professors, and they would note down their opinions and sayings, and receive and quote them as arguments that were to be admitted as valid, because given by them. They certainly did pin their faith on the affirmation of the professors and other men, being too imbecile, too stupid, or too lazy to investigate for themselves. It did then and does still seem to me too despicable to hurl a quotation from some eminent man at an opponent, and consider it an argument. I imbibed a strong feeling of contempt for the abilities of most of my classmates. They were puny men in minds, as they were cowering and abject in spirit, with a few bright exceptions.

But to make up for their intellectual imbecility, they affected, and actually possessed, a great deal of piety and zeal for God, as they were and are accounted in the churches. They spent much time in holding meetings among themselves in neighboring towns. They considered great skill and unction in singing, praying and exhorting, and power to promote convictions and conversions, more essential to the profession than well balanced, well de-

veloped and energetic intellects. And they were right, according to the ideas of the churches.

My junior year closed, and it had made sad havoc of my theological opinions in many particulars. In the spring we had one vacation, and in the fall another. I longed for these vacations, which would send the students to their homes, deliver me from morning and evening prayers, and from the chapel services on Sunday, and from all other Seminary duties, of which I had become weary, and leave me to myself and to solitude. I had found Enfield's Philosophy and Euclid in the library, and I took them out, and, in connection with my Hebrew studies, I demonstrated every proposition in them during the vacation. The students left, and I was literally alone. I chose an upper room and one of the most secluded in the building. Here I took my things, and busied myself in study from sixteen to eighteen hours every day during the vacation. The world in which I existed was as entirely shut out from my mind as if I had not been in it. I lived in my own world; and never did any person more perfectly revel in any pursuit than I did in reading and translating a certain portion of Hebrew, and in demonstrating some of the magnificent propositions of Enfield and Euclid, every day. I gloried in Job and Isaiah during that vacation, in some of the Psalms, in Ruth, and in Amos. That was a precious time to me. I scarcely spoke to any one during the whole time, except to the family where I snatched my hasty meals.

BECAME AN ATHEIST.

This profitable vacation closed, and left me pale and thin, but with energies of body and mind unabated, at the beginning of my second or middle year, under Dr. Woods.

To explain my course in this department, I must go back to the beginning of the first year, and trace the effect of his lectures on Natural Theology in my mind.

I entered the Seminary with my theological opinions fixed, according to the Westminster Catechism, as I have stated. I had arguments which, at that time, seemed satisfactory

and unanswerable. They were good reasons, such as they were to my mind, and I had never heard them answered, and did not suppose that they could be.

The first lectures given by Dr. Woods were on the Existence and Attributes of God ; and they were clear and candidly reasoned efforts, mainly going to show what were *not* evidences of the being of a God. As the Professor went on, stating and refuting certain false arguments, he would have been astounded could he have seen into my mind. One after another he swept away, and with seeming ease, the very arguments on which my belief in that doctrine had been based. He closed, and I WAS AN ATHEIST, made such in that one hour by Dr. Woods. At that moment, all the glorious fabric of theology and immortal hopes which I had built on it vanished. I was very wretched, for nothing was in that lecture to supply the place of what was swept away. The second lecture was given, but the vacancy in my mind was not filled. The Doctor did indeed advance his positive arguments, but they seemed to me as destitute of force as did my own which he had annihilated ; and I felt that it is easier to discover and refute an error than to find and establish a truth, and to detect and overthrow a false argument than to discover and present a true one.

Thus I was, during my first year at that Seminary, an Atheist as truly as it is possible for man to be. A deep and permanent conviction was in my heart, that there was a Being above me, who made me, and to whom I was responsible, and this conviction I never could shake off ; but I could not account for its existence. I could not give one reason for it, to myself or others. I tried to shake it off ; it seemed a weak and puerile superatition, for which no reason existed. That was a miserable year for me, and I sought to forget my wretchedness, by a stern and unbending application of my whole soul to the study of the Hebrew language. But to believe that there was no God to superintend this material universe, to hang out the sun and gild the glow worm, to garnish the heavens with stars and the earth with flowers ; that I might never again look up and say in simple, childlike confidence, " Our Father which art in heaven " — made me

feel utterly desolate. The empire of the soul seemed a desert; no God was there to make it smile with hope and love and faith; for I could not but feel that there was a kingdom within me, that trod the kingdoms of this world and all this material universe under its feet.

Then came the lectures on the immortality of the soul. The arguments on which my faith in this was founded, were swept away by Dr. Woods. Death became an eternal sleep. The arguments supplied by the professor appeared to me as contemptible as he had made mine to appear. Not one ray of light gleamed upon my pathway down into the future. All was dark, hopeless. I could see nothing of myself in the future, but a handful of dust. Immortality was a dream that vanished in the unconscious, unending sleep of death.

In this, as in the existence of God, my heart was at war with my head. I longed to live. So earnestly did I desire to settle the question, that I often wished to step forth, if there were any stepping forth, and try if I had a soul distinct from matter, and that could exist in a separate state. I felt that I should exist, but this feeling like the other seemed without a cause; it seemed weak and contemptible to say to another, "I believe I am immortal, because I feel that I am."

Among the books named by Doctor Woods were Hume, Bolingbroke, Hobbs, and other sceptical writers. My soul was tempest-tossed and driven, and these books were read and pondered by me with whatever candor and impartiality I could command at that time. But though I read them with a desire to find something to rest upon, their reasonings seemed as futile as did my own former arguments, and as did the professor's. Those writers were unsatisfactory. So also were Leslie, Paley, Berkley, and others, whom I read with attention, pen in hand, commenting as I went along. However strong, and cogent, and clear, their arguments may have been to themselves or others, it did then seem to me that, in all their reasonings, they assumed the very things which they wish to prove, i. e., that there is a God, and that the soul is immortal. I could not believe in

a God, nor in immortality, on the grounds which seemed to satisfy the professor and the rest of the students. There appeared to me palpable and unanswerable objections to all their reasonings.

With all-absorbing and melancholy interest did I read, about this time, the *De Natura Deorum* and the *Contemnenda Morte* of Cicero. I did then, and do still feel, that all who attempt to form to themselves an image of God as distinct from creation, and to search into his nature and attributes, aside from the laws, relations and obligations under which we exist, would end where Cicero's speculations did—in doubt or despair.

I could see no use in what is called God among men. He seemed to me to have no relations to, nor care for men. So far as human virtue and happiness were concerned, so far as the practical regeneration and redemption of men were involved, God seemed to be entirely useless, and his worship a sheer delusion—a gross and soul-crushing superstition. God appeared to be an abstraction, having nothing to do with human relations and duties; with love, justice, truth and honesty between man and man. It would have been a boon to me, had my mind been directed to the true and living God.

I was distracted for many reasons. My father and many others had a confident expectation of my entering the ministerial profession; for this they encouraged and helped me forward. I now loathed the thought of being a minister, and, in my present state of mind, was sure that, come what might, the thing could not be. I could not thus consent to seem what I was not, and to teach others to believe what I did not believe, and to rest their faith on arguments which I believed to be false.

Shortly after the commencement of my first term, as the usual bell rung for morning prayers, and I was getting ready to go, a student, who occupied one of the upper rooms, opened the door suddenly, popped in his head, and called out, "Brother Wright, I dreamed last night that you were an infidel." He went on his way, and I followed, to the lecture-room, wondering in my mind whether the fellow

actually did dream it, or whether he had imagined, from my appearance, that he saw in me a heretic,—for he was cute in spying out any thing that was aside from the beaten track of Orthodoxy, in word, look, walk, or deed. I gave myself no concern about it; not caring what he or others dreamed or thought of me. But the dream was told to others, and made some talk.

“Divine worship,” or “religious exercises,” became exceedingly burdensome to me. They seemed to me mere delusions, for the existence of a God and the immortality of the soul seemed as baseless visions to me,—and these are the only doctrines that can give any meaning to such services. It was very wrong to bear those burdens, and to be going, as a matter of professional duty, to see and hear performances which appeared to me to be without meaning, and contemptible.

My second year was spent in the study of didactic theology, under Dr. Woods, having several recitations a week. All the class were desired to write on each subject; but some five or six were required to write with a view to read before the professor. I usually wrote on all the main topics, whether I read or not; for I was determined to search theology to the bottom, if it had any. I read many of the books, for and against, but most extensively the latter. I brought up objections, that I might learn, if possible, how to answer them to myself and others.

The Doctor was exceedingly liberal; generally encouraging freedom of inquiry, and showing no impatience, unless it was obvious that the objections were made in the spirit of mere disputation. Even then, he was never petulant or irritable. Truly can I say, he was indulgent to me; and I retain a grateful remembrance of his kindness.

EFFECT OF THE STUDY OF THEOLOGY.

In the course of the year, and in the discussions on theology, the subjects of the first-day Sabbath, the ministry, baptism and the supper, came up. The discussions on the Sabbath convinced me that there was not a shadow of evidence

in the Bible that the first day, or any other, was set apart to be observed as a Sabbath, or a day of rest, by the Founder of Christianity; that all days are alike the Lord's days; that Christianity consecrates not times and places, but men and women; that it attaches no sanctity to time or place; and that it designates no action as right or wrong because of the time or place in which it is done.

In the discussions on the priesthood, or ministry, it was made clear to my mind that the Christian ministry is not a profession, or calling, by which men are to make a living, and for which they were to prepare by a course of training; but that every Christian man and woman is a Christian minister, by virtue of their being Christians, and they are licensed and ordained by the author of Christianity, each and every one in the sphere in which they move, and according to the talents which they possess.

The ceremonies of licensing and ordaining ministers appeared to me clearly not of divine obligation; though I did not see that they were wrong or hurtful at that time, as I now do. The divine appointment and prerogative of a professional ministry was for ever exploded. I did not then see it to be a mere human device, but the divine ordination of the office, as a distinct profession, passed away.

So with regard to the ordinances of Baptism and the Supper; their sanctity and necessity were gone, though I saw not then, and do not now see, any positive wrong in them. But it was clear to me that it was as competent for any man or woman to administer Baptism and the Supper to himself or herself, or to others, as it was for a licensed and ordained minister. I then saw clearly that Christianity imposed no act to be done to or by man, which each man and woman could not do for themselves.

On all these subjects, my mind began to experience a revolution. I did not see them then as I now do, or I could never have consented to become a professional minister; and even while in that position, I hardly considered myself one, or wished so to be considered.

On the point of church organization, I passed through an entire and radical revolution. I do not recollect that, previous to joining the Seminary, the thought had ever occurred

to me that a man could be a Christian without a church organization, a professional ministry, a Sabbath, ordinances and a Bible; the spell was dissolved, and it was made clear, that if he could not be one without them, he could not with them; for it became a certainty to me, that these, in themselves, had no power to work that purity of heart and life, that regeneration, which alone constitute a Christian. They might be helps, but they could not be essentials.

I did not then understand, as I now do, that the popular social combinations of men and women, called churches of Christ, are the most powerful enemies of Christianity, inasmuch as they mainly serve as sanctuaries of crime and pollution, under the forms of slavery and war, and that they rejoice to baptize whatever the state sees fit to legalize.

DIVINE WORSHIP.

This phrase was once full of sanctity and unction to my mind. The spell was broken, and many things concurred to break it during my progress. Worship, as an act to be begun and ended in a given time and place, appeared to me an absurdity. And it first struck me as absurd and hurtful to say, "Let us begin the worship of God," — and, "Let us close the worship of God," — not by any act of justice or benevolence; not by abandoning any evil practice, but by singing psalms or hymns, reading a chapter, or saying a prayer. It was made clear, that Christianity sets apart no time nor place to worship God, and does not confine the idea of worship to praying, singing, &c., but teaches us to make the whole course of life one act of worship.

From the beginning, my Atheism had been a matter of the head rather than of the heart, a speculation rather than a feeling. In my darkest hours, — and many dark hours and days were my portion, — I never could eradicate from my heart the feeling, that there is a God; my feelings never could conform to my speculations. In this way I struggled along in doubt and darkness, nor could I derive any satisfaction from any outward evidence, of the being of a God.

The argument from effect to cause, to prove the being of God, never affected my head or my heart. All such reasonings had lost their power over my mind. I despaired of ever being able to prove the existence of a God. Yet I felt that there was one, and I acted as if I believed there was. How am I ever to get rest to my spirit? was the question with me, before which, all other difficulties seemed as nought. But light and peace were given me. I had been having a contest with the Doctor in the lecture room before the class in a recitation in which I had to take part, and after the recitation, I had a private talk with him. I went to my room utterly dark and despairing, feeling that I could not keep up this conflict much longer, and caring little how it ended, provided it were ended. I sat down by my desk, leaned my head on my hand, and was thinking what a waste, howling wilderness this once bright world had become to me. I was alone—the usual feeling came over me: I EXIST, THAT I KNOW, AND IT IS ALL I KNOW. The inquiry arose, and for the first time with vividness, How do I know that? The answer returned, emphatically, was—I am *conscious of it*. The thought returned, Have I not the same evidence that there is a God?

Long did I turn this thought over in my mind, and the more I reflected on it, the more definite, clear and tangible it appeared. What reason could I give for a belief in my own existence? Not one; except that I was conscious of it; and no matter how I came by it, I knew it was there, and that by no possibility could it be eradicated. On a belief thus founded in reference to my own existence, I acted from moment to moment. Why not rest satisfied with a belief in the being of a God thus founded, and act upon it? My mind became composed; I knew that I had the same consciousness of the being of a God that I had of my own existence; the one was no more clear, distinct and indestructible than the other; and though I could not tell how either came into my mind, I had the same certain knowledge that they were both there; that my faith in both was founded on precisely the same consciousness; and that no reason existed why I should not act upon the one as confidently as upon the other.

I felt inexpressibly relieved. I had found a reason for believing in a God that was self-evident; dependent on no deductions of reason; no priesthood or church; no Bible nor creed; no material universe; no external sign or circumstance; no process of logic; but one which exists in my own soul, a part of my nature, and which never could be blotted out; which needed no effort of memory nor deductions of reason to call it to mind; which could not admit of a doubt or objection; and which could not be increased nor diminished in power by any outward revelation.

In process of time, my mind became settled on this question. I could say with the good Mrs. Snow of former years, "I know there is a God, for I am conscious that there is." At this moment, though surrounded with beautiful lochs and the wild mountains and glens of one of the most striking regions of the globe, where hills and vallies, lakes and rivers, heather and flowers, lift up their voices, and clap their hands in praise of Him who made them, yet they would have no effect on my mind to raise my heart to God, but for that inward consciousness of His existence which is and ever has been as ever present, ever active, indestructible and unchangeable as my own soul.

I do not now believe in a God because of any thing which I read in the Bible, or in other books; nor because of any thing I see in the physical universe; nor because of what I see in the revolutions of society and nations; but simply and solely, because I can no more avoid believing in this, than in my own existence. I am—therefore God is.

I believe it is most hurtful to truth, and to the best interests and happiness of men, to direct attention to outward evidences, and to the deductions of reason, to prove the being of a God. It is a self-evident truth; and the divine cannot be dissevered from the human.

As my mind obtained peace, and became settled on this question, my scepticism on other matters ceased, especially on the subject of the soul's immortality. I do not believe in my immortality because of what is said in the Bible, but I receive the accounts of that book touching my existence in

a spirit state, because they are in perfect accordance with the natural and irresistible convictions of my own mind.

So in regard to the essential spirit and principles of Christianity, as laid down by Christ and the apostles; I receive them as true and right and binding, because they find the same response in me that the existence of God and the immortality of the soul find there. I have found an argument for their truth and binding obligation, which admits of no objection. My mind cannot possibly admit a doubt or objection to them, whenever I fall back upon this testimony; this standing revelation of God in my own bosom.

"Love your neighbor as yourself." "Love your enemies." "Forgive as you would be forgiven." "Overcome evil with good." "Do to others as you would have them do to you." These and the like are the fundamental elements of Christianity; its essential truths. I do not receive them because of any miracles wrought to prove them true; I do not believe them true and right and binding, because of the character of those who taught them, and because they are in the Bible, but solely because they exactly correspond with the law or revelation of God, that is written on my own soul. I know they are true and binding upon me, because I feel that they are.

If the inquiries are made; How came this feeling there? how came you to be conscious that these things are true and binding? I answer, In the same way that the feeling or consciousness of my own present existence came there. And in my opinion, it would be just as absurd and superfluous to ask, how I came to be conscious of my own existence, as how I came to be conscious of the being of God, or of immortality, or of the truth and binding obligation of the above rules of life and essential elements of Christianity. They are adapted to the nature of my soul; the practice of them gives me joy and peace; the violation of them gives suffering, and sets me at war with myself, with my fellow beings and my God.

I do not believe it depends upon any man's will, whether he shall believe in God, in immortality, and in the funda-

mentals of Christianity, when he understands what they really are. Necessity is laid upon us all to believe them right and true; and there can be no more merit in believing them, than in believing our own existence. The belief of one has no more to do with our choice, than a belief in the other.

HABITS OF LIVING.

During my two first years in the Seminary, during term-time, I took my meals in the Commons, where about eighty or ninety of the students took theirs. My food was two crackers and half a pint of milk at each meal. My crackers were crumbled into my milk, and then allowed to soak and swell till they became a pulp. For one year, this was my only food, absolutely, and for the most part of the other year. I took this three times a day — this, and no more and no less, was taken at each meal. No butter, no cheese, no bread, no meat, no vegetables of any kind. My sole object in taking this light, yet nourishing and easily digested food, was to enable me to devote the greatest possible amount of time to study — with the least sleep and exercise. I gained my object; was enabled to devote about sixteen hours a day to study during two years, vacations as well as term-time; not going over three miles from the Seminary, during the whole of that period except once, and then only five miles.

My drink was cold water, a tumbler of which was always placed beside my milk and crackers. My sleeping was short, generally only four hours, and then, despite the anxiety and turmoil of my mind about theological matters, generally sound and refreshing. Scarce one moment's physical pain or heaviness did I suffer during those two years.

I do not think I spent one hour per day in active, outdoor exercise of any kind, during two years. I usually slept with my window open, during the spring, summer and autumn, especially when I was by myself during the vacations.

At that time, but little had been said respecting diet, pure air, and physical education; at least, I had not read nor

thought much about it ; but from previous experience, I had learned that light, wholesome, and easily-digested food, taken systematically and in small quantities, was conducive to my clearness and vigor of mind, and health and comfort of body, if I wished to devote my time to study with little or no exercise. I studied standing, having a desk arranged on purpose. This I did for ten years after leaving the Seminary, doing all my writing, reading and studying in a standing posture, till sitting became exceedingly irksome, and standing never tiresome.

MY CHUM.

My first chum or room-mate was a queer chap. He was horribly afflicted with dyspepsia, a disease of which I had never heard by name before. It was indigestion, and in his case accompanied with a most voracious appetite that was ever gnawing at his stomach, craving "more — more," and never satisfied ! He ate and ate and ate, without intermission or limitation, ever gnawing at bread or meat. The strongest and most indigestible food he craved and ate. Alas, for our room ! Chairs, desks and beds, converted into tables at once ! Even the floor ever strewed with edibles, and the refuse ; bones, crusts, potato-skins, clam-shells, oyster-shells, &c. Closets converted into pantries and store-houses for food ; and drawers ever filled and daubed with cheese, butter, and animal fat in various forms. He used to send to Salem or Boston, twenty miles, and buy stores of oysters at a time, and there they were in our room. And, oh ! the oysters which chum would take on going to bed, stewed, roasted and raw, and such a pretty mess about the fire, of ashes and oyster-shells ! Then came the heavings and tossings and groanings at night, and the fine morning headaches ! Then the lots of strong tea and coffee, without the qualifying ingredients of sugar and milk, to cure headaches, and the enormous quantities of boiled and roast beef and pork, and vegetables and gravies to conform ; and the puddings and pies, and pound cake to top off !

I never in my life, before nor since, saw mortal man practise such a delusion on himself as that man did. He was ever groaning in agony from indigestion, and ever loading his poor goaded stomach with what the stomach of a wild elephant would groan under.

He staid but about three months, and left me and the Seminary, but during that time, scarcely could he study one hour. He exercised, and was obliged so to do. To this end, he bought a saw, axe and saw-horse, or hod, and quite a number of planes, chissels, hammers, and other carpenter's tools, and converted our room into a work-shop, as well as a provision, cook and eating shop. Such a litter and din as I studied in for three months! But I confirmed a habit that has been greatly useful since, that of fixing attention on any given subject I chose, amid the utmost confusion and uproar. I learned to think, to study and write amidst that din and litter, as in utter solitude. My *concentrativeness* must have been rapidly developed during that time, and it has been growing ever since, for I can live in silence and solitude, whatever or whoever may be around me. This power has been of great service to me.

EXERCISES IN PRAYING, READING CHAPTERS AND HYMNS.

The members of each class, by themselves, had one meeting a week, in their rooms, for religious exercises. Then there was one meeting a week, without regard to classes, for the same purpose. Attendance on these meetings was optional.

When met, one of the students, before designated to take the lead, selected and read a hymn, which was sung. Then some one prayed, all kneeling; and sometimes two or three would pray before they rose. Then the leader selected and read a chapter, and made remarks. Then he called on others, in turn, and by name, to make remarks. Prayers were mixed up with the remarks. At the close, another hymn and another prayer. Often the students were called

upon to give an account of their conviction and conversion. One of these praying, singing and talking meetings was held by some of the students nearly every evening, so that those who had large appetites for such meetings—as many had—could spend every evening working at them.

Then it was a general custom among the students to perform reading and praying in their rooms, morning and evening. Then divine services, as they are called, in the lecture room, in which it was a part of the Seminary duties of each student to be present, were performed by the students of the Senior Class. Then, every Wednesday evening, the students were expected to attend a meeting in the lecture-room, to hear the professors pray, and talk on experimental religion. I used sometimes greatly to enjoy and to profit by these meetings, and made a point to be present at them.

Then there were three regular meetings in the chapel every Sunday, at two of which every student was expected to attend—forenoon and afternoon; at the evening meeting, attendance was optional. In the forenoon and afternoon, the professors performed; in the evening, the students of the Senior Class. Then, at our meals, a blessing was asked when we sat down, and thanks were returned when we had finished; so that the religious or divine services were kept going constantly.

Soon after entering that Seminary, and when I had become a little familiar with its duties, and with the feelings and habits of the students, I was forcibly impressed with the thought that Christianity was, at least, practically, considered by the students and professors as a stupendous drama, to be performed on the theatre of this world, with a view to obtain certain ends in the next; and that in this drama, the students were appointed to perform certain parts, and that their great business in coming there was to learn them by heart, and to acquire a facility and adroitness in performing them; and that the business of the professors was, to instruct them in the best, most graceful, most approved, and most popular and winning modes of speaking and acting.

They were learning to fabricate prayers, sermons, hymns, chapters, exhortations, meetings, baptisms, communions

and Sabbaths into religion; exactly as I once learned to shape wool and fur into hats. These were the materials out of which they were to learn to manufacture a garment that should shield the souls of men from the storms of divine wrath; and they seemed to go about their labors in learning to perform these services, as if this was the sole object of their coming there. And, indeed, for what else did they come? For what else did they pray, preach, read a chapter or hymn, and expound, but because of the previous and express understanding, that certain others who were present were to watch them, note their defects and excellencies, and point them out to them afterwards? For what else were certain students, who were supposed to be very clever at criticising prayers, &c., invited to be present, and to give their opinions as to the merits of the performances? I certainly used to be deeply affected by these things at times, and at others to feel indignant at myself for ever having been deluded by them; for in my then state of mind, I could not but feel, as I was daily and hourly surrounded by these performances under the names of "divine worship" and "religious exercises," that the ministry was a gross imposition, and religion a pious humbug, which any knave or villain might learn to enact.

I used to get strange notions about theological seminaries to train young men to the profession or trade of the ministry, as I reflected on the spirit and sentiments of those students. They seemed to me great laboratories, to which men come to compound medicines for souls, as they go to other places to learn to compound medicines for human bodies.

PROFESSOR MURDOCK'S SERMON ON THE MISSION OF CHRIST.

During this second year, Dr. Murdock preached a sermon before the Seminary, to show that the great object of Christ's teachings, example, life, sufferings and death was to induce men to stop sinning — to show that the only way in which

Christ could atone, propitiate or satisfy for sin, was by inducing sinners to repent and forsake it; by leading them to cease to do evil, and learn to do well.

This sermon was printed and circulated by the students, and made much talk in and out of the Seminary. It was supposed by the other professors to be a slight departure from the standard of Orthodoxy. It was, with other matters, of no import, and having no connection with his character as a man, a Christian, or a professor, brought as a charge against Dr. Murdock, and finally he had to leave. It created a marked division, however, in the Seminary.

Other matters, of so much more vital importance, in my estimation, had so entirely engrossed my mind, as subjects of inquiry, that I had never bestowed attention on the subject of the Atonement. I learned to associate my destiny in the unending future with personal character, and not with any thing out of myself. I came to see that my destiny could be no farther associated with the teaching, example, sufferings and death of Christ, than as these operated as motives to win me from the practice of evil to the practice of good; to make me just, truthful, honest, loving, forgiving and pure as He was. In this way, alone, did I then think, and do I now think, that Christ could benefit me or my fellow creatures; and in this way I think His mission is fitted to benefit all to whom the knowledge of it comes.

We are justified by His righteousness, by being righteous as He was righteous, and in no other way. He is the Lamb of God, to take away sin, by leading sinners out of the practice of evil into the practice of good; He is a propitiation for sin, by bringing men to forsake it; He is a Redeemer, by redeeming men from the practice of sin, and not from the consequences of sin, while they live in it.

It is impossible for man to be saved from the consequences of sin while he continues in the practice of it. If he sins, he is in hell, i. e., a hell-state of mind, and no power can raise him out of it while he sins; if he ceases from sin, and becomes holy, he is in heaven, i. e., in a heaven-state of mind, and no power can prevent his enjoyment of it while he remains holy.

At the commencement of the third, or senior year, I left the Seminary, to teach a school in Newburyport for one year. I was glad of the opportunity to go into society, to get out of myself, and to enter into the feelings, sympathies, schemes and doings of my fellow beings.

For three months after beginning my school, I boarded in the family of Rev. L. F. D., and towards him and his wife I have ever felt a grateful and affectionate regard, for their kindness towards me. I then went to a hotel—the general stage house of the town—and there I boarded the rest of the year.

It was during this year that I became acquainted with E. L. B. S., a widow, with four young children, who afterwards became my wife. She was a member of Mr. L. F. D.'s church—zealously, earnestly, and consistently devoted to what she deemed her religious duties. No one could be more so. She was noted for her benevolence and humanity, and her active promotion of those societies whose object was the multiplying of ministers, the spread of the Bible, the diffusion of religious knowledge, and the sending of the gospel to the heathen. Other objects of more exciting and reformatory character had not then been broached to much extent; in these, she afterwards took an early and active part.

During the summer of this year, 1822, my father died, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

In October of 1822, I returned to the Seminary, and entered the Senior Class—my studies having been interrupted but six hours per day the previous year, so far as Hebrew and Biblical Exegesis, and reading and commenting on what I read, were concerned. I was then under Rev. Ebenezer Porter, D. D. The principal studies, so far as the class was concerned, were Composition, Rhetoric, Declamation, the Philosophy of Language, and other Belles Lettres studies, combined with two recitations a week to Prof. Stuart, one to Dr. Woods, and one to Dr. Murdock on History. But these studies of the class occupied but a small portion of my time; I devoted the principal portion to

reading Hebrew and translating it, and commenting on the poetry and literature of the Hebrew Scriptures; and to reading Eusebius, Lactantius, Augustine, Jerome, and other ecclesiastical writers of the first five centuries. I revelled in what then seemed to me a rich and glorious pursuit. It was to me meat, drink and sleep.

My first chum this year was T. C. U., now a professor in Bowdoin College, Me., and author of an admirable and radical work on Peace, another on Moral Philosophy, and others on various subjects. He was a kind and gentle-hearted man; perfectly unassuming in his manners, even to timidity; generous, unobtrusive and good-natured. But he was a student; such an one as it was a pleasure and a blessing to be with. Day and night he was at his work, patiently, silently and successfully pursuing his aims; an ambitious, all-grasping, untiring, insatiable mind, in the pursuit of knowledge; with all the untidy habits of an absent-minded, absorbed student. But a glorious chum was T. C. U. He let me alone, and I let him alone; each going out and in, and jogging along cosily together; never interfering with each other, scarce ever speaking to each other, except just as we were comforting ourselves over the fire about two o'clock at night, preparatory to going to bed. Then our spirits freely and eagerly mingled. I loved that man, and honored him. He had passed through the Seminary, was licensed to preach, had several calls to settle very advantageously, but was staying at the Seminary to translate and publish Jahn's Archeology, on which he was then employed.

This was a profitable six months to me, though not particularly so as related to the studies of the class. Ebenezer Porter, D. D., President of the Seminary, was an artificial man. A fine person, good voice, graceful manners and gestures; but every movement studied and artificial; never abandoning himself to the interest of his subject; never moving an arm, a hand or a finger but by rule; his pronunciation, tones and inflections of voice, faultless always, but always studied and artificial. No enthusiasm, no fire, no abandonment of soul to a subject, like Professor Stuart; no

cool, cautious, logical, conclusive reasoning, like Professor Woods; but ever mechanically exact, oppressively graceful, and tediously faultless.

As I have stated, the students of the Senior Class have to preach in the chapel, before the professors and students, and any of the town's people who wish to attend, solely as an exercise—to be criticised as a declamation exercise is criticised. It is understood that the professors and students are to attend as critics, with a view to sit in judgment on the gestures, tones and powers of the speaker. I chose my text, wrote out my sermon, took it to Professor Murdock to criticise, and went through it all as I would have done to an essay. I committed it to memory, selected and read over my hymns; then went into the pulpit, there read one of my hymns, then said over my prayer, then read another hymn, then repeated my sermon, word for word as written; then said another prayer, then read another hymn, then said the benediction, and then went to my room, to hear whatever criticisms others saw fit to make on my performance. This was just the process, step by step, through which I passed. This was the form through which each student had to pass, that the professors and students might have an opportunity to form an estimate of his ability to preach and pray.

During this term of my Senior, or third year, I had my attention distinctly called to slavery and colonization. At this time, there was considerable stir all over the country about colonizing the free negroes in Africa. Samuel J. Mills, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Burgess, then of Dedham, had been to Africa, and obtained land of the natives to found a colony. Mills had died on the coast. Burgess returned, and an account was published, glowing with the advantages to accrue to the free blacks in going there, and eulogizing the philanthropy of Mills and Burgess. The Colonization Society was formed; one of our class—now Rev. L. B., D. D., of N. H.—had been deputed to Washington to further the plan. He and many others in the class and Seminary were interested; the condition of the free people of color was commented on; the prejudices

under which they existed in America ; the impossibility of their rising here ; all these things were spoken of and prayed over, in the prayer and conference meetings. I never could see the justice or necessity of sending them to Africa to civilize and christianize them, and give them their rights ; nor the value and benevolence of the colonization scheme. I had not the least interest in it, and never did take the least interest in it, or give one farthing to promote it, then nor afterwards. But little or no information had reached me about the southern slaves ; nor did I know what slavery meant, only I hated the word, as meaning injustice and oppression. Besides, my mind was so absorbed in study, then, and long afterwards, that I lost sight of colonization and slavery, till I was roused by a sterner, a juster, and mightier call.

The spring vacation of my Senior year drew near. I had made up my mind to leave then, and return no more. The term closed, and I procured a letter from one of the professors, attesting to my having been there, and how I had conducted, &c., and left. As I leave the Theological Seminary, in connection with which I had been nearly four years as a student, and had passed through great changes, I will pause to make one remark, and also to give some extracts from my journal and writings while there.

The revolution through which I had passed was intellectual rather than practical. The clerical profession and church organizations, and all outward observances, were divested of sanctity, and were valuable, in my view, only as they subserved the welfare of man. But I did suppose that they were useful, and that in them lay the power, so far as human instrumentality was concerned, to redeem the world. The Bible I regarded as an inspired record of truth, and entitled to credence ; though I had learned to study it as I did other books. I had discovered that what is written there is not true merely because it is there ; and that questions of justice and right could be settled independent of the Book. The spirit and principles of Christianity seemed to me divine ; but there was much in the Old that never could be reconciled with the New Testament. Yet

I loved to read that record of the Jewish nation in Hebrew, and spent more time over it from 1819 to 1833, than over all other books put together.

God and immortality had become present realities to me, and most intimately associated with the spirit-empire within me, and with the visible world. My views of God, and of man's relations to Him and to man, were rather matters of theory than of practice. I had not seen their applications to existing social and individual evils, and it was long before I did. The warfare between my present convictions of truth and right, and my habits of feeling, thinking and speaking, that were formed in childhood and confirmed in youth, still continued. This has ever been a painful, but unavoidable conflict in my mind.



LETTER V.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

ROCHANE COTTAGE, ROSENEATH, SCOTLAND, }
 June 20, 1847. }

DEAR FRIEND :

I have just finished a brief sketch of my stormy, and, to me, most eventful course through the Andover Theological Seminary. The review has been profitable, for it has greatly endeared to me the spirit and principles of Him who hath left us an example, that we should walk in His steps. But I had to struggle alone, in that institution, against the gigantic and soul-blighting drama, that was played off around me as Christianity. But one person there knew of the extent of my scepticism, and that was Professor Woods. Often has he sent for me to his study, to converse with me privately ; and I must say, that, in these interviews, as well as in the class, he uniformly treated me with great kindness, frankness and liberality. So far as I am concerned, I can speak of him only with grateful remembrance. So I can say of all the professors and students ; in what little intercourse I had with them, their treatment of me was kind as I could wish. But my spirit underwent a two years' crucifixion there, in struggling to free itself from the hallowed theological abstractions of my childhood. From that day to this, I have sought to avoid coming into collision with my fellow men on questions of abstract theology. The very word — *theology* — has ever since had power to call up all that is dark and despairing within me.

The question has often occurred to me since — Why was I so distressed as I went through that scene ? I can scarcely answer it to my own satisfaction. I was not then conscious of wrong-doing in daring to investigate for myself, and to doubt or reject any proposition for whose truth I could not see a good reason. I knew it was right to ask — Is there a God ? Is man immortal ? Is the Bible

of any more authority than any other book? Is man a moral and accountable being? Is theology a reality, aside from anthropology, zoology, mineralogy, geology? Can any thing be known of the science of God apart from the science of man? Is the worship of God obligatory on man, or of any use, aside from duty between man and man? Can love to God exist distinct from love, justice, kindness and honesty to man? Can he be the enemy of God who is not the enemy of man? Can those praise and glorify God who despise and dishonor men? Has that which is worshipped as God by Christendom, and to which churches are built and dedicated, prayers made, Sabbaths kept, and rites performed, any resemblance to the living and true God, that made me and the universe around me? Are what are called God and religion among men an omnipotent, omnipresent and gorgeous delusion, whose maintenance, decoration and worship are to serve as an offset to the injustice, malignity, wrong and outrage that they exercise toward one another?

These questions I did ask to myself and others, as I pursued my studies at Andover in 1821; and I knew then it was my right and duty to ask them. But as I did so, my spirit was wretched; and partly, I think, because they led to results in my mind that conflicted with the cherished associations of childhood, and with the opinions of those who were most dear to me. I knew the hearts that loved me, and that anxiously and confidently hoped for other things from me, would be sorely grieved and distressed; and this afflicted me. I certainly need not have been troubled about straying from the truth; for I am satisfied now, that, when I thought myself an atheist, I was nearer the kingdom of heaven, so far as my speculations were concerned, than I had ever been before. I certainly was an atheist to what is called God, and worshipped as such, by warriors, slave-holders, by church and governmental organizations, as really and truly as I was to Moloch or Juggernaut; and I am convinced all must be so, who would receive and serve Him who lives and breathes in me, and in all around me; who made heat to expand, and cold to condense; animal life to be sustained by water, food and air; and man to love and sympathise with man. But then I had not learned, as I have since, to distinguish between an abstraction and a fact, a non-entity and a reality. All my conceptions of the holy, the eternal and divine, were, up to

that period, associated with an almighty, all-wise, all-seeing, all-avenging Abstraction. I certainly had never associated God, nor religion, with human beings, and their relations and duties to one another. The struggle to dislodge from my spirit the imaginary, theological God of my childhood, and enthrone in its stead that Eternal Spirit who established and perpetuates the order of the universe, was desperate; but in my greatest perplexity, I used to ask — Can any one love as Jesus loved, forgive as he forgave, and live and die for enemies as he did, and not know there is a God? I am certain I never was, and never can be, an atheist in my heart to Him who is love and justice. Nor do I believe that any human being ever was or can be. Faith in such a God is as fixed and unchangeable a law of human existence as is heat, air, or food.

But I will pursue this no further. I wrote much at Andover, ever reading and studying pen in hand. I wish to give a few extracts from what I then wrote, as illustrations of what I there passed through.

ANDOVER, January, 1820.

PROVIDENCE. — “In searching for the causes of human suffering, we shall not ascribe it to the constitution of our nature. God hath made all things well; and when man suffers disease or death, it is generally the result of his own violations of the laws of his being. Men bring sickness on themselves, God don't send it; men kill themselves, God don't kill them, except by maintaining the established relations between cause and effect, and by executing, in a natural way, the known and unchanging laws of our being. God cannot prevent our suffering and death, if we violate those laws which He has established for our good, unless He suspends their operation, and rules the world by caprice rather than by law. Providence is but the natural and necessary result of natural law, whether seen in the death of an individual, or the downfall of a kingdom.”

February, 1820.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS. — “He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is the more excellent who can suit his temper to his circumstances. Happy is he whose childhood impressions of life and of God are never questioned; but he is more likely to arrive at truth, and make progress in his being, who can carefully and fearlessly examine all subjects, however they may conflict with early opinions.

“It is the lot of some to pass through life in circumstances similar to those in which they passed their childhood. The mind, hav-

ing early received a certain direction, and imbibed certain notions, is never warped, nor led to doubt, by social influences dissimilar to those in which childhood was spent. Others, being called to move amid scenes and influences totally different from those which gave the first impulse, must experience great revolutions in their modes of thinking. The impressions and opinions, given by parents and juvenile companions, are greatly modified or totally obliterated.

"I feel deeply this change going on in myself. I am sad and desolate in spirit. Reason and facts are contending with the hallowed impressions and opinions of my childhood. Where are the notions which, as a child, seemed so sacred to me? Fled before the light of truth and facts, like darkness before the sun. I am in a revolution, and where I am to land, God only knows. But I do know one thing — that, so long as I am to be personally responsible, I must take nothing as truth and duty on trust; I must see and judge for myself, what I am to believe and to do. It is the happiness, and, in their esteem, the glory of some, that they never doubt; but this happiness and this glory, if it be such, can never be mine. I am floating on a sea of doubts, having but one thing settled, i. e., *my own existence*. This fact I know; I cannot prove it — I know it. All else seems darkness and death-shade to me. The deep foundations of my soul have been broken up. Little do the professors dream of the nature of the spirit they have to deal with in me, and the influence their instructions are having on it. The whole mighty fabric of their theology is overturned, in my mind, by the simple resolution I made on entering here, three months ago, to *receive no moral truth or principle on authority*. Where that will lead me, I know not; I am in search of truth, of immortality and God. But I see the Bible dimly, in the distance, rising up and asking — 'Wilt thou receive nothing on my authority?' God, too, appears in the far distance, and asks — 'Have I no authority with thee?' Yet how can I be responsible, unless I fall back upon the witness of my own soul? How can I adopt any principle, as a law of life, and be held responsible, unless I have a consciousness of its truth? I am lost; I know my soul never was made to be ruled by authority, only by conviction; yet how to solve the difficulties in my path, I know not. I am in chaos; darkness broods over the moral universe."

March, 1820.

HUMAN GOVERNMENT. — "We dwell with wonder on the scenes which have been exhibited on the earth! Where are the governmental institutions of the past; the kings and kingdoms that shook the earth. Gone down into the tomb of nations; they whisper from the past, saying, 'Nought but obedience to divine law can save any people.' America, once a wilderness, now sits on the high places of the earth, and sings like a harlot. What can save it from the doom of nations past? The experience of the world says, that

human legislation can never long preserve any nation. Obedience to truth; to justice, to love, to goodness, in individuals, alone can save society; and the only legitimate end of civil institutions is, to bring such influences to bear on individuals as will lead them to obey the laws of their being.

"We turn our eyes from men to Him whose right it is to rule. and who executes justice and equity by fixed and unchanging laws. We may secure ourselves against invasion, and tread oppressors in the dust; but if the people are estranged from righteousness, we must soon follow in the footsteps of the nations that were. How can reformation be effected? Only by individual repentance.

"Heathens might think that we are as devoted to our God as they are to theirs; but how greatly are they mistaken. We need converting to Christianity, to goodness, as truly as they do. There is but one rightful government, but one divine statute book; i. e., that which is engraven on the physical, intellectual, social and moral universe.

"I see the facts and laws under which I live. I cannot evade or escape the penalty if I violate them. The violation is the penalty. Of these laws it may be said, in truth, 'Obey and live; disobey and die;' and 'the soul that sinneth it shall die.' I have lost my God; I cannot see Him, I cannot feel Him, unless to feel reverence for truth and justice be to feel God. I had a God once, a distinct image in my mind, that I prayed to and worshipped as God. It is gone, clean gone; and I have nothing but my natural relations and duties left."

January, 1821.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY. — "Great zeal in defending and propagating particular doctrines and observances; a disposition to talk much about one's feelings and desires for goodness; strictness and punctuality in praying, reading the Bible, going to meeting, and keeping the Sabbath; aptness in using cant terms and phrases, and a habit of inquiring of all — 'How does your soul do?' 'Do you enjoy spiritual things?' 'Do you hate sin?' &c.; a grave and solemn look and manner, as though religion were inconsistent with mirth and cheerfulness; perpetually complaining of the hardness of our hearts, and of our vileness; these are no evidences that men are good. Many disgust all around them by telling God and men how corrupt they are, how dead are their souls, how they deserve damnation, when all know they say what they do not mean; for should others believe them, and treat them accordingly, they are angry at once. Such consider all who are not skilled in the business of self-condemnation destitute of piety.

"It affords matter for curious reflection, to see a bench of spiritual judges deciding whether a man has been regenerated. Behold an assembly of grave divines and their coadjutors, sitting in solemn deliberation over a poor, trembling sinner, who feels that his des-

tiny for ever depends on their decision. How magisterial and holy they look, while the anxious sinner, with trembling heart and faltering tongue, gives an account of his conversion ! How gravely and solemnly his judges ponder the evidence, and pronounce the sinner's doom ! If the sinner does not believe such and such doctrines, and if he has not passed through a certain distress of mind, and had a certain and sudden deliverance, they consign his soul to a hotter than earthly flames.

"He who does not keep the commands cannot be a Christian. He that loves man, loves God ; he that hates man, hates God. External conduct is the only evidence we can show to others of our piety. It is impossible to know how a man feels, except by external signs ; but consciousness may assure any man what is in his own heart. All speculation is useless here. If a man is not conscious of loving or hating, he cannot be made to believe he loves or hates. Tell men they hate God, and argue the point logically, and pile text upon text to prove it to them, if they are conscious that they do not, your argument is useless. When any man exhibits the spirit of Christ in his daily life, we are bound to believe he is a Christian, no matter by what name he is called, where he lives, or whether he ever heard of Christ. He has the spirit, the substance."

REVIVALS.—"I think it must appear evident to all observers, that in revivals, new converts never fail to give just such marks of conversion as are required by those who are to be their judges. Those who consider falling down, fainting, and crying out as evidence, always have converts that show these signs. So in all denominations, converts show just such evidences of conviction and conversion as the ministers demand. Whatever conclusions follow from this, touching revivals, I care not ; the fact is as above stated.

"It is well for us that our theological speculations have so little influence on our hearts and conduct ; and that logical and theological difficulties, started in the study, vanish in active life, and the moment we mingle with men, ninety-nine out of a hundred of human actions result from the promptings of a spirit in us that instantly decides and acts. When we fly to the relief of suffering man, we have no time to think of theology, of the Bible, or of an abstract divinity. We think of the man in sorrow, and go to his relief ; and to think of man thus, is to think of God ; so far as we can practically think of Him.

"Spiritual disputants have for ages discussed, whether grace or regeneration be sovereign ; and their writings furnish proof abundant that men may write much about nothing. Reading on this subject is like gazing upon the empty air ; not a distinct, tangible thing can be seen ; not one definite thought enters the mind. All is holy mystery. Cant phrases supply the place of thought ; mere holy gibberish suspends the soul in a kind of pious vacuum."

FOUNDATION OF MORALITY. — "Much has been said about the foundation of virtue or morality. Some say it is utility; some, the will of God; some, the nature of things; and some, our relation to God. Whatever may be true, this, I think, is certain; that if men were incapable of distinguishing between good and evil, virtue and vice, they could not possibly know any thing about virtue. We are so constituted, that we could never persuade ourselves that any thing could be right that contravenes the principles of natural justice and equity, and that we ought to obey any command that leads to corruption and misery. Consequently, when we are told that God commands us to do a thing, we must try that command by the testimony of our own souls; the thing to be done must be in accordance with the laws of our being, or, we may be sure God never commanded it. So, we are not bound to obey any command, simply because we suppose it is the command of God, but because we see it to be right, and in accordance with those laws which He has engraven upon our physical and social and moral constitution."

REPENTANCE. — "The manner in which ministers often urge men to repent is highly ludicrous, as well as disgusting. They scold and storm at people for not repenting, like termigants, rather than like preachers of righteousness. The repentance, which they urge, has little reference to life, and relates to something they have felt and thought of God, rather than to what they have done to men. Better would it be, if ministers would point out to men their practical wickedness, which they perpetrate upon their fellow-men, and urge them to cease to do wrong. There are affections and actions, of which no human being has need to repent, and for which men can never feel guilty. No man can repent of the greater portion of the feelings and actions that make up his life; because he never can feel them to be wrong. It is useless to preach against them."

HERETIC AND INFIDEL. — "Alas, for metaphysical theology! Thy ways are dark and intricate; thy reward, doubts and disappointment!! My soul, come not thou into her secrets. Her ways are alluring, because they lead to ecclesiastical fame; but, most repulsive, because they lead to the land of darkness, where the day is as the shadow of death. The ways of dogmatic theology are ways to hell, leading down to the chambers of mental and moral death. To dare to doubt or disobey her behests, or to disclose her secret by-paths to perdition, may subject one to damnation by the church as a heretic and infidel; but be not afraid of her frowns and her threats, and dare to explore her secrets; dare to think; for it is most honorable and Christian to be a downright, honest heretic and infidel, as sectarians count heresy and infidelity."

February, 1820.

SELF-EVIDENT TRUTH. — “Before we can say any phenomenon or fact is an effect, we must pre-suppose the existence of a cause competent to produce that effect. It is said, the physical universe is an effect of a cause, which cause is God; but all reasoning from effect to cause, to prove the being of a God, takes for granted the very thing to be proved; that there is a cause able to produce the effects. For proof of the being of a God, I fall back on my consciousness. I have the same evidence of the being of a God, which I have of my own existence, and I can have no higher proof of the fact.

“The first principles of all intellectual or moral science lie in the constitution of our nature. In reasoning on any subject, certain truths are taken for granted. These are self-evident, and cannot be reasoned about. No man can give a reason for his belief in his own existence; in his ‘right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;’ in the duty to do as he would be done by, to love his neighbor as himself, to forgive as he would be forgiven, to deal justly and love mercy. These truths and duties may be brought to our minds through the medium of a book or books, through the agency of God or man; but our faith in them is not based upon the authority of any book, or any command, or influence of God or of men; it is a matter of necessity. We can no more help believing them to be truth and duty, than we can help believing in our existence. God has so made us that we know some things to be true, and some to be false; some to be right, and others wrong, without reasoning. We are under the necessity of approving some acts, and disapproving others. I cannot tell why I think it right to return good for evil, and to love mine enemies; yet I know it is right; and this not because precepts to that effect are written in the Bible; I believe it is right, generous and noble, because I cannot help it. I cannot tell why I think it wrong for me to inflict cruelties and oppressions on others, which I should consider wrong if they were inflicted on me; yet I know it would be wrong. I come to a conviction of the true and right, in regard to these and many other things, as I do to a conviction of the truth of my existence. If we would prove any act to be wrong, we must assume that there is a right and wrong, a standard by which the moral quality of the act can be tested. That standard is in the soul; and not in any outward thing. God has so made us that we do, from childhood, determine, without any process of reasoning, or reference to any book, government, church, priesthood, or any outward standard, many things to be right or wrong in human life.

“The being of God is a self-evident truth; that he exists, aside from the existence of myself, and the world which I see, I believe; yet I cannot think, talk, or reason about Him aside from his works. I used to strain my mental energies to think of God abstractly from my own relations and duties. Theology, or the science of God, as existing aside from what I see, hear, feel and know, has been to me

a fathomless abyss. Anthropology, or the science of man, zoology, orthonology, geology and physiology; these, henceforth, must be to me theology; for I can know nothing of God aside from these. Nor will I try to meditate on Him aside from these. God is manifest in the flesh in every human being. 'To dwell in love is to dwell in God.' To feel in us that love for man, that seeketh not her own, is to feel the presence of God in us. So, to dwell in justice, is to dwell in God; and to reverence truth, justice and goodness, is to reverence God."

May, 1821.

ORIGINAL SIN. — "Did God make Adam holy? Some say yes; because it would be absurd to suppose a holy God ever created a sinful being. But I see no more absurdity in supposing that God created a sinful being, and then punished him for being sinful, than to suppose that He created a virtuous being, and then rewarded him for being virtuous. Both are equally absurd. Man can never be accountable for the work of God. No man can be justly praised or blamed for what God does, and for being what He made him. No man can be blamed for being born with one eye, nor praised for having two. Good and evil can be predicated of any human being no farther than they relate to acts which are the fruits of his own choice or will.

"Some say God so constituted Adam's mind, that before he had any exercises at all, he had a propensity to holy desires and deeds. So far as my soul is the work of a Being above man, I have just as much propensity to natural goodness, and aversion to wickedness, as Adam had. To me, it is absurd and unintelligible to talk of a soul having a natural inclination to good or evil.

"God made us capable of understanding the laws of our being, our relations to one another, and the duties growing out of them, and our relations to Him (which are, in fact, and to all practical purposes, nothing more nor less than our relations to one another); and we are so made as to feel an intuitive perception of our duty to obey those laws when we discover what they are. We are made capable of doing certain actions, and of judging as to their good or evil. Adam's goodness consisted in his obedience to the laws of his being, which are the laws of God; the true, unchangeable Statute Book of Heaven; the true Divine Word; the standing, infallible Revelation; the 'infallible rule of faith and practice;' and all books are true and right, so far as they conform to this, and no farther.

"Dr. Woods said, in the lectures on this subject, that there is no more difficulty in supposing that God might have made a sinful being, than there is in believing he made his posterity sinful. I am certain he never made any body wicked; and whoever or whatever says he did, tells an untruth. Some say we derive from Adam a moral taint, a moral infection. How ridiculous! I received as much moral taint from Adam as an oak does from the acorn, or a flower from the seed; no more.

"Some say we cannot account for the evil tempers and actions of children on any other ground than that sin was infused into their nature, and made an element of their being, by the finger of God. How puerile!

"How does it happen, that so much cruelty, injustice, oppression and wrong exist in the world, if sin be not an element of our being? A foolish question! As well ask, How is it that a man gets drunk, unless drunkenness be a part of his nature? As man came from God's hand, his nature is to be loving, gentle, just and good; as he comes from the hands of Church and State, of priests and politicians, his nature is to be malicious, revengeful, cruel, savage.

"Some say that the souls of men come to them by natural generation; that the fact that children show anger and revenge is proof of original corruption. O, how dark, how mystical, how nonsensical and puerile is **THEOLOGY!!** It is a bottomless pit, 'where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched,' and 'where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.' At least, I have gnashed my teeth in it.

"Are infants moral agents? Do they transgress the law of God before they are born? when they are a day old? or when do they begin to sin? Do those who die in infancy go to hell? Did Adam stand as the Federal Head of the human race, and was he responsible for all his posterity? Such are the questions gravely propounded by Theology. See how light and sunny it is! Look at it; gaze, wonder, and — **PERISH**; as you will, if you keep gazing and wondering."

July, 1821.

GOD — PRAYER — THEOLOGY. — "I do not know what reason any one has to believe that no prayer is heard, unless it is offered in the name of Christ. If it is true, it ought indeed to be known. Certain I am, that professed Christians attach little or no meaning to the phrases with which they close their prayers; i. e., 'in the name of Christ;' 'for Christ's sake,' &c. Why should we ask 'for Christ's sake'? How can those say 'for Christ's sake,' who never heard of Him, or those who live in the habitual violation of His precepts? For Christ's sake, indeed! What do they care for Christ? Nothing, and less than nothing; for their lives are a denial of Him. Must we believe that no prayers of men, except from those who are called Christians, can be heard in heaven? I don't believe it. Those who use this expression use it, generally, as a cant phrase, to let others know that they are done; as they say, Amen.

"It is not a little curious to see what extravagant ideas men get of the power of prayer. President Edwards says that on it depends the existence of the universe. If by the efficacy of prayer be understood the influence it has on the Deity to induce Him to do

something to us or for us, it would be difficult for any man to say how God can be affected by prayer, provided he governs the world by fixed, just and unchangeable laws. Prayer can be of use, not by influencing the Deity, but by leading us to do better. It is certain that mere saying over words to God with the tongue never accomplishes any thing. Men must pray with their hands, their feet, their every power of body and mind; must give themselves to do what they pray for, or it will be of no use. We have no reason to suppose God will heed our prayers, no matter what we pray for, unless we use other means than mere words to obtain answers.

"But if this be true, it would be difficult to say whether our object is gained, if attained at all, by the prayer, or the other means. Had we used the other means, should we have attained the blessing without the formal prayer of words? A man is restored to health, it is said, in answer to prayer. Did he take medicine? Yes. Who, then, can say whether it was the medicine or prayer that did the work? The same blessings are obtained by those who never use formal prayer, in secret, in the family, or in public. Their ploughing, sowing and reaping; their labor is their prayer. So we know not what to attribute to the formal prayer, and what to the labor. I am inclined to think he prays most fervently and effectually who labors most diligently, and lives most economically and naturally.

"One thing is discernable. Men pray for those objects which they have set their hearts upon, and they think that God is interested in all that interests them. They generally get the Lord to do for them whatever they wish to do for themselves, good or evil, just or unjust. Man wishes to do evil; he asks God to help him; and then, after he has perpetrated the wrong, he gives it an air of sanctity, by letting all know he sought it prayerfully. Men are in danger, when they pray, of mistaking their own will for God's.

"This practice of praying God to help us do whatever we wish to do, and then fathering the deed upon Him after it is done, appears most shocking in the prayers of Cortez and Pizarro, that God would help them slay the Mexicans and Peruvians; and in the Puritans, when they prayed God to give them success in their wars against the Indians; and then, after they had murdered the Aborigines of this continent, men, women and children, to make room for themselves, they attributed it all to God! It was impious mockery of a God of justice and goodness, to father these deeds upon him! But one cannot but ask, 'What difference between Cortez, Pizarro, Staudish and Church, and Moses, Joshua and Gideon? What difference in spirit, principle and deeds, between the extermination of the original inhabitants of this country by Christians, and the slaughter of the men, women and children of Canaan by the Jews? But how dare any one look at it? Pursue this theme, and where is the Bible? Where am I? An infidel, branded and cast out of the synagogue. So be it.

"I would have men seek the direction of God, but not so much by formal prayer, as by the right use of their intellectual and physical powers. I think it is much safer, and that we shall be much more likely to know the mind and will of God, by consulting those things He has already given, i. e., reason and conscience, and the laws and facts of our being. It is the will of God that we should follow and obey these; and if we do, we shall be more certain of doing right, than if we seek some supernatural direction by formal prayer.

"We are told to fix our thoughts on God when we pray. It is impossible to form any distinct idea of a spirit aside from matter. God, when we think of Him as something distinct from duty, justice, love, and human sympathy and kindness, always assumes the form of a human being. So that, in formal prayer, we are addressing a self-existent, omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient MAN — for such is the form given to the Deity, when children or adults try to fix their minds on an abstract divinity in their prayers. Newton could form no clearer idea of God, aside from man and his relations, than a child. Protestants exclude all sensible objects in praying; they abstract the mind from all visible things; and try to take the thoughts and feelings away from men and all around them. Even the face of nature, which is, as it were, the face of God, they will not look at. The child or the man, in prayer, tries to shut out all objects of sense; shuts his eyes, and tries to form a conception of God. That Being, to whom he speaks, cannot be seen, heard, or felt. What, then, I ask, is the shape of his idea? He has a confused notion of a certain being that deeply affects him. But I never could hear persons pray without asking myself, 'Are they speaking to the true God, or to some image, or unnatural, unreal conception of their own brains?'

"When a man prays, he prays to a Being who corresponds exactly to the conception or idea that is uppermost in his own mind. He prays, in fact, to the thought or image that is in his mind; and if this accords with the fact, or the real God, he worships the living and true God; but if not, he prays to an imaginary God. It is no sign that the idea is a fact, because the man worshipping has very excited feelings. All attempts of an excitable mind to form an abstract Deity to himself, are peculiarly fitted to exalt the feelings; and the more at war with the fact the idea may be, the more exalted the feelings may be. The imagination has a universe to kindle and roam in, and an image of God may be formed in the mind, that has no more resemblance to the real Divinity that created and governs this world, than the conceptions of the Hindoo, the Otaheitan, that are embodied in their horrible visible images of the Eternal.

"I had rather pray to that God I see and hear and feel, in nature, than to Him who is but an abstraction, and who is placed in state high up in the dome of heaven. In the beautiful language of the Hebrew poet, I would say — 'The heavens declare the glory

of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no vocal sound, nor is any voice heard; yet their words are heard to the ends of the earth.' When I would think of God, I would look at man and the universe in which he lives. To Him would I pray. 'God is Love,' and to dwell in love is to dwell in Him; and love that seeketh not her own is the most effectual prayer."

From the following list of questions, given out by Dr. Woods to the students of the Middle Class, in 1821, on which they were to write dissertations, to be read at the exhibition at the close of the year, you will see how little the theology and religion there practised had to do with the practical affairs of men:

1. Proper rules for studying the Bible, in order to discover the doctrines which it reveals. *J. Abel*. — 2. What views are we to form of man's natural affections? *E. Brainerd*. — 3. On the consistency of those texts which ascribe anger and revenge to God, and his infinite benevolence. *J. Reid*. — 4. Does the doctrine of the atonement imply that God is mercenary or implacable? *W. Richards*. — 5. Is the doctrine of atonement in any measure inconsistent with the freedom of divine grace in Forgiveness? *J. C. Brigham*. — 6. Is the atonement any privilege to the non-elect? *O. Catlin*. — 7. Does reason furnish any conclusive proof of the Scripture doctrine of the divine purposes? *B. C. Baldwin*. — 8. Considerations of objections commonly brought against the doctrine of the divine purposes? *F. S. Gaylord*. — 9. Is the sinner unable to believe in Christ in any sense which excuses him for unbelief? *C. Hurd*. — 10. On the application of the principles of inductive philosophy to the doctrine of human depravity. *J. L. Hale*. — 11. On the application of inductive philosophy to the Scripture doctrine of man's renovation by the power of God. *J. Meriam*. — 12. Moral influence of the doctrine of the atonement on christian character. *J. Rennie*. — 13. Is the duty of prayer consistent with the divine immutability? *S. White*. — 14. Errors of the Papists. *S. I. Bradstreet*. — 15. The efforts of the present day for the conversion of the world, viewed in relation to the moral discipline of the Christian Church. *R. Anderson*. — 16. On the connexion between exertions for the salvation of the heathen, and for the spiritual welfare of our own country. *C. Cutler*. — 17. ON THE EVILS OF INDULGING A DISPUTATIOUS SPIRIT. *H. C. Wright*. — 18. Dangers attending revivals of religion. *C. Downes*. — 19. On the use of means in the conversion of sinners. *H. T. Kelley*. — 20. Can the benevolence of God be inferred from his natural attributes? *D. G. Sprague*. — 21. Of what use to a minister of

the gospel is the philosophy of the mind? *J. Marsh.* — 22. The proper use of reason in relation to the doctrines of Scripture. *J. Fowler.* — 23. On submission. *F. Danforth.* — 24. The best argument for the inspiration of the Old Testament. *I. R. Barbour.* — 25. On the import of the Apostolic benedictions. *S. Clancy.* — 26. What is that moral state of the mind, which leads men to embrace the doctrine of Universal Salvation? *M. Clarke.* — 27. Character of Edwards's treatise on the affections. *J. Barton.* — 28. Is the doctrine of a future state of retribution taught in the Old Testament? *W. A. Hallock.* — 29. What direction is to be given to the sinner who inquires what he shall do to be saved? *A. D. Eddy.* — 30. Is the influence of the Holy Spirit in regeneration supernatural? *P. S. Eaton.*



LICENSED TO PREACH.

Leaving the Theological Seminary, I went to Newburyport, and there, June, 1823, was married to E. L. B. S. We started on a journey to Saratoga Springs and Niagara Falls the same day, with the youngest daughter, M., *via* Providence, New York and Albany.

Though my mind had ceased to regard a human license as necessary to constitute me a Christian minister, and though I had ceased to attach any sacredness or divinity to such a form, yet I deemed it important, as tending to give dignity and effect to the profession, and felt free to comply with the custom.

Accordingly, when, during the journey with my wife and her daughter, I came to Hartwick, I applied to the Presbytery that met in the neighboring town of Burlington, and was licensed. This was the process. The Presbytery, of which Rev. Henry Chapman was Moderator, met in public meeting in a meeting-house. I was placed at the bar of the Presbytery for examination. I was questioned about five hours, by Moderator and others, in Intellectual and Moral Philosophy; in Astronomy and Natural Philosophy; in the Greek and Latin classics; in the Hebrew and Greek Testaments. In Hebrew, I was examined by H. B., who had been a classmate with me at Andover for a few months; and left because of sore eyes; and who could scarcely read or construe one verse in Hebrew correctly. He could not keep from laughing, nor could I, while he was asking me to repeat the alphabet, and decline a noun and a verb, which he knew, and I knew, was about the extent of his knowledge of the language. But it was a solemn ministerial farce, as all that ministers do, as such, is solemn, and must not be trifled with. Ministers do not like to be thought capable of trifling. In Exegesis, I was handled at a great rate, being called upon to give my views of very many passages in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. In dogmatic theology, which I had come to hate with a reverend and holy hatred, yet in which I was well versed, I was also

examined at great length and in due form ; generally according to a string of printed questions, varying a little from Westminster.

Then they questioned me long in Ecclesiastical History, into which I had gone with great interest, and extensively. The examination was concluded, and I was sent out of the room. Then the ministers were called upon to give their opinion about me. There was some demurring and solemnizing over some expositions and opinions which I had given ; but after a while, the examination was voted satisfactory. I was called in, and informed by the Moderator that the Presbytery was satisfied that I was qualified to be, and that it was my duty to be, a minister. He then presented to me a license — a sheet of nice paper, having cleanly and clearly written on it, authority to be a minister, signed by the Moderator and Clerk ; and that process was ended, and henceforth I was to be a minister, duly authorized to perform divine service in public, to a certain extent.

But to what extent? Have I now authority to do all that belongs to the profession? No; my power, as yet, is limited in the performance of the ministerial drama. I am authorized, by that bit of paper, to pray, to preach, and say the benediction ; but the power of the paper does not extend to Baptism and the Supper ; further power is necessary before I can dispense these ordinances. This is the meaning of a license, as understood among Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and other sects.

I did not look upon this operation then as I do now. I now believe in a Christian ministry — a ministry called and licensed by the Divine Spirit, and not by any human tribunal in Church or State. And Christ licenses every Christian man and woman to be His minister on earth ; to do all that belongs to His ministry to do ; and that by virtue of their being Christians, and not by virtue of a bit of paper signed and sealed by the Clerk and Moderator of some Presbytery, Council, or other collection of ministers. This practice is a relic of popery and paganism, and is worse than absurd ; it is wrong, I now think, and I would not now

submit to the process, nor advise another to do so. It is a cunning device, in its origin, to extend and perpetuate the power, and gratify the vanity and ambition of ministers. It should be resisted by every man and woman who would be a minister and follower of Christ.

Wonder! would they license a woman to preach, pray, and say the benediction? No; they monopolize all the power, reputation, and emoluments of the ministry to their own sex. Never mind; let every Christian man and woman assume the name of Christian minister, as well as of Christian, and preach the gospel, each in the way in which he or she is fitted to do so, and each according to the ability given, without troubling Presbyteries, Associations, Conferences, or other ecclesiastical judicatories, whose powers are assumed in violation of the very genius of Christianity, which constitutes all who embrace and live it out kings and priests under God.

After returning from our journey of three months to the Niagara Falls and Upper Canada, in the autumn of 1823, I settled down with my family in Newburyport, to pursue my studies.

I lived one year next door to the Rev. L. W., of Newbury. With him I became exceedingly intimate; his family and himself were very dear to me; and amid these Highland lochs, dark glens, and heather mountains of Scotland, I call them to mind with grateful and affectionate remembrance. It would be difficult for two men to be more thoroughly and intimately acquainted with each other's talents, temper and general character. There were few secrets between us, and his house was a home to me, as mine was to him. He was thoroughly versed in the Greek and Latin classics, and these we read together, many, many an hour. Though, in after years, we took different sides in the discussions of war and slavery — two test questions of the nineteenth century; and though, from a sense of duty, I was called to disown the church over which he is pastor, and of which I was a member, on account of its alliance with the above-named gigantic crimes; yet not one feeling

nor word of unkindness ever passed between us. We have pursued different paths the past twelve years, but our spirits may meet and mingle again.

About this time, I joined an association of ministers of Newburyport and vicinity, called the "Essex North Association;" composed, at that time, of Rev. Leonard Withington, Rev. Luther F. Dimmick, Rev. James Miltimore, Rev. Dr. Parish, Rev. Josiah Holbrook, Rev. Milton Braman, Rev. David Kimball, Rev. Mr. Dana, (father of Rev. Daniel Dana, D. D.,) Rev. Gardner B. Perry, Rev. Mr. Demmon, Rev. Mr. Sawyer, and some others. My intercourse with these gentlemen was pleasant and without alloy, till, in 1838, my views of their pro-slavery and pro-war position led me to renounce them as a Christian association.

During the summer of 1824, I spent three months in the town of Warner, New Hampshire, sixty miles from Newburyport, officiating there as a minister. This was my first effort at preaching continuously Sabbath after Sabbath. There had been a strong party feeling in the place between Calvinism and Arminianism. Of course, I was watched narrowly to see to which side I leaned. As I happened to care nothing about Calvinism or Arminianism, I preached Christianity as I understood it to be—a principle of practical righteousness, and not a system of dogmatic theology. They could not tell whether I was a Calvinist or an Arminian; each party found in my sermons that which they both believed, and I was criticised by both parties; yet both came to hear.

The town lay embosomed among the rough, rocky, and bold mountains of New Hampshire. One hot day in July, a party of us went to the top of Kearsarge,—one of the boldest and loftiest in that region,—whose bald head of granite towers above all vegetation. Lots of provisions were taken, each taking according to his taste and fancy, or to his ignorance of what he would need. We started at daylight, came to the foot of the mountain, and began to ascend. Up, up we went, with our guide, through woods and tangled thickets; climbing over old trees, leaping over or wading through mountain streams and ravines. We

became weary, worn, and hungry ; the pies, cakes and nick-nacks, which it was supposed would be a great and suitable supply, were many of them missing before we reached the summit. When we reached it, the world seemed beneath our feet. And such a world ! I have been on far higher mountains since, in Silesia, in the Tyrol, and in Switzerland ; but on none which made me feel as did the prospect from that. It was my first visit to a high mountain. The physical universe was indeed under my feet ; and my spirit seemed to sit by the throne of the Eternal, and to look on suns and worlds wheeling around me. We returned at night, with better and more elevated minds. That mountain had been the home of bears ; and many an anecdote was related by our party, as we passed up and down, about encounters with them.

Mr. K., in whose family I boarded, had a daughter of great beauty and loveliness, named S. She was marked for an early grave by consumption. I left Warner, and came home. About three years afterwards, I revisited the place. S., the loved of all who knew her, was just moving gently and quietly into her final home. Her beauty and brightness did but increase as she faded away. I left her, came home, and in a few weeks she was gone.

Soon after her death, the house and all the establishment were burnt, and the family was houseless and homeless. A few months after this disaster, I was suddenly called to visit a dying man, some five miles from where I lived, who wished to see me. I hastened to the place, and there found Mr. K., beyond the power to know me, dying. He had been to Boston, was on his way home, had been taken suddenly ill, and was taken in by human sympathy with suffering to die. He was a kind father to a large number of children, and I had found a quiet, happy home in his family. His family was scattered, and the children, old and young, separated. This breaking up of families, this sundering of domestic ties, this ceasing to look on happy, loved faces ; it is a desolate and heart-breaking business.

The same year I preached four months in what is now called Franklin, N. H. ; a pretty village, located on the right

bank of the Pemmigewasset river, just above its junction with the Winnipiseogee to form the Merrimack, that flows down through a fine country, carrying hundreds of cotton and woollen mills at Hoosack, Manchester, Nashua and Lowell; and rolling its clear, proud waters into the Atlantic at Newburyport. I love to think of that dear, beautiful, most useful Merrimack. It is lined with flourishing villages, from its commencement to its close.

In my highland attic, under my little window, and looking off upon beautiful Gare Loch, and upon the gloomy Highlands that tower over lochs and glens of surpassing grandeur and loveliness, upon Roseneath and Ellensborough Bays, and the beautiful Clyde, I love to send my thoughts over the wide Atlantic, up the familiar Merrimack, to the quiet, snug little village among the mountains, on the bank of the sparkling, joyous, and sometimes wild, uproarious Pemmigewasset. It rises far up in the recesses of the White Hills, where the footsteps of man have scarce ever penetrated. The Pemmigewasset, a little stream up there in those dark, untrodden ravines and chasms, comes bounding and leaping down the mountain sides; now winding round rocks and mountain bluffs, and laughing to scorn their opposition; now stopping to rest, and play its graceful gambols on some small table land, and then running riot again, and dashing and romping down the mountain sides, till it comes to be a quiet, sober, dignified sort of a stream, moving on and winding with staid propriety among hills and mountains in a narrow, but rude and beautiful valley, to join its sister Winnipiseogee, to form the majestic Merrimack. Many an hour have I wandered on the banks of that Pemmigewasset at early dawn and dewy eve; and here, in my wee highland garret, do I think of that joyous river, and the little village of white houses on its bank, with a tearful but sweet remembrance.

On the banks of that river did I first read the *Odyssey* of Homer. It was a neat, very small pocket edition—the Greek text, without note or comment. My interest and excitement were so great in reading that book; I was so absorbed in tracing the adventures of Ulysses to the closing

scene of blood and slaughter that ended them, that it constitutes an era in my life. The scenery around, the villages, the river, the mountains, are in my mind associated with the adventures of Ulysses, with Circes, with Polyphemus and Calypso, with her Nymphs and Grotto; with Boreas and the bottled-up storm, with Penelope and her slaughtered suitors. That little book has been the companion of my travels for many thousands of miles.

Near where I boarded in Salisbury village lived Doct. M. He had a student in medicine, named J. In the neighboring town of Andover, N. H., died an old woman. She was buried, and no one was supposed to care any thing about her. Her body was discovered a few days afterwards some ten miles distant in the possession of a doctor, undergoing the operation of dissection and conversion into a skeleton for use. The body was taken from its place of repose and carried away by night. The shock was great to the whole region. It was said that doctors worry people to death by tormenting them while living with drugs, and then will not let them rest even in their graves; that they drug persons to death, in order to get their bodies to cut and carve afterwards, and their bones to adorn their studies. Vengeance was called for upon all doctors.

The young student, J., was prosecuted as the author of the deed, and was expected to have been convicted; but as he saw the net closing around him, he fled to Canada, and there was safe.

The feelings of all, far and near, were outraged; graves were watched, and bitter curses heaped upon the doctors. It is cruel thus to lacerate the feelings of others. However desirable it may be for doctors to have the knowledge thus acquired, they have no right to purchase it at the expense of the living friends and relatives of the deceased.

While I was officiating as a minister in that pretty little village, an event occurred in the adjoining town of N. which caused great excitement. In the alms-house in a by-place in that town, there was a strange, nervous, restless, shrewd little girl, agile and active as a young fawn. All at once she was taken with strange contortions and writhings of

features and limbs — throwing herself into all imaginable shapes, and imitating every kind of beast in voice and movement. She would scream out suddenly without cause, pretending to see and to be accompanied and tormented, now by one hideous monster, and now by another. Word was sent abroad that the girl was *bewitched*, and the most marvellous stories told and believed about her. People of all degrees, high and low, flocked to see the witch work, as it was called. Wise ones went to solve the mystery, foolish ones to stare and gape; but all had to pay their admission fee. Many went from the village where I was, and came home reporting wonders. I was strongly urged to go; and more than once did I hear the charge of Atheism hurled at those who denied the existence and power of witches. Had I spoken openly against witches in that village at that time, I believe that many would have denounced me as an Infidel and Atheist. But the solemn farce was ended by the confession of the girl herself. The keeper, seeing her cleverness, thought to make a penny by her; succeeded, and then gave out word that the witch had ceased to work; and went to work himself to harvest his corn.

It was an instructive lesson as to the enormous capabilities of human beings for being deluded; and no less instructive as to the meaning and force of the terms Atheist and Infidel, as words of reproach. But the spell that once rested on men's minds about witchcraft was not a whit more absurd and foolish, than that which now rests upon them in regard to the sacredness and divinity of church and governmental organizations; of the ministry, Sabbath and ordinances. Men's minds will as certainly be redeemed from this spell by Christianity, in regard to the latter, as in regard to the former. I am certain that what oppressors, slave-holders, warriors, and those who wrong and outrage man, call God and religion, with their paraphernalia of meeting-houses, churches, priesthood, holy days and observances, are stupendous delusions, no less so than is witchcraft. They have no resemblance to the true God, who is love and justice, and to that religion that appears so pure and lovely in the life and teachings of Jesus.

CALL TO SETTLE AS A MINISTER. — ORDINATION.

I returned from Salisbury to Newburyport, and there spent some months in studying the Hebrew Scriptures and commenting on them. In this pursuit, I was again interrupted by an invitation to officiate as a minister in the East parish of West Newbury, five miles up the Merrimack River from Newburyport. I accepted, and officiated there as such the best part of a year, spending the week days at home in N. pursuing my studies.

After a few months supplying them in this way, the church and people gave me a *call* to settle among them permanently, as a minister to perform divine service for them. I will speak of this call and my ordination, according to my present views and feelings respecting a professional ministry. Had I thought and felt then as I now do, I could not have accepted that call, and submitted to the process through which I passed. It was a small parish of about fifty families, almost exclusively farmers, shoe-makers, and comb-makers. By far the larger portion were farmers. They offered me a definite price for a certain amount of labor; I accepted the offer, and thus became a paid minister: i. e., I agreed to officiate as their minister, and to perform their "religious exercises." I accepted the call, and then came the Ordination; for, as yet, I had no power to baptise, to marry, or administer the supper. The church met and I met with them. We agreed to invite some sixteen or twenty ministers in the immediate vicinity, all of the same sect as ourselves, i. e., Congregational, to come together as an Ecclesiastical Council to ordain me. We selected the Rev. L. W., of Newbury, to preach the ordination sermon; leaving it to the ministers to assign the other parts of the ceremony to whom they pleased. A committee was appointed to prepare an ordination dinner for the ministers and delegates; for each minister was to bring a delegate from his church. The house was appointed where the dinner was to be held, and where the council was to meet before the public service. All the arrangements were agreed upon, and assigned to

responsible persons to see that they were carried out, and all at the expense of the church. The day and hour were named in the letters missive to the ministers and their churches.

The day, the great day at length arrived, that was to witness the solemn operation of turning a man into a minister, as I was to be called, with full powers to perform whatever belongs to that office. A bright, sunny, glorious day that was ; resplendent with a beauty, and gleaming with a divinity and glory, that should not have been sullied and put to shame by such miserable mummery, in the name of Christianity.

The hour came, and the ministers and delegates, and the people of the parish, and others from neighboring towns ; for though the scenes of riot and dissipation that always used to be present on occasions of ordinations, through the plentiful distribution of rum and whiskey for the people to drink to the prosperity of the church, and to the long life of the minister, and the success of his ministerial labors, had passed away, yet people still loved to come together on such occasions, and to participate in the excitement. I was there, with my family.

The council was organized at the house of J. K., one of the oldest and most respectable families in the place. The moderator was chosen, and the secretary to record the process step by step. I appeared before the council for examination. There I was examined ; my head as to my theological Orthodoxy, and my heart as to my motives for entering the ministry, and for wishing to be ordained over that particular church and people. I was examined as to my call to that place, and whether it was a call from God, or simply from the people—whether it was a Divine or secular call. I was subjected to a searching operation ; more so than usual, because certain reports were afloat that I held strange opinions, and did not come up to the standard of Orthodoxy. It was a solemn farce, and I ought not to have subjected myself to it ; but I did not see through it then as I now do.

The solemn ceremony was ended ; and I was requested to retire. I did so to another room, and there chatted with sym-

pathising friends. Mean time, the solemn council is engaged in secret, prayerful (as they called it) deliberation over me. They tarry at it longer than usual. It is reported that the council is divided; and that some object to my ordination. One or two thought I was not clear and sound on some points; that I gave unusual interpretations to certain passages of scripture. Their orthodoxy was alarmed; they could not tell exactly why; but it was thought by some, that I dwelt too much on a good and honest life as the great pre-requisite to acceptance with God; this they called leaning too strongly to good works. They thought I leaned to Arminianism. They deliberated over me a long time; it was time to do something; I cared little, and so did many of the people, what they did; for we had settled it all beforehand that I was to be their minister, and perform for them all that was supposed to belong to the office; whatever might be the result of the council. So the whole was merely to comply with common custom, and get whatever standing that ceremony might give. Finally, one of the council, as I was told, stated that it would not do to deny me ordination; for that I would settle as the minister, and go on without it, if they did; and this would prove a bad precedent. They finally voted to perform ordination upon me.

We march to the meeting-house in a procession, amid a great gathering of the people. We enter the meeting-house, crowded with an anxiously expecting assembly. The singing is performed, the praying and the preaching; then comes the charge to the church; then the charge to me; then I go to the platform, and kneel down, and the ordaining prayer (as it is called) begins. There I am on my knees, amidst the ministers standing around and near me; and the assembly all standing, looking on, spell-bound, in gaping wonder. The ordaining prayer goes on, and when it comes to a certain spot, I feel several hands slowly and solemnly descending on my head, and religiously resting there a few moments, while the person praying says over certain consecrating and ordaining words. This operation concludes; I arise from my knees an ordained, full-made minister. Now I can baptize and marry, as well as preach and pray, with-

out guilt and without reproach. I then read a psalm; the singers sing; I say the benediction; and the people repair to their homes, and the ministers to their ordination dinner, and (as was then the fashion) to their ordination wine, brandy, rum and gin.

Thus ended the solemn observance; thus ordination was performed on me, and I was made a Christian minister, as such persons are called. I have put down the process, step by step, as it took place. It was performed on me in a business-like manner; and I have described it in business-like language and style, exactly as it now seems to me. It was a little different with me then. Though all the divinity and sacredness of it had passed away for ever, yet I was willing to go through the operation in conformity to common custom, and to avail myself of whatever advantages it might confer. I regarded it as a kind of inauguration. I now believe I did wrong. I should not have consented to the degradation of such a mystical, heathenish operation; perpetuated by ministers, to give sanctity and awfulness to their profession, and to increase their power and their influence with the people. I would not go through it again, because I believe I should, by so doing, give sanction to what I believe to be absurd, anti-Christian, and injurious in its results. Yet, I have no doubt that most of those who were engaged in my ordination were as sincere and honest in it as men ever were in such a performance; and sure I am, they had a kind regard for me; as their actions ever afterwards proved beyond a doubt. I was ordained Thursday, June 2, 1826.

Behold me now a licensed, ordained and settled minister in the East Parish of the township of West Newbury, county of Essex, State of Massachusetts, forty miles north-east from Boston. A town of about five square miles of territory, and two thousand inhabitants.

The first Sunday after I was ordained, I delivered my first sermon to the people, as their minister, and the object was to lay down the course which I intended to pursue towards them, and I hoped they would pursue towards me. Then I laid down rules in regard to idle gossips and tale-bearers; that I would count that man or woman an enemy, who

should come to me or to my family, to report what others said of me or them; that I and they would listen to no such mischief-makers, nor lend an ear to any idle gossip or tattle about ourselves or others; that our domestic circle would be open to no such gossiping about my doctrine, manner, or way of living; that if any wished to tell me or my family what they thought of us, we would hear them, if they would be the bearers of their own grievances; but on no account would we listen to them, if they came to us as bearers of the scandal, or meaningless gossip of others. To this rule great regard was paid while I was among them, and it contributed not a little to our and their comfort. If ministers give an ear to parish gossip, to church gossip and scandal, for churches are generally full of gossip and scandal, they will find their ministerial life a kind of perdition. A minister is a public man; his preaching, praying, and all he says and does, are public property; and his doctrine, manner, dress and address, and domestic habits, will be criticised and made topics of kitchen, parlor, tea-table and social gossip; and a thousand remarks will be made about him without the least evil intent, which, if reported to him and exaggerated, as they ever would be, would just keep him ever on the rack. I told the people, I cared little what they said about me or thought, but whatever they thought or said, I would listen to no reports of their thoughts and words from a third party.

I assured the people that, whatever change I might experience in my opinions, on any doctrine or social custom or practice, they should be the first to hear of it, and that from my own lips from the pulpit on Sunday; that I felt bound to no set of opinions or practices, any further than I saw and felt them to be true and right; that I felt bound to no creeds, and to no particular sectarian interpretations of the Bible; that I should cast away old opinions, and adopt new ones, whenever I saw cause for so doing; that I cared little by what sectarian name I was called, as I regarded them all alike absurd and productive of mischief; that if people were to forget their sectarian names, they would forget, also, many of their quarrels, heart-burnings and difficulties; that I

should have sought to do among them with religion as a science—a string of theological dogmas; that I had good reason to detest all mere doctrinal religion, which only served to perplex and mystify and confound the head, without the least purifying influence on the heart; that theological dogmas rather tended to sour and excite the tempers, and alienate the kindly feelings and sympathies, than to unite men in bonds of general brotherhood, and I should have little to do with them in my public or private intercourse with them; but that I should aim simply to induce them “to love their neighbors as themselves,” and “to cease to do evil and learn to do well;” and that I should not hesitate to expose and rebuke and seek to reform any practices or customs among them that should appear to me to be evil.

Such was the tenor of my first sermon after my ordination. I took the whole day to get through it, and it was based on the following remark of Paul to the Corinthians; “Am I therefore become your enemy, because I told you the truth.”

CONVERSION TO TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

I officiated as an ordained hired minister from June, 1826, to June, 1833—seven years. Various circumstances occurred during that period which powerfully affected my course of life, some of which I will mention. Before doing so, it is necessary to state, that up to the period of my ordination, I had been accustomed to regard the church organizations, with their clergy, their meeting-houses, Sabbaths, ordinances, Sabbath schools, &c. &c., as embodying the moral power which, so far as human agency is concerned, was to abolish all individual and social evils, and to regenerate and redeem mankind. I had, indeed, since my first year in the Andover Seminary, seen and felt that these organizations, with their ministry, were themselves exceedingly corrupt and destitute of vital energy, as organizations; yet I supposed they contained many choice and noble spirits, and believed that

they would be purified, and be the means of purifying the world. I thought that no movement for the moral improvement of society, and the removal of great moral and social evils, could ever succeed, unless it were under the guidance and patronage of these organizations and the clergy.

Also, I would remark, that, though I had come to regard all dogmatic, mere scientific theology with a secret loathing, yet I had a sort of lingering impression that the great object of church organizations and their ministry was to sustain and propagate systematic theology and religion, as observances or institutions. I did not consider the question, what they had to do, directly, with practical righteousness; with justice, truth, mercy, love, forgiveness and honesty between man and man. An utter wreck had been made of my reverence for theology, as an abstract science, and for religion as an institution; yet I did not see clearly how the churches, with their ordained ministry, could bring Christianity, as a principle of holy living, — which I truly believed it to be, — to bear upon practical, individual and social evils, to remove them. I knew how I could do it, but I did not see how they could; while I still conceived that nothing could be done without them. I still had a lingering feeling that the great business of churches and their ministry was to get up and conduct revivals, to convict and convert souls; and not to remove the corruptions and injustice of the domestic, social, commercial, religious and political world. I had not an adequate knowledge of what these evils were; I did not see how they conflicted with Christianity; and I did not see what churches and ministers had to do with them on Sunday and in the meeting-house — especially if they were licensed and legalized by the State. It was a sort of feeling, that whatever was legalized by the State was a legitimate object of the Church's sanction; at least, by silence.

Such was about my state of mind when I subjected myself to ordination. I had full, undoubting faith in the power of Christianity to regenerate and redeem individuals and nations; but I did not see how it was to be brought to bear to effect this end.

In this state of mind, the temperance movement first became a subject of attention. I had heard of it before I was ordained, but had given little attention to it, being confined to study in my cloister, rather than in society. Study, rather than practical reform, I had considered my duty and calling. About 1828, strenuous efforts were making to do away drunkenness. I had heard and read of these efforts; and they were often topics of remark in our Association—Rev. G. B. P., of Bradford, being one of the first and foremost leaders in the cause, and a leading man in the Association. About that time, Rev. Dr. Hewitt was lecturing on the subject, with great effect. Newspapers, religious and political, commended the movement. I thought well of it, but did not think it to be my calling, as a minister, to give attention to it, and take part in any public agitation of the question. I felt, as most ministers did then and do now feel, that my great business was to perform divine service on Sunday. I now see this to be an erroneous impression. But the temperance movement was unexpectedly thrust upon my attention.

The Ministerial Association met at my house in West Newbury. We spent the forenoon reading and commenting on our Hebrew and Greek lesson—most of the members of the Association being present. Mrs. W. prepared a dinner in her usual way for company, considering brandy and wine a necessary part of hospitality, as they were then generally considered. She had been trained to this from childhood in her father's family, and had no idea of setting a dinner table for company without spirits of some kind; and she kept on her sideboard a large supply of decanters and wine-glasses.

The Association dinner was ready, and we were called to eat it; Rev. G. B. P. being the Moderator on that occasion. We all entered the dining room. There was the table, covered with good and wholesome food; and on one end was a decanter of brandy, and on the other, a decanter of wine. A blessing was asked; for in those days a divine blessing was asked on brandy, wine and rum, as well as upon wholesome food. We sat down to table, the Modera-

tor, G. B. P., at my left hand. As I was carving, he said, according to our customary mode of address—"Brother Wright, the Association has voted not to have ardent spirit on the table at our dinners, when we meet together. I would like you to take it off." The others joined in the same request. I thought the Moderator of the Association had no right to interfere with the setting of my dinner table, and that the interference savored a little of impertinent dictation in matters which, I then thought, in no way concerned them. It was optional with them to drink or let it alone; but I did not see that they, as an Association, had any right to say what I should or should not have on my table. I answered accordingly, and said—"I know not what the Association has voted, nor should I heed it if I did, unless I saw reasons aside from their mere vote for complying. I do not see reasons for complying now. The brandy and wine are on the table, and there they will remain; though, of course, those who do not wish, will not be expected to partake of them." This settled the matter at once; the brandy and wine remained, but not one partook of either.

As the Association broke up and separated, G. B. P. called me one side, and in his mild, kind, but plain and direct manner, said—"Brother Wright, you will think better of our vote to exclude ardent spirits from our dinners, when you better understand the reasons for it." "And what are they?" I asked. "Inquire," said he, "into the state of our churches and towns in reference to drunkenness; look into the condition of your own town and parish; and I am sure you will find a justification of our vote, and a good reason for abiding by it, in all our future meetings." I said, "I will examine the subject, and if I find reason for it, I will heartily help to carry out the vote, and to promote the temperance cause. I already feel quite dissatisfied with my conduct at the table."

I kept my promise, and the result was, the formation of a total abstinence society in the place. A change came over the people; the drinking custom, to a good extent, was abandoned, and the labor of farmers and mechanics was performed without intoxicating drinks.

I am certain ministers might do good-service, if they would. If they would set themselves in earnest to the work, how much might they do to change that public sentiment on which slavery, war and intemperance rest for support ! But they ought to be and will be held responsible for the existence and perpetuity of evils which they have power to remove, and will not.

We had some forty wine glasses, and decanters to conform. What to do with them was the question. It was solved in a summary way, on Thanksgiving day. I had performed the Thanksgiving service in the meeting-house, and, with my family, had taken the Thanksgiving dinner. The children and myself went into the parlor to have a game of blind man's buff. We were having a joyous time, poking about, blindfold, after our merry playmates ; E. L. B., the eldest daughter — a merry, laughing, happy one was she — being in the buff, in total darkness. She was after us in every corner, and we were skipping noiselessly and breathlessly from place to place, to avoid her. She stood at one end of the sideboard, her hands and arms stretched out, and feeling in every direction. She was eager to get out of darkness, and to get another into it. She heard some one near her, gave a rush forward, swinging out her arms, and flinging them violently about. Alas for the wine glasses ! There was a crash, and the wine glasses were no more. Thus we were relieved from all further anxiety as to the disposal of them. There they lay, a precious heap of ruins. There was silence in our merry group for a moment ; then a laugh, then a shout, that our scruples about the wine glasses were all solved.

And this was the Thanksgiving end of our wine-drinking establishment. Those glasses have never been replaced in the family, and never will be.

It was while a minister in that town, that the fact was made plain to me, that children constitute the most influential portion of the community. How mightily do they control the feelings, thoughts, plans and actions of their parents and older brothers and sisters ! I was superintendent of the schools, and visited the children in them more or less every

weak; and I loved those children with a fondness which made parting painful. I loved them, not because they were "children of my flock," as the phrase is, but because they were children. I loved to feel myself a child with them; to enter into their joys and sorrows as one of them. They were my companions, whose society was preferred to that of all others. It was with those little ones that my social affections came into delightful and healthful activity, and they were reciprocated without suspicion or affectation.

There are many dearly remembered events that illustrate our mutual fondness and affection, and the confidence reposed in me by those fresh and joyous hearts. Some time after I had left the place, I was riding through one of the by-lanes of the town, that ran through some rich pastures and meadows. It was in June, and the school had closed in that District for the evening. The children were retiring to their homes. I saw before me about a dozen of those familiar faces—all having wild flowers in their hands, which they had gathered from the meadows. They saw me approaching, and instantly joined hands, and formed a line directly across the road, and there stood joyously resolute, giving me the alternative of driving over them, or stopping to speak to them. They well knew what I would do, and too well understood me to suppose I would be otherwise than delighted with their freedom. I stopped, and such an outburst of loving merriment! As we parted, I exchanged a tearful kiss with each one of them; and every flower they had gathered, and every nosegay they had twined, adorned my own person, or my chaise, or my horse. Those little ones stood still in silent sadness, and watched me till I was out of sight.

In no one thing did I find more enjoyment, and do more good, as a minister there, than in my intercourse with the children. I was their companion, always welcome to their hearts and amusements; and, however their parents might differ from me in doctrine, or in other respects, I was welcome to their homes, for their children's sake.

While officiating as an ordained minister, I first became acquainted with the name of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, as an

abolitionist, and his efforts in behalf of the slave. Some numbers of the *Liberator* were sent to me. I read them, and my heart said at once, "He is right;" to turn man into a chattel is a sin of unrivalled magnitude; and the institution in church or state that cannot exist, except by this, must be wrong, and ought to be blotted out. I was strongly affected by his bold attack upon a pro-slavery church and clergy. My nature deeply sympathized with the daring reformer and rebuker of sin in high places, and my heart responded to his words; but my position as a minister, and all my clerical associations, were against him. As a man, I felt that he was right, and that he was doing what all ought to do; but as a clergyman, I thought he had no business to denounce the church and clergy, even though they did sustain slavery. I thought him rash, imprudent, and bitter in spirit.

I did not join with him, nor seek his acquaintance. My wife and her children at once responded to the movement, giving it their open and hearty concurrence; but in my case, the priest hedged up the way of the man; my position, as a member of the priesthood, was allowed to overrule the feelings and convictions growing out of my position, as a member of the human family, and as the child of a common Father.

But I was not happy, for I suspected I was wrong. In this state, I struggled along for four years, before I sought the personal acquaintance of Garrison.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL KEPT IN WEST NEWBURY.

While officiating as a clergyman in West Newbury, I kept a journal; in which I recorded my observations on passing events, and my pursuits as a student, a pastor, and a traveller. From my journal, and other writings during that period, I will give copious extracts, going to illustrate my progress and manner of life. I translated and commented on most of the Hebrew and Greek Testaments; and read and commented on the Greek and Latin classics.

WEST NEWBURY, June 25, 1826.

"Some ministers spend a great portion of their time in visiting the people, and in talking and praying with them in their houses. I must frankly say, that I do not think myself qualified at present to be so useful in this way as most others; having for years been exclusively devoted to books, I am not qualified to enter into the feelings and sympathies of a people as well as I hope to be. It is in the pulpit that you must judge of me at present. My habits of study I never wish to shake off. It is necessary that I have a large portion of my time to devote to study, and to a preparation for Sabbath and pulpit exercises.

"I shall want the forenoon of every day to myself, without being interrupted by calls from the people; and the two last days of the week I would have all to myself. I shall make no visits in the forenoon of any day, unless in case of sickness. The afternoons of the four first days of the weeks, I shall devote to visiting among the people, and in receiving visits. It will be for our mutual interests that we understand before hand about these matters; and I trust you will comply with my wishes as far as it is expedient to do so.

"So far from being my duty to make you think well of yourselves, it is my duty and wish to make you odious in your own estimation, so long as you live in the practice of evil. I would strip off the mask, and let you see yourselves as you are. We should never be deterred from speaking the truth and rebuking sin by fear of the consequences. He that endeavors to please men, by concealing the truth, acts the part of an impious man and our bitterest enemy. That friend is not worth possessing, who must be made such by a sacrifice of truth.

"If a man tells a dull story, you must call it spirited; if he makes an unnatural comparison, you must call it pertinent; if he makes a stupid joke, you must call it brilliant wit; if he is guilty of the grossest iniquity, you must call his conduct virtuous; if he perpetrates the blackest crimes upon the rights of others, you must call him a pleasant and gallant gentleman. What is that friendship or reputation worth, which must be obtained and sustained by sugaring

over the devil with honied words? My language may sometimes seem strong; if so, it is what I wish. I detest this flattering and conniving at evil to secure applause; however I may practice, I see the right.

"Let me frankly say, I value not your friendship, if it must be purchased at the expense of what I deem to be truth, and by conniving at evil among you. I had rather have you all to be my enemies, with the testimony of your consciences, that you had become so by my telling you the truth. We cannot tamper with truth with impunity.

"I am sensible that you will often be called to exercise the spirit of forbearance towards him whom you have called to preach among you. He has a manner of exhibiting his sentiments that is unpleasant to some; his course of theological studies and discipline has been somewhat peculiar; he has reason to sympathise deeply with those who are exercised with doubts and scepticism in regard to the most obvious truths. While he believes the essential principles of Christianity, he differs from many as to what these are, and his way of explaining and enforcing them.

"Do you wish me to give assurance that I shall always hold and preach my present sentiments? I can give you none. I acknowledge no creed, and I must interpret the will of God for myself, without reference to the opinions or practices of others. My mind shall ever be open to inquiry. I may change all my present views; and should I do so, while holding my present relation to you, you shall be the first to know it.

"Should I see faults in any one, I shall not whisper them behind his back; I will meet him face to face, and tell him what I think. Will you do the same by me? By so doing, we can live in peace."

(Preached in West Newbury, the Sunday after my ordination, June 5, 1826; from the text, "Am I become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?")

July, 1827.

SECTARIANS. — "Religion consists in pure affection, exhibited in good actions. Having joined a creed or party, each one feels bound in honor and conscience to vindicate his own. It is grievous to see the logomachy, the nugatory distinctions, the insignificant arguments

and malevolent feelings exhibited by religious partisans, all, as they say, for the honor of their God. Here Calvinists and Arminians have made distinctions, till they have reasoned themselves out of all common sense.

"Perhaps you will ask me, 'Are you a Calvinist, Arminian, or Hopkinsian?' I confess I am neither, as these words are understood by many. I know not Calvin, Luther, Edwards, Hopkins, or any other man, or set of men, as masters. I reverence them so far as I think them right, no further. But they were mere fallible men; often very passionate and erring, like others. What is Calvin, that I should call him Rabbi? A man often governed by a most unchristian and inhuman spirit. I never wish to be called a Calvinist, nor by any party name; but simply a good man. Would that all party names could be blotted out; then the sects would not know what to quarrel about; for sectarian quarrels are about names rather than things."

January, 1827.

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY. — "The experience of two thousand years has proved that theological disputes end in no good. What has been gained by the controversy about the Trinity? Has any new light been shed upon the character of Christ? Not one new idea has been advanced by Woods or Stuart, Ware or Channing. All that is in them may be found in the writings of the four first centuries of the Christian Era. Unitarians and Trinitarians have battled stoutly for their various creeds, and they must end where they began. But for the technical words and cant phrases of theology, there could be little controversy about religion. As well attempt to find Christianity in the mysteries of Paganism, as among the jumbling absurdities and crudities of the metaphysical theology of the present day.

"To talk to a man of the abstract doctrines of religion, as you would of the principles of Geometry, will never touch his heart. Christianity must reach men and move them to action, through the affections of the heart rather than the speculations of the head. Interest the hearts of men in it, and their heads will come right. The heart leads the head, the head seldom leads the heart. I am weary of theological controversy. Sectarianism may be advanced by it; but Truth, never."

February, 1827.

"BELIEVE ME, YE BETRAY THE CITADEL WHILE YE DEFEND THE OUTPOSTS." *

"Cicero made this remark with reference to those who

* Urben philosophia, mihi crede, proditis, dum castilla defenditis.

sacrificed the laws of nature, and the known facts of our existence, to their theology. They held to divination, and had rather deny the evidence of their eyes and ears, and every self-evident truth of their being, than to admit that their supposed divine oracles could be mistaken. Who can believe that an animal could live without a heart? But rather than doubt the inspiration of their sacred oracles, they would believe it; and received the assertion as divine truth, that when the animal was found to have no heart, it was a sure token from God, that he who consulted the oracle would be unfortunate. In admitting the possibility, that an animal could exist without a heart, they denied the essential law and fact of animal life, on which all true philosophy and religion are based. Fundamental principles of existence are given up to maintain the infallibility of their sacred oracles; a thing of no consequence in itself. Better give up any and every theological dogma, than deny the essential facts and elements of physical and social existence. Better yield up the outposts at once and abandon them, than betray the citadel.

"An application of this remark of Cicero to the theology and doings of our own times and country, is not difficult. The laws of our physical, social, intellectual and moral being, are the same now as they were in the days of Cicero, of David, Joshua, Moses and Abraham. The first man was placed under the same laws that we are under, and these laws never change. They are like God, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. These laws lead to the same results now as they ever did and ever will. What is opposed to them now, always was and always must be. Passion, no matter whether it assumes the form of sectarianism, of theology, or politics, makes men blind to the laws and facts of their existence. To save their political or theological creed, they will deny the very elements of their existence. They lay themselves and their God on the altar of some favorite dogma, or indulgence. To maintain the infallibility of their sacred oracles, they deny their own existence; reject God, or clothe Him with every evil attribute, if they receive him."

August, 1827.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.—“ ‘Love thy neighbor as thyself.’ To carry out this precept would make this earth an abode of peace, would put an end to all war and slavery, and to all wrong; for love can do no injury to the object loved. Men would not willingly enter into conflict and competition in any thing. Each would seek the good of each and every other, in preference to his own; for love is self-forgetting, and ‘seeketh not her own.’ We should never tempt one another to evil; nor seek to profit by the misfortunes and ignorance of others.

“ ‘Who is my neighbor?’ Men are divided into sects and nations; and members of each sect and nation seem to feel bound to love those of their own party better than others. We ask, ‘What interest have we in the adversity or prosperity of our fellow beings on the other side of the globe? What is it to me whether the African pines and dies in chains, in his or in other lands,—or whether he enjoys the liberty with which God made all men free? What care we for those whom oceans and continents separate from us?’ How different from this is the spirit of Christianity! ‘Who is my neighbor?’ The answer is, every human being, wherever born, whatever his color, creed, condition, or country.

“Is it asked, who is the Indian, the African, the Jew, the Greek, the heathen, the cannibal? The answer is, he is your brother; bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh. There is a chord that binds all human beings together. We have a common origin, a common nature, common sympathies, wants and destinies; are fed at one table, by the same paternal hand, warmed by the same sun, breathe the same air, and the sufferings of each one should be the sufferings of all. The interests of each are the interests of the whole, and the happiness of the whole is that of every one. We should extend the same brotherly sympathy to the whole family of man, that we do to the particular family in which we are born and nurtured; and be as anxious to relieve the sufferings of all men, as we may have power to do, as we are to relieve those of a brother or sister.

“ ‘ God styles himself the Father of men,’ and with a paternal hand he would make all blessed. It is a great and beautiful thought!—‘ OUR FATHER ’! The poor imbruted slave, as well as the tyrant master, can look up and say, ‘ My Father!’ But how can any tyrant thus address the Deity without mockery? How can he consistently recognize the paternity of God, who oppresses a fellow-creature? The purity and happiness of the Indian, in his wigwam, are as dear to God as those of the civilized man in his palace. Every human being, the most abused slave in his ignorance and chains, as well as the prince, may say to God, ‘ My Father!’ ”

“ Shall we then bound our sympathy by geographical lines; by sectarian or national distinctions? Shall we turn a deaf ear to the calls of mercy, when it is in our power to show mercy? Shall we clothe ourselves in purple and fine linen, and leave a brother to perish? Could we but feel that all are our brethren, and that we have One to be our Father, we should not confine our family affection to those who are of the same earthly parentage; but wherever we found a human being in affliction, our hearts and hands would be open to relieve him; and no pleasure would excel that of doing good to others, even to those who do evil to us.

“ We are not brothers and neighbors by proximity of residences, but in sympathy and suffering. How this principle of human brotherhood would abolish avarice and envy! How men would cease to grow rich by making others poor; to feed themselves by starving others; to live by killing others! How it would revolutionize commerce! Will this family be for ever broken up? Shall we never all come together around our common Father? I hope and wish we may; that Greek and Jew, black, white and red, Christian and heathen, may hereafter meet together in one loving fellowship.”

“ Let us open our hearts to this lofty, endearing principle of human brotherhood; let us expand our family affection; let us regard the whole earth as one neighborhood, and all men as our neighbors; and when we see any one, of any clime, condition or color, by the wayside, wounded and

bleeding, having fallen among thieves, let us make their sorrows, their wounds, their stripes, their tears, our own. Do not say, I have no influence. Each human being, however ignorant or poor, has a direct bearing on the destiny of the race, for good or evil. No one can live isolated. As all the particles that compose the earth are bound together by a bond of sympathy; and as each drop that rolls in the ocean has a direct influence on the mighty mass of waters, so each individual of the race has a direct influence on the whole. How grand the thought! Who would not so live, that all may safely and virtuously walk in his steps?

"How is this family torn asunder! See these children of one Father devouring one another, studying the art of mutual butchery, and cutting one another's throats,—all in the name, and by the command of their common Father, as they say. God made men to love one another, to be gentle and tender; but they have made the earth a mere slaughter-house for man. The most trifling causes often dash nations one against another, in deadly strife and bloody wars. The family of man is rent asunder; those who have the might have regarded the weak as lawful prey; they act as if might was right. It is an unnatural and unrighteous principle, and is the foundation of all tyranny and slavery. This is the basis of all individual and governmental oppression. I AM A MEMBER OF GOD'S FAMILY; A SUBJECT OF THE KING ETERNAL; AND MEN, AS INDIVIDUALS OR NATIONS, CAN RIGHTFULLY EXERCISE NO DOMINION OVER ME. NONE BUT GOD HAS A RIGHT TO RULE OVER ME. It is a violation of essential morality for any created being to assume governing power over me.

"It has been a question whether any circumstances could justify resistance unto blood. I would not plead for the principle of revenge, nor palliate the cruelties of war; but if any thing can justify the slaughter and carnage of war, it is oppression and slavery. When one man, or any set of men, seeks to oppress and enslave another, the injured party has a right to resist, by arms and blood, if such resistance be ever right. Though the tyrant be my brother,

if he seek to deprive me of my natural rights, and to make me a slave, instead of his brother, then, if ever, man has a right to resist, and break the rod of the oppressor. When we look back a few years, and see what our fathers suffered to gain their freedom, and to save themselves and their children from political bondage, surely we shall feel for our fellow-beings in slavery — a slavery far worse than that which our fathers endured; and the liberty which we count so dear, we shall cheerfully accord to others. Let their sighs, their tears, their anguish appeal to your hearts. Help them! for sighs and tears are their food. May the common Father hear their cries, and give them deliverance in due season. Such will be the prayer of us all, touching the sufferings and wrongs of our brother, wherever he may be, if we feel in us the spirit of human brotherhood.”

April 30, 1828.

CHURCH CONFERENCES. — “The ministers of Essex North Association met to-day in Newburyport, to form a Conference of Churches. Many ministers and delegates were present, and each was called on to give an account of the state of religious feeling in his society. There was a long and animated debate over the evils of such combinations. The great evil to guard against is, I think, this: though professedly designed to promote mutual acquaintance, they may, in time, become tribunals of despotism. I greatly fear they will be prejudicial to freedom of thought and discussion. I would promote mutual love and fellowship, but I should be sorry to do any thing to promote a combination that shall conflict with the most absolute individual freedom of thought, speech and action; that should merge man into the organization.”

May 1, 1828.

JUSTICE AND EQUITY NOT DEPENDENT ON TIME AND PLACE. — “Read the fifty-first Epistle of Seneca to-day, in which is the expression — ‘We are in the habit of ascribing many of our vices to times and places, which, nevertheless, cling to us wherever we go.’ True; we often justify ourselves in the infliction of wrongs upon our fellow-beings, by saying, ‘we had done differently, had we been differently situated.’ We are not cruel, ambitious, unkind, revengeful and oppressive, naturally; but we cannot help but be so under our circumstances. So we silence the remonstrances of friends, and of our own hearts. But, as Seneca says, ‘our wickedness is not external merely, it is within our hearts!’ Man carries his condemnation or acquittal, his heaven or hell, in his

bosom. As is the inner, so is the outer kingdom. Man is not the creature of time and place. The unjust and unkind in heart are unjust and unkind in all places, till the heart is changed. Only the pure in heart shall see God. What is right or wrong in one place is so in all places; what is just or unjust in one period is so in all periods of the world. Truth and Right are as unchangeable as God."

May 2, 1828.

MY STUDIES. — "Have been, for several days, comparing the Septuagint translation with the Hebrew Bible, that I might know by personal observation the value of both. What confidence is due to the Septuagint? When it differs from the Hebrew text, which is entitled to most confidence? When was this translation made, and by whom? Is the story that it was made at one time by seventy Jewish priests, at Alexandria, true? Or was it made at different periods, as the wants of the scattered Jews demanded? Was it designed to be a true translation or a paraphrase?

"Lectured to the church, preparatory to the communion, to show that a Christian will shine with a steady light, that grows brighter and brighter every day. He will be like the sun, shining steadily and brightly, and not like the uncertain glimmerings of a wandering meteor. One day, all zeal, their feelings roused to great excitement, and the next, cold as death, and without one token of their calling."

"Read to-day, with H., the first Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. No novel or poetry has enchanted me like these fables. Never did a more amusing and instructive writer put pen to paper. Such a mixture of wisdom and folly; of the sublime and ridiculous; of pathos and puerility, never came from human brains. I was struck with one expression to-day. The poet says, 'Discoveries that profit all others, are unprofitable to their authors.*' How true is this! A Columbus died in poverty and obscurity; a Fulton lived and died in poverty; but his discoveries have blessed the race. So with those who have discovered moral principles, or new applications of them; they have lived and

* Non prosunt domino, quæ prosunt omnibus, artes.

died scorned and forsaken, but millions have been blessed by their discoveries. The life and teachings of Jesus procured Him a cross. How have they benefitted the world! So there are those now whose lives and teachings will bless all coming ages, but procure for themselves a life of toil, poverty and anxiety, and an unknown and unhonored death. A Mary or a John may be at their burial, but a continent may be redeemed by their labors."

May 2, 1826.

"Arose this morning with bodily languor and depression of spirit. Spent the forenoon in writing a sermon. No employment is so ruinous to the health of body and mind as writing when the mind is exhausted and the feelings dull. In nothing do I more need a healthy, elastic, buoyant spirit than in writing sermons to preach to those who require plain, common thoughts, combined with warm and earnest feelings. The subjects on which people expect to be addressed on Sunday, require a style neither so familiar as to seem trifling, nor so solemn as to be forbidding; a style of candor, of ease and earnestness. No man can write well on such topics, or on any, when the mind is depressed.

"Compared the Greek of the nineteenth of Genesis with the Hebrew text, and found several instances where there is a wide difference between them. There is much in this chapter that has been the sport of those who wish to sport over the deeds recorded in the Jewish Scriptures. Was the blindness that came on the Sodomites miraculous, or the mere effect of darkness and perplexity of mind? The latter, probably. Was Lot's wife actually turned into a pillar of salt, or is it a figurative expression, to show that she perished by her own folly, in lingering and refusing to escape speedily? It merely means, I think, that she was destroyed as a consequence of lingering behind. She was unwilling to leave, and perished.

"Was the destruction of the cities of the plain effected by a miracle, or by some bituminous substance in the earth, that caught fire, and by the rising up of a subterranean lake? The writer doubtless thought it was a miraculous interposition of Heaven. Was he mistaken?"

"Compared also the twentieth chapter. In this it is shown that Abraham could err, and practice deception. The character of Abimelech appears much the fairest, and well might he say to Abraham—'No man would have done as thou hast done to me.' He took a noble revenge on the patri-

arch, by returning good for evil. Yet according to the narrative, God took the part of Abraham. It is impossible not to feel that Abraham was wrong.

"Read the sixth and seventh Eclogues of Virgil, with H., and some of the second Book of Ovid."

May 4, 1828.

"Compared the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters of Genesis. The Greek, in some instances, gives the ideas most clear and forcible. Poor Hagar! She and her child felt sorely the effects of Sarah's jealousy and Abraham's cruelty. Nothing could justify Abraham in sending his son and his concubine out into the wilderness. Till he received what he supposed to be a divine command, he was unwilling to do it. How could a just and good God drive Ishmael out from being blessed in his father, to become a savage and a wild man, to war upon his fellow-men? Why not let him stay, and partake in the purifying and refining influence of the promised good? The scene of Hagar watching by her little son, as he cries for help, is affecting. She could not see him die, yet she could not leave him; she sat down and wept. Who can read it, and the future history of Ishmael, and not feel deeply the injustice and cruelty of the unnatural father?"

"Did God ever command human sacrifices? Did he ever try the allegiance of one of his children, by commanding him to do a deed so unnatural, so monstrous?"

"Read with H. the seventh Eclogue of Virgil, and several fables in Ovid. These readings of the Latin poets with H. are deeply interesting. We have great discussions over them, searching into the history, literature and mythology of Rome and Greece."

May 6, 1828.

"Compared chapter twenty-eighth of Genesis. This narrative of Jacob's journey suggests the inquiry — Who is the author of Genesis? Where did he live? Some verses clearly show that the writer or compiler lived long after what he writes about happened. Genesis is a collection of

traditions — collected into a volume — no one can possibly know by whom.

“Who was the angel with whom Jacob wrestled? Was it a messenger from Esau, or some spiritual agent? It was evidently some visible, tangible antagonist, in the shape and body of a man.

“Read with H. the ninth and tenth Eclogues of Virgil, and the fable of Phaeton in Ovid. Nothing can be more beautiful than some parts of this fable — the latter part of it is a great falling off. The story is like the hero, in heaven at the outset, and on earth at the end.”

May 7, 1828.

“Compared the Hebrew and Greek of the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh of Genesis. Whoever was the author of this book, it is obvious that this chapter was inserted at a late period, after the nation had formed a kingly government. ‘There were kings that ruled in Edom, before there were any kings in Israel,’ says the writer. This settles the question as to its date. I should think this and the preceding chapter were turned into Greek by different persons, and at different times.

“The story of the sale of Joseph, in chapter twenty-seventh, is very affecting. Had Reuben boldly remonstrated, he might have saved Joseph; but by his want of moral courage to oppose the injustice openly, he was sold as a slave.”

PARADISE. — “Read with H. part of the first Book of Virgil’s Georgics, in which the poet accounts for the origin of agriculture. It was said to Adam that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; and that God cursed the earth for the very purpose of obliging him to labor, and to prevent food from growing spontaneously. For the same reason, Virgil says Jupiter put a stop to the golden age, shook the honey from the leaves, stopped the vine, the apple, and other fruits from growing without culture; gave poison to the serpent, a thirst for blood to the tiger, took away fire from the earth, covered it with ice and snow, with deserts, thorns and thistles, ‘that, by degrees, experience might develop the various arts of husbandry.’” As though God ever miraculously cursed the earth to punish man! As though thorns, thistles and deserts were a curse to the earth, any more than flowers, fruits, and rich fields! As though tigers, wolves and vultures were designed as a curse to man, more than lambs and doves! There is no poetry that can be read

* Ut varias usus meditando extunderet artes,
Paulatim.

with pleasure oftener than the Georgics. No poet was ever so happy in selecting epithets and in painting nature, though Thomson, in his 'Seasons,' has tried to imitate him. I can never see oxen ploughing, or fields covered with harvests, or the woodsman with his axe, without thinking of Virgil's pictures."

"Thunderbolts, earthquakes, volcanoes, tempests and tornadoes, snow and ice, these are the results of natural law, and as necessary to the perfection of this world, and to the life and happiness of men, as are water and food, or light and air. God never sends these to punish men, but always to bless them, and display His love and goodness. He established the laws that lead to such results, and could not prevent the effects without destroying the cause. The theology of my childhood, and of all Christendom, is at war with facts, in this matter, and must yield to them. God rules not the world by fitful, arbitrary mandates, or by what is often termed 'particular providence;' but by fixed, immutable, just and equitable laws. These laws are plainly written out on the physical, intellectual, social and moral nature of man, and of the world in which he lives. What had been the result, had the same amount of talent, energy, time and money, been expended in expounding this unchanging statute book, this infallible 'Word of God,' that is nigh unto us, written even in our souls and bodies, on the earth and sea, the eternal granite, the ephemeral flower, which have been expended in explaining the Bible? The Bible is a glorious book, rightly understood and used; but when allowed to supersede that God-given code by which matter and mind are governed, and which is the just, enduring, unchanging law of life; and when it is used to justify a violation of any or of all these eternal laws of God, then it becomes a 'savor of death unto death' to all who thus follow it. I would say with the poet,—'The law of the Lord is perfect; the testimony of the Lord is sure; the statutes of the Lord are right; the commandments of the Lord are pure, and the legislation of the Lord is clean.' But where are these perfect, sure, right, pure and clean statutes of God to be found? Engraven on the physical and spiritual universe; and obedience to these laws does 'convert

the soul,' 'make wise the simple,' 'rejoice the heart,' and 'enlighten the eyes.' They are 'true and righteous altogether,' and 'endure for ever.' I wish men would study this book, instead of plunging into an unknown abyss, and exploring the regions of space, to find God and duty."

"Read with H. the 123d Epistle of Seneca, in which he shows the folly of making ourselves slaves to any particular kinds of food and cookery. He strikingly observes — 'When a man cannot get what he wishes, he can gain the same end by not wishing to have what he cannot get.'"

"I would so regulate my passions, habits of eating, drinking and sleeping, and all my appetites, that I shall not be made unhappy by every little privation. I would not be the slave of any appetite, and would take the loss of any little comforts pleasantly. I do hate to see men fretting at their wives, or wives at husbands, or sons and daughters fretting and scolding at domestics because food is not cooked to their mind, and because meals are not ready at a given moment. I would build my happiness on the wealth of the heart and mind, and not on any outward circumstance. 'Whatever I ought not to have, I will supply to myself by not desiring.'† Never was a truer saying than this. He observes — 'Among the causes of our sufferings is this, that we live by the example of others; we are not conformed to reason, but are led by custom.'‡ Though assured that a practice is ruinous to our health of body or peace of mind, we pursue it because others do; because it is custom. What we would shun when done by few, we eagerly perpetrate when done by many; as though the honesty and probity of any course depended on the numbers who pursued it. The doctrine which men would not dare to believe, when advocated by a few obscure individuals, they eagerly embrace as soon as the multitude or the rich and popular receive it; as though the truth of any thing depended on numbers. How often it is that vice assumes the place of virtue, injustice of justice, piracy of piety, when sanctioned by the voice of a multitude, combined in a church or nation!"

May 8, 1828.

"Arose at the dawn, and took my accustomed walk down to the river Merrimack, and along its banks. Nothing can

* *Quiquid vult habere potest; illud potest, nolle, quod non habet.*

† *Quod dari deberet, ipse sibi, non desiderando, supplevit.*

‡ *Inter causas malorum nostrorum, est, quod vivimus, ad exempla; nec ratione componimur, sed consuetudine abducimur.*

be more sweet, and soothing, and enlivening, than a fair May morn like this, between daylight and sunrise. Then every thing is gay and cheerful. He must be misanthropic, and lost to all that is beautiful, who can look at what I have seen this morning, and not feel within him the very spirit of joy and innocence. The golden east, glowing under a bright sun, rolling up from the ocean; the broad and deep river, rolling by in great majesty, and smooth as a mirror; the earth, arrayed in its verdant garment; flowers shooting up all around; trees and bushes putting forth the tender bud and leaf; birds hopping and flying about, twittering, warbling, singing, bowing, scraping and ogling, as if their little hearts were full of love and joy to overflowing; if man can smile, he will smile at this. I love these morning walks along the beautiful, broad Merrimack.

“Read with H. the Sixth Book of the Iliad — one of the sweetest pictures Homer ever drew. It has been said of him, that he had nothing to do with the domestic affections. Never was a domestic scene drawn with more delicacy and pathos, than in the interview between Hector and his wife. See the warrior lay by his shield and helmet, to kiss his infant son, and embrace his wife, who, as the poet says, ‘is smiling through her tears!’ It is a sweet relief to follow Hector from the field of blood and carnage, to the tranquil indulgence of his domestic affections. I can seem to see the little affrighted boy nestling in the bosom of his nurse, and Andromache holding out her arms to embrace the blood-stained warrior.”

May 14, 1828.

“Rose before sunrise; read the Scriptures and had prayers with the family, as usual. Read a chapter in Revelations — a book of which I have little or no knowledge. It gives little instruction to my mind. Repaired to my study at six, and from that time till twelve, I stood by my desk, (I always write and read standing,) comparing different translations of Job with the original Hebrew. Between twelve and one, heard H. recite in Virgil. Spent the afternoon in noting down the discrepancies between the different transla-

tions of the book of Job. This is a useful, but laborious business; and it makes sad work with one's confidence in the Bible as an infallible standard of truth.

"What a variety of thoughts pass through my mind each day, from the most trivial to the most important, the most ridiculous to the most sublime. I wish I could register every thought and feeling for one day. What a medley!

"Read the account given by John Winthrop, first Governor of Massachusetts, in his private journal, of the proceedings of the colony in 1640-41, under the magistracy of Governor Bellingham. There are many instances in which the ministers and magistrates gave sound advice, but were grossly cruel and culpable in practice. I wonder it never occurred to men so learned, that the laws and regulations of the Jews, especially their penal code, had nothing to do with us."

May 16, 1828.

"Even if we had good reason to suppose the four gospels mere fabrications of men, still, the principles which they contain, and the course of conduct they mark out, should command the respect and attention of every rational man. We know that a compliance with the spirit and principles embodied in the teachings and life of Jesus would give us heaven.

"Read with H. Second Book of Georgics. If a man wishes to be a farmer without the sweat of the brow, let him read the First Book of Georgics."

May 28, 1828.

"Had company all day; a most unprofitable waste of time; for we could not talk on any thing which was of consequence. I cannot bear thus to waste a whole day in mere chit-chat. What else could I talk to them, or they to me? They were from town, and were asking a thousand questions about the country, and country life and doings, that a stupid lobster might answer.

"Have just read a Tariff Bill recently passed by Congress, regulating duties on imports. I do not see the justice of it.

It will greatly increase the price of wearing apparel. I question the justice of encouraging one kind of industry at the expense of another."

June, 1828.

"Have been writing to-day on our human relations. Children of the same Father are to love one another; to be kind, forgiving, gentle; and nothing is more heinous than children of the same Father rising one against another in bloody combat, and calling on their common Father to aid them in the work of mutual slaughter. It is revolting to humanity to see brothers and sisters refusing to pity and relieve one another, and seeking to promote their mutual destruction. Were the Israelites and Canaanites brethren, children of one Father? Could it be right for the Jews to slaughter their brothers and sisters, and give God thanks? We know all men are the children of one Father; that the same God made all, and wishes all to live in love and peace.

"There is something great in this view of God and man! God has as much affection and paternal regard for the African slaves, in their cabins and chains, in the South, and for the Indians, in their wigwams and forests, as for us; and in his estimation, the happiness of one is as dear as that of others. Every human being, the king on his throne, and the crushed slave in his ignorance and oppression, may look up to the same Being, and say, 'My Father.' Could we but feel the power of this truth, we should not confine our family affection to the few who are immediately around us; but wherever there is human woe, we should feel that our brother is in tears. How quickly, then, should we fly to his relief, to rescue him from slavery, tyranny, and oppressions of all kinds; and our hearts would rejoice in the opportunity to serve the afflicted and oppressed."

LETTER VI.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

ROCKHANE COTTAGE, ROSENHEATH, }
June 22, 1847. }

DEAR FRIEND:

Sectaries and bigots, who think it impiety to turn out an old idea and take in a new one, had better skip this page; it may shock them. They may be grieved and pained; and I do not wish to cause grief and pain to any sincere and honest heart. I wish to express what seems to me the true meaning of language, and apply religious truth to practical matters.

I was up and at my writing this morning before 3 o'clock; but it cost me a desperate struggle, and for some time victory was doubtful; for "when I would do good, evil is present with me." The conflict was all in my own bosom, about rising as the day dawned, and going out to breathe fresh air and bathe in the burne. The flesh said, "Lie a little longer; it is so cold without, and so warm within;" but the spirit said, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." The carnal mind said, "Go thy way for this time, and when I have a more convenient opportunity, I will hearken to thee;" but the spiritual mind said, "No! up and out; this moment, if thou wilt hear my voice, harden not thy heart." The law, in my members, that was struggling to bring me into captivity to sin and death, said enticingly and soothingly, "No need to be so rigid; omit the bath this once, just this once; it will make no difference in the long run; then it is so chilly and vexatious to go out of a warm bed into sparkling cold water." But the spirit, that delights in the law of God, i. e., of physical purity and health, said sternly, "Rise! go wash and be clean, and be a temple for the Holy One to dwell in; bathing is not vexatious; it is thy

life, thy joy." "O dear," cries out the demon, "'why art thou come to torment me before my time?' Let me alone, pure and spotless one! What have I to do with thee? I know that thou art the child of God; but why disturb me at this early hour? A little more sleep, a little more slumber, and a little more folding the arms to sleep." But the God within serenely and firmly answered, "Silence, thou unclean spirit! Cease thy lying, and come out of him, and let him go down to the water, and baptize himself in the name of purity, health and happiness." As I was "moved by the Holy Ghost,"* (i. e., by a pure, right spirit,) the mandate said, "Get up; open the window; let in fresh air; go out; look upon the lochs and mountains, and let the pure, invigorating breeze blow on thee, and take away the dulness, the heaviness and sluggishness caused by close, hot and impure air. Go wash, and "put away the old man with his deeds, and put on the new man," that is created in cleanliness, innocence and righteousness, after the divine image;" but as I was moved by "the will of man," (i. e., by self-indulgence,) the soft insinuation was, "Why trouble thyself? sleep away; the bed is so easy, and the room so snug and warm!"

Thus I struggled, and it was a long time before the evil spirit was "cast into hell-fire," to weep and wail and gnash his teeth. A man needs to "put on the whole armor of God," to enable him to go through those regenerating, cleansing, strengthening operations, that are essential to purity, and health of body and soul. That religion that goes about the world to save the soul, while it takes no thought for the cleanliness, vigor and health of the body, is an object of loathing to me. I will none of it. It leaves me to the pains and agonies of hell on earth, under pretence of anxiety to get my soul into heaven when it leaves the body. That religion that cannot bring heaven to my soul while in the body, cannot raise my soul to heaven when out of it. I obeyed the inspiration of God; bid Satan get behind me; sprang out of bed, and in a moment was in the barge. I came up out of the water a new man, and sat down to my writing with renewed and cheerful vigor.

But I wish to give, in this letter, some extracts from my journal, kept during my excursion from home, in 1828.

* 2 Peter, i. 21.

Boston, July 9, 1828.

"I am at the Marlboro' Hotel. Came from home, in West Newbury, to this place, *via* Haverhill, Andover and Reading, to journey about two or three weeks, to rest from my ministerial labors. Here I am, surrounded by 70,000 human beings, huddled together, and I generally feel depressed in a city. Have wandered about the place a good deal. I wonder what makes people crowd into cities! I do not believe it is possible for the bodies and souls of men to be so healthfully developed in cities as in the country. All cities are the works of men, and these, in their noblest forms, have not to me the charms of green fields and forests.

"I cannot, for the life of me, see what enjoyment there is in viewing trucks and truck horses, as they tug and toil on pavements; or in beholding brick and stone walls; in walking on streets paved with round or flat stones, and covered with dust or uncleanness, and having the ears stunned with the din of carriages and horses, and the bawling men and hooting boys; and in breathing air putrid with a compound of villanous smells and impurities. I take little pleasure in looking at the finery, the jewelry, the splendid, but useless toys and trappings. Somehow they are connected in my mind with vanity, effeminacy, luxury and debauchery. All seems very strange and unnatural to me here, because, perhaps, I am so little used to it; but as I walk about the streets, I cannot but say to myself, What are all these to that beauty, delicacy and grandeur, displayed in nature's works in the country? To the green meadows, the graceful, rolling hills, the blooming and golden orchards and corn-fields, and the broad Merrimack, at West Newbury?

"The first impression I receive, on coming from the country to the city is, that Boston has no sources of enjoyment. My head seems distracted, and my heart, if it ever was any thing else, seems a rack, as I enter a city. Yet, if I could look behind the outward show, get into the social and domestic life of the city, I should find the richest and purest affections of humanity here exhibited in their freshness and beauty. But I can scarcely conceive how pure, self-forgetting affection can survive the contaminating influence of city customs. Parents talking of shops, parties and theatres, and children of fashions, shopping, silks, calicoes, sugar plums, shows,

pretty looks and handsome shapes, and the simplicity and artless frankness of nature are unknown. Had I a daughter or son to educate, no temptation could induce me to train their childhood in cities. I had rather have a son trained to be the most clownish backwoodsman, than make him a polished city fop. Give me the green fields, hills, orchards and forests of the country, and they may have the walls, the streets, and splendid baubles of the city who wish them. Give me the rusticity, simplicity and honesty of the country, and they who wish may keep the polish and refinement of cities, with the perverted taste, affectation and deceit that attend city life. But I know not much of cities. I may be mistaken; I probably am; but a visitor sees only the gaudy, deceitful show: the diamond of purity and affection may lie beneath."

July 12, 1828.

"In a steamer, on the Narraganset Bay, passing from Newport to Providence. A bright, sunny, calm day. This is an enchanting spot. The pretty islands are around us, and the water is covered with myriads of birds. A small fort is near us, on an island, and the drums and fife and cannon are all saluting us as we pass. The sound of the music and cannon floating over the bay, the easy and rapid motion of the boat, the clear, calm bosom of the waters on which we float, the sight of Newport, the sweet breeze, all combine to inspire one with new life and soul. At Newport, I sat up most of last night, reading the Red Rover, by Cooper, whose opening scene is laid in that town. It is his best; the characters being drawn with great vividness and power. I have a passion for novels, like unto the passion of a miser for his gold, or a politician for power. Mine for novels is insatiable, and many have I read; more than I ever shall."

Sunday, July 13, 1828.

"In the church-yard, where lie the descendants of Roger Williams, the noble man, who, for his fearless advocacy of freedom of thought and speech, and religious toleration, was banished from Massachusetts Colony by the Puritans, and driven to seek that sympathy and kindness among savage Indians which were denied him by those calling themselves Christians. I am by the graves of a

father and mother, who died nearly at the same time; and beside them lie five children, the oldest fifteen, youngest six, all of whom died within one year of one another. The grave looks lovely here, as she embraces these loving ones in her bosom. They were united in life, and they are not separated in death. The world of spirits! Could I but lift the veil, and look into it, and see its secrets, it would satisfy me. But there may be no secrets there, only a continuation of what we are, except the body."

Tuesday, July 16.

"I am on the top of Mount Hope. Came here from Fall River, round by Howland's Ferry, at the north end of Rhode Island. This beautiful mount is in the township of Bristol, two miles east of the town. The day is pleasant, the air perfectly clear, and the prospect from the mount is lovely. I do not blame Philip, the king and chieftain of the Wampanoags, or Mount Hope Indians, for making this spot the seat of his power, and the home of his heart. The spirit of that great and noble man, who sought to save his people from the dominion and murderous weapons of the professedly Christian whites, seems to hover over this spot. Alas for our deluded and all-grasping ancestors! I believe the motives and conduct of the Indian chieftain, in defending his country, will meet with better acceptance before the universal Father than theirs. The blood which Church and his puritanical, praying, and man-slaying companions caused to flow from the hearts of Philip and his warriors, and their wives and children, near this spot, is a swift witness against their injustice and cruelty.

"The sweet and placid features of this scenery can be felt, but not described. There is nothing sublime, desolate or imposing. The mount is not high; but in mildness and beauty it surpasses, I think, any natural scenery I have seen. As I view the smiling expression of the scene before me, I feel as I sometimes do when looking on the fresh, glowing, innocent face of a sleeping infant. It is so calm, so fresh, so mild, so pure, as it smiles beneath the rays of a warm sun! On the north-east, the mount slopes down into a swamp, where Philip, as he fled, was shot through the heart by a traitor, and where Church had his body hacked to pieces. On the south

and east, the mount slopes down to Mount Hope Bay, and I can hear the waters, as they ripple on the pebbly shore.

"I cannot but look back to the time when the Indian chieftain was ruler on this mount. All the region around once echoed with the mirth and songs of the children of the forest; but they have passed away like the forest that sheltered them. Now their Puritan destroyers have erected temples to that God who, they say, led them on to battle against those rightful dwellers on this mount, and enabled them to exterminate their wives and children. The Indians had justice on their side, but the Puritans had the power and the victory."

PROVIDENCE, July 16, 1828.

"Came from Bristol this morning in a stage coach, passing through Warren, the street being lined with cherry-trees on both sides, and loaded with ripe cherries. I rode on the outside, and as we passed under the trees, I plucked off lots of cherries, but in doing so, had my hat knocked off into the dirt, and was sprinkled with a plentiful baptism of dew drops that fell from the trees, as I plucked the fruit.

"On our way, we overtook a poor Irish lad, who was trudging through the mud, slowly and with difficulty making his way to Providence. He hailed the driver and wished to get on, being very weary. 'What must I give you to convey me?' asked the lad. The driver looked at him, and saw that he was poor and very weary. He looked honest. 'What will you give?' asked the driver; adding, 'your boots will weigh as much as a common man.' 'They are the best and all I have,' said the lad, blushing to the eyes, at the coarse jest of the driver upon his poverty. Finally he climbed up, and sat beside me on the box. Again the boy asked, 'How much must I give?' 'How much have you to give?' asked the driver; as much as to say, I shall charge you according to your ability to pay. 'Twenty-five cents,' said the boy, 'and it is all I have.' 'Let me examine your pockets,' said the driver. The boy instantly complied, and held up his pockets, as though assured he had no more. The driver thrust his hand into his pockets, and pulled out forty-five cents. 'There,' said the driver, 'I thought you had more than you said.

You have lied to me. The boy was abashed, and pretended that he did not know that he had so much, and the tears rolled down, as he told the driver to take it all, but not suspect him of lying. So I took the boy's part, and held a long argument over him and the Irish generally, with the driver. He declared that the Irish were liars by nature and education, and not to be trusted. I said, they were not more deceitful and lying than were Americans; for they are professional liars, when they talk of liberty and independence, and of being an asylum for the oppressed.

"I could not but reflect, how painful it is to be suspected of lying, when one is conscious of telling, or of an intention to tell the truth. How important to children to feel that others confide in them!"

ANNAWON'S ROCK. — "Soon as I arrived in Providence, I took a horse and chaise, and came to this place, ten miles east of Providence, in the township of Rehoboth. It is called Annawon's Rock, familiar in the history of Indian and Puritan wars, as the place where Church, the martial hero of the Puritans, captured Annawon, chief captain of Philip, the chieftain of the Wampanoags, on Mount Hope. Here I am on the very spot where the noble Indian chief and patriot was sitting, with his little son, when Church, led on by a traitor Indian whom he compelled to guide him by threats of death, stole upon him, and took him and his boy captive. Over my head is the place where Church and his men let themselves down the edge of the rock, and stood before the chieftain, before he saw them. The angle of the rock, in which the chieftain and his son were lying, faces the south-east; to the north and west, the rock rises nearly perpendicular, forming a perfect shelter, and before the angle of the rock, to the south and south-east, is an extensive swamp, even now almost impenetrable. This is called Annawon's wigwam. I cannot conceive a more secure hiding place; and he could not have been found, had not one of his own most trusted friends, overcome by the threats of Church, led him to the hiding place.

"It is a wild, desolate spot, adapted to be an Indian hiding place. After the death of his chieftain, and the destruction of his tribe, his friends and family, in the battle on Mount Hope, he fled here with his little son, the only one of his family left to him by the Puritans, and with the badges of Philip's royalty, he here concealed himself

and them. Annawon, the brave and patriotic captain of a brave and patriotic king! I seem to see him lying here on this spot, where I now sit, on Monday night of August 28, 1676. His little son wrapped in his blanket, and nestling in his father's desolate bosom. Here he lay meditating on the wrongs he and his people had received from the Christians, as they called themselves, and on the character of the destroyers of his family and friends. He had seen his leader shot and cut to pieces; his family and friends hunted like beasts and slaughtered; and now, alone, he meditates over the midnight fire, that sheds a dim light on the dense forest before him, and the wild scene around him. I see the Puritan Indian hunter, hater and slayer, creeping upon him, like the stealthy panther. He springs upon him, and raises the child, and holds him as security for the chieftain's submission; threatening death to the boy, if the father resisted. He yielded on promise of life to himself and his boy; and arose and laid the regalia of his tribe at the feet of his conqueror. He was taken to Plymouth; and there was murdered by those who, through their agent, had promised him safety; and his son, as it is related, was sold as a slave.

"Brave, heroic, patriotic Annawon! Surrounded by enemies, betrayed by friends; this hiding place gave him no protection. If the spirits of the departed can do so, then must the spirits of Philip, of Annawon, and the Indian tribes of this region, once the powerful and rightful owners of it, now blotted out, cry for vengeance upon the descendants of their Puritan murderers. May Heaven open my eyes to see the character of the deeds of my forefathers, towards the wronged people whom they drove from their houses, and whose lands we possess! But the Puritans ever pleaded the example of the Israelites in conquering Canaan, to justify their conduct. What can I say to this? Did God have any thing to do with one more than the other? He had no more to do with either, than with the slaughter of the infants of Bethlehem; or the crucifixion of Jesus, the deeds of pirates and of midnight assassins. Were the deeds, attributed to God in the Old Testament, found attributed to Him in any other book, the writer would be denounced as a blasphemer. The deeds of Moses, Joshua, and Gideon, in slaughtering their enemies, are as opposed to love and justice, as are the deeds of Herod, Judas, or the assassin, and nothing can change their inherent wickedness.

UXBRIDGE, Thursday, July 17, 1828.

"Came to this place to-day from Providence in a chaise, a pleasant ride of twenty-four miles, except five or six miles of the distance. The following was my annoyance :

"I overtook a very corpulent, heavy man, who looked like one who had brought himself to rags and poverty by intemperance. I inquired the way to a certain place ; said he was going directly there, and could show the way. I could not refuse what was a request to let him ride. So I asked him to get in ; and my poor little horse, already leg-weary, did not thank me for the additional load. He was a squalid, bloated, filthy person. I was disposed to be silent, and to say as little to him as possible. His breath, when he spoke, smelt like an old rum barrel ; but he gave me no chance to offer him the discourtesy. He stared at me, and asked me several questions, very civilly, and I said 'Yes,' or 'No,' as the case might be.

"'Are you a minister?' said he. 'What makes you ask?' I said. 'Do I look like one?' 'You are not dressed like one,' said he ; 'but your face is a minister's face.' I was dressed in light clothes, and did not feel particularly ministerial just then. 'I am not aware that there is any thing specially ministerial in my face,' I said. 'But there is,' said he ; 'you would make a good priest, if you are not one.' 'If you think so,' I said, 'I may as well deal with you at once. I think Rum has been no friend of yours.' He set his tongue loose at once, and went on in an eloquent strain against drinking, and said all that one could wish to have said against it. 'But you can talk,' I said, 'like a saint ; but alas, for your practice ; judging from your breath and appearance !' 'But if you will only listen,' said he, 'and hear me talk, you will find I knew all about divinity and theology, and that I am a first rate Christian, notwithstanding appearances are against me.' 'Indeed, appearances are terribly against you,' I said ; 'and if you are a first rate saint, who are the first rate sinners !' 'But listen and hear me talk,' said he, 'and argue the knotty points of theology. Why, man, I know all about Calvin, Edwards, Hopkins, the Catechism, and the Bible ; I have drunk deep into them all.' 'But your deep draughts of theology,' I said, 'have not prevented you from drinking deep into the rum bottle.' 'But,' said he, 'that is all as it should be. Theology is not at all inconsistent with rum.

The rum refreshes my body, while theology refreshes my spirits.' 'But,' I said, 'it has refreshed your body in a queer way; it has refreshed you into rags, and, if I am not mistaken, will soon refresh you into apoplexy, or delirium tremens; and I think your theology has already refreshed your soul into a paralysis, or apoplexy.' 'But,' said he, 'don't judge me harshly. Only listen, and don't interrupt me, and you will see I am an orthodox theologian, and a good Christian.' So I kept quiet, and he rattled away; and I was surprised at his extensive knowledge of controversial theology. He had indeed drunk deep into 'divinity,' as he called it; but the haggard, dull eye, the blanched cheek, the red nose and face, the stammering tongue, the trembling hand, the squalid, filthy appearance, bore unequivocal testimony to the drunkard. He repeated over, word for word, whole chapters of the Bible, and quoted writers on theology; and I concluded he had seen better days. I hinted to him my thoughts; and he acknowledged himself a child of one of New England's most learned, popular, and orthodox divines. Had been regularly converted and brought into the church, and had studied for the ministry. Poor fellow! My sympathies became deeply enlisted in him. I could not but ask myself, What has the theology of Christendom to do with humanity, and the practical purposes of our earthly being?

"It is sad to see where the passion for strong drink leads men! There is no extreme of misery to which it does not conduct. There is power in the precept, 'resist the very appearance of evil;' for if we give way once, we are sure to do so again. If we yield a little, we are sure to yield a great deal. The drunkard's passion grows by what it feeds upon. No man is satisfied with one dram. If he has not power to resist the first, he will not have it to resist the second. If a man can find an apology for one glass, he can for ten. If he can excuse himself for drinking at all, he will find one for drinking any quantity. Juvenal, in his 14th Satire, 238d line, beautifully and forcibly expresses the thought:

"'No man is satisfied to err, only as far as you permit; if allowed to err at all, men will indulge themselves more than you allow.'"

* *Nemo satis credit tantum delinquere; quantum
Permittas: adeo indulgent sibi latius ipse.*

They will, indeed; total abstinence from all that intoxicates is the only safe rule. Freedom from all sin, or indulgence to all, is the only law under which man can live."

PAWTUCKET, Friday, July 18, 1828.

MANUFACTURES.—"Came to this place from Providence, four miles north. This is a manufacturing town. Indeed, Rhode Island is little else than a manufacturing village. Agriculture is but little thought of. The people are collected into small villages around factories, spinning and weaving cotton wool. Is this a wise policy in a government like ours? Is it good to have so large a portion of the people in factories? The tariff, by enhancing the duties on imported cloths and calicoes, has given an unnatural stimulus to manufacturing, and the reaction must come.

"In this nation, I think the more the people are located on the land, and scattered, the better. Let them improve the land, and develop its riches and capacity to feed the world, and let England be our workshop. A farming population will be likely to be more virtuous and republican, and more fixed to the soil. Factories train up men and women to habits of dependence on employers, and unfit them to exercise self-government; they will deeply affect domestic order and discipline; they take children from under the care of parents in early life, and group them together with no restraining and guiding influence, and they have a demoralizing influence on those who are thus taken from the influence of home. Farmers may make money by factories, but will they not lose character?

"Factories will have a direct tendency to accumulate capital in the hands of a few, and to create a monied aristocracy. They will surround a few with all the luxuries of life, and the many who do the work, with poverty and want, and helpless dependence, as to their position and influence in society. The fewer the hired laborers in any society, the better; the greater the number of those who are independent laborers, and in business for themselves, the better for the cause of human freedom and progress."

PLYMOUTH, Saturday, July 19, 1828.

"Came to this place from New Bedford in the stage coach, across a plain of sand and pine and oak shrubs. Arrived here about noon;

and this is my first visit to this spot where the pilgrims, as they are called, landed December, 1620. Soon after my arrival, I went to a library and took out a romance, called 'A Peep at the Pilgrims,' which gives an account of the character, practices and sufferings of the first settlers of Plymouth Colony. I spent the afternoon in converse with Carver, Bradford, Standish, and others, who were prominent in the sufferings and labors of settling this colony. After reading that book and some historical records of the place, I went to see the Pilgrim's Rock, a rock on which they first landed; and then went upon burying hill, that overlooks the town and harbor and country around, and where those who have lived and died here, for two hundred years, have been buried.

"On this hill the Indians first showed themselves to the Pilgrims, and bid them welcome; and here lie buried the descendants of those who forsook their native land, and encountered perils, by sea and land, for conscience sake. As I stood among those silent sleepers, and read their epitaphs, I conversed with the illustrious, but in many things, deluded and most erring fathers of New England. When I look towards the sea, the view is very pleasing; but when I look back of the town, nothing is to be seen but sand hills and woods.

"This was a place of the anxieties of fathers and mothers, of husbands and wives, brothers and sisters; the place of gloom and tears to those who first landed on this ice-bound, wintry coast, December 20, 1620; without shelter for their wives and little ones; without food, and surrounded by an unknown and to them pathless wilderness, inhabited only by wild beasts and human beings whom they supposed to be no less savage than they. How must they have sorrowed when, within six months after landing, they committed one-half of their number to the dust, and felt obliged to level the little mounds of earth that covered the earthly remains of their loved ones, to prevent the wild beasts from disinterring and devouring them! I can hardly conceive of circumstances more desperate. The devoted men and women, (for though bigoted, cruel and bloody-minded, they were devoted to what they deemed truth and God,) who then walked over this hill, had a firm reliance on what they called God. Strong must have been their faith in what they called Providence; when fathers and mothers, as they saw their

little ones surrounded by a howling wilderness, and unseen dangers, cheerfully repaired to their daily task.

"But to the Indians, who then owned these lands and fished in these waters, what were those pious, praying pilgrims, who thus walked by faith in their God? Unjust, cruel, murderous; judged by their deeds and by the spirit and precepts of Him, in whose steps they professed to walk. How did they love the Indians? By slaughtering them, their wives and children, and taking possession of their inheritance, as the Israelites loved and treated the Canaanites and Amalekites. Strike the balance between the pilgrims and the Indians, whom they exterminated, as to deeds and motives, in their treatment of one another, and the former will be found the most revengeful, most bloody-minded, cruel, barbarous and treacherous; most at war with Christianity and a God of love and justice.

PLYMOUTH, Sunday, July 20, 1828.

"Officiated as a minister to-day in Mr. Freeman's pulpit. Was told to-day that I was a born priest. Perhaps I am; but the character of a priest, as understood by many, is oppressive to my humanity at times. Two characters seem natural to me, i. e., that of a daring, joyous, romping child of nature, and that of a staid, sober, severe priest! I think I feel most at home when climbing rocks, trees and mountains, and mingling my sympathies with buoyant, laughing, happy children in the woods, pastures and meadows. I can be at home, too, in the pulpit, and say what I deem it right to say there, with becoming gravity and solemnness; but I seem to myself more unnatural there. There is little joy for me in the smooth, quiet scenes of life; I cannot sympathise with the quiet, calm amusements which interest most people—my nature, or perhaps my habits contracted in early life, requires something exciting and active. I often think that I would engage in something bold and spirit-stirring, or in nothing at all. Let me dash ahead, or let me sleep. How dear to me are bold and ragged rocks, dark and impenetrable forests, and mountains covered with clouds! These seem to me fitted to awaken all that is noble, daring, generous and good, in the human soul. In these, and in the ocean raging in terrible wrath, in the lowering thunder-cloud, and the

chain and forked lightning, sporting in its bosom, I can see and hear and feel God. There is that in my nature that sympathizes with any thing terrific, daring, desperate, and energetic. At the same time, I love to mingle my spirit with the bounding joy and playfulness and gentleness of little children. But probably the world would be better and happier, if I were out of it. It is hard to discipline my spirit into the staid and necessary rules and practices of this world. I know that I love human beings, and long to see them good and happy. I know I love to feel myself living and moving in the God who formed me, and this stupendous world. But I do not know where I shall end. I can walk fearlessly and confidently down into the great future, to meet whatever awaits me there. I can meet, with serene brow, whatever may befall me; but I cannot calmly see others suffer and pass away, when they shrink with horror from the future. Is that machinery of another world, with which Religionists appal their own souls and those of others, a reality, or is it a phantasy of the brain? I wish every body was good and happy now; then the future would be all bright. Such were my reflections to-day as I wandered over burying hill, as I looked at the past, present and future.

"What a revolution in the religious opinions of this town! Could the Pilgrims have looked into the future, and seen what principles were to supplant those for which they suffered, they would have returned whence they came. But, singular enough, the very circumstances on which they depended to perpetuate their principles, were the means of rooting them out, and introducing others.

"Called on Dr. Thatcher, who had been a surgeon under Washington in the continental army; and who has published a journal, kept by him while in the army. A valuable and interesting work. Though an old man, he is very active in body and mind; and he gave me many interesting details of his experience, as an army surgeon. His veneration for Washington is deep; he places him at the head of humanity's list of heroes. He is also versed in the private history of this town. He took me to Pilgrim's Hall, and showed me many relics of Plymouth's early days." *

* To illustrate the domestic habits of the Pilgrim fathers of New England, I insert the following, extracted from the original day-book of Charles Little, Grocer, containing his accounts against Rev. Josiah Stacy, a minister in Plymouth, dated

BOSTON HARBOR, Monday, July 21, 1828.

"Called on Mr. Cotton this morning, Register of Deeds in Plymouth, and he showed me the Old Colony Record, kept by the Pilgrims in their own hand-writing. There were the names of all who came over in the May Flower, the first ship that landed here; the amount of the property and the specific articles; the sheep,

March 25, 1725. Similar accounts were common against the ministers of New England till within twenty-five years. Thanks to total abstinence, domestic life is freed from the sorrows and expense of such accounts. As Christianity said to the burdened devotees of Judaism, so the dispensation of temperance—the kingdom of heaven to millions—says to the poor victims of Alcohol: "Come to me, ye that are weary and heavy laden; take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest to your souls; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Debtor Rev. Joseph Stacy, to Charles Little, Grocer:

	s.	d.
1725.		
April 5, 1 gallon of Rum,	0	7 0
16, 2 quarts of Molasses,	0	0 10
19, Gingerbread, 2d.; Rum, 6d.	0	0 8
May 3, 1 quart Rum, and pint ditto,	0	3 3
14, Pipes,	0	0 6
15, bottle of Rum,	0	1 6
June 15, pint of Rum,	0	0 11
29, one quart of Wine,	0	2 6
30, two quarts Molasses,	0	1 9
July 1, Desire's (slave's) work, one day.	0	1 6
4, bottle of Rum,	0	1 1
10, one quart Rum,	0	1 10
17, Biscuit and Pipes,	0	0 8
22, 6 Pipes,	0	0 6
24, pint of Rum, and pound of shot,	0	1 7
26, almost a quart of Wine,	0	2 3
Aug. 3, pint of Rum,	0	0 11
6, two quarts Molasses, and half pint of Rum,	0	3 9
12, two pounds of shot,	0	0 8
12, gallon of Vinegar,	0	2 0
13, bed cord, 5s.; pint Rum, 1s. 10d.; and paper, 6d.	0	7 4
16, two quarts Molasses, 1. 9d., and one pound of shot, 8d.	0	2 5
18, one quart of Rum,	0	1 10
21, one quart Rum,	0	1 10
31, one quart Rum,	0	1 10
Sept. 3, Desire's work, one day, 2s. 6d.; shot, 8d.	0	3 2
8, two quarts Molasses,	0	1 9
14, one quart of Rum,	0	1 10
18, one quart Rum,	0	1 10
20, one and one-sixteenth yards check calico, 4s. 4d.; tape, 8d.	0	5 0
22, one gallon of Rum, 7s. 6d.; two quarts Molasses, 3s. 6d.	0	11 0
Oct. 1, two empty barrels,	0	9 6
Desire's work,	0	1 0

cattle, and goods and land assigned to each, all entered upon record. No public record can be more valuable than this to New England. I saw and read the original charter of the Plymouth Colony. It is a pity these documents could not be published as they are, and in the style in which they are written. Should they be lost, the loss would be great to history, and irreparable. I like the history of such individual trials, and conquests over the elements and other

	£	s.	d.
1735.			
Nov. 2, two pounds of shot,	0	1	6
11, one bushel of salt, 6s. ; pipes, 6d.	0	6	0
16, one quart Rum, 1s. 11d. ; needles, 2d.	0	7	1
19, one quart Rum,	0	1	11
22, one quart Rum,	0	1	11
Dec. 1, one ounce of indigo,	0	1	0
7, one pint of Rum, 1s. ; silk, 3d.	0	1	8
14, two quarts oatmeal, 1s. 2d. ; pipes, 2d.	0	3	5
25, one bottle Rum, 1s. 9d. ; glass, 1s. ; half lb. chocolate, 2s. 6d.	0	4	6
29, Desire's work one day,	0	1	6
Jan. 1, 1736, half pound chocolate, 2s. 6d. ; pipes, 2d.	0	2	10
12, one and a half pint of Rum,	0	1	6
15, one and a half pint Rum,	0	1	6
17, one bottle Rum, 1s. 9d. ; 5 yards ribbon, 1s. 6d.	0	8	1
one and a half pint of Rum,	0	1	6
24, one and a half pint Rum,	0	1	6
26, one and a half pint Rum, 1s. 6d. ; half pound powder, 2s. 9d. ; two pounds shot, 9d.	0	3	6
31, Almanac,	0	0	5
Feb. 6, brimstone,	0	0	4
11, one nutmeg,	0	0	6
March 18, one bottle Rum, 1s. 9d. ; pins, 1s. 9d.	0	2	6
Logwood and alum,	0	0	8
One-half ounce silk and needles,	0	1	10
Credit to Rev. Joseph Stacy, by Charles Little :			
July, 1735 — By your negro's (slave's) work, five days, at 2s. 6d.	0	27	6
Horse to Boston,	0	10	0
one pair of stockings,	0	5	0
bill of credit,	0	4	0
Oct. 12, bill of credit,	1	10	0
By what you paid for my horse keeping on the road for B.	0	8	9
Nov. 22, bill of credit, 50s. and 5s. before,	2	16	0
By Thomas Boyle's,	0	2	6
By four bushels of apples,	0	3	0
By Jack's (slave's) work, three days, 2s. 6d. per day,	0	10	6
By Dolphin's work, one day,	0	3	0
pair of stockings,	0	5	0
Dec. 3, by my rate, (parish tax,)	1	9	1
March, by your horse to Boston,	0	10	0
May 26, by bill of credit,	3	0	0
June 24, by 4 3-4 yards worsted cloth, at 5s. per yard,	1	2	0

diagnose, and each details of domestic life, infinitely better than the history of church and national organizations, which is always written in tears and blood.

"At nine this morning, left Plymouth for Boston in a steamer, and am now going up the harbor among the islands. I cannot conceive a more beautiful trip by sea than this. The bay is studded with green islands; but many of them seem to be disappearing before the action of the tide and the billows in storms. The sand and gravel are washing into the channels, and filling them up. This should be seen to, or Boston must pay the penalty of neglect. These islands now afford security to the harbor, by breaking the billows that would otherwise roll in here in eastern storms, and rush up to the very wharves; but what now brings security will ere long bring utter ruin and desolation upon Boston, if measures are not taken to preserve these islands. I look into the future, and see all above a line drawn from Cape Cod to Cape Ann dry land; — where then will Boston be? Owls will howl, wolves howl, and satyrs dance in her proud palaces. Boston should look well to the waves that bear upon their proud crests her prosperity and her existence. We come in sight of the city; the day is bright and sunny; the water is like a polished mirror; many vessels, with canvass spread, are passing proudly forth to encounter the perils of the deep; enchantment is all around me."

DORCHESTER, July 23, 1826.

"After visiting Bunker Hill and the Monument there being erected to the memory and praise of those who fell there in the conflict of death with their brethren and neighbors, and after visiting the Navy Yard, the State Prison, Insane and Massachusetts Hospitals, the Marine Railway, and Cambridge College, Brookline and Roxbury, and spending two days looking at the vicinity of Boston, to the east and west, I came out here to spend the night with some friends — Mr. and Mrs. W. and sons.

"Have had a long and profitable talk with Mrs. W., the mother, who is altogether a remarkable woman. She is one of those who never had what is called an education, yet is most learned and instructive in conversation; who was never in the school of politeness, and yet is truly polite and agreeable. She was born and

grew up in those days when the education of girls consisted not in going to school merely, but in the mental discipline of active and useful life. She was thrown upon her own resources of heart and head, and by her own energy improved both in a high degree, and made them a source of wisdom and happiness to herself and family. Her mind has been strengthened by thinking, rather than by reading; her heart has been elevated and purified by active sympathy with human weal and woe, rather than with the heroes and heroines of romance. Her sons, some of whom have minds of the highest order, that have been cultivated in our academics and colleges, seem proud to lay their honors at her feet, and call her blessed. I have been greatly benefitted by intercourse with members of this family the past eight years."

WARR NEWSTOWN, July 28, 1826.

"Came home to-day from Andover. Have been journeying about two weeks. Have seen, heard and enjoyed much. But after all, intercourse with strangers is not easy and free to me. It is good to have an object near us with which we have been familiar. Even a dog, or cat, or any thing familiar to us is a pleasant sight, when among strangers and far from home. I have not travelled a great deal; I should greatly enjoy it, if once given up to it, and I had some useful object in view. To travel merely to see sights would be intolerable to me. It was told to me by a journeyman, when an apprentice at the hatting business, that I should be a great traveller before I died. That I think was a false prophecy. I have no prospect of travelling, nor any great wish to travel. Home is pleasant to me; yet I could be at home any where in the universe where I had something to do. But even an inactive heaven would be no home for me."

September 5, 1828.

HOW GOD GOVERNED THE JEWS.—“The administration of the Jewish government was supposed to have been regulated by the immediate agency of God. The judges, kings, military leaders, priests and prophets, were alike supposed to act under the guidance and inspiration of Heaven, and they did nothing, in their official capacity, but what God directed them to do. Is a judge about to pass sentence on any criminal? His decision was supposed to have come from God. Is a prophet about to reprove the sins of the people? He was thought to speak only as God directed, and his reproofs were taken as coming directly from Him. So in all their wars, God was supposed to march before their armies, and to do and approve whatever the leaders did or approved; and all the stratagems and manœuvres were thought to have been suggested by the Divine Spirit. So in all things, the ministers of religion and of state, and the leaders of armies, were supposed to receive their instructions from God,—as ambassadors receive their instructions from the government which they represent, and act in its name.

“This accounts for the phraseology, familiar to the Hebrews—‘**THUS SAITH THE LORD;**’” this preceded all their acts of religion and government. All the national acts were done in the name of the Lord. Prophets, judges and warriors act under Divine authority, and all the affairs of the state and sanctuary are transacted in the name of the Lord, and are counted his acts. The instrumentality of second causes is entirely overlooked; in the deliverance of Israel from Egypt; in their passage through the Red Sea and the desert; in forming their laws, civil and religious; in appointing rulers and priests, and leaders of the army; in passing Jordan, in subduing the Canaanites, and in dividing the land; in enacting and executing their ceremonial laws, and in building the temple; God is the principal actor, and little or no account is made of human agency. All is done in the name and by the authority of God. The men, women and children of Jericho, Ai, and of all the land of Canaan, were slaughtered by God’s command, as the writers say;

Sisera and Eglon, and the sons of Ahab, were slaughtered in His name. Did the Jews believe God actually approved all their writers attribute to Him? If they did, were they not mistaken? I AM SURE THEY WERE.

"Judging from the manner in which these acts are narrated, by referring all things to God, we should suppose that God ruled over the Israelites on different principles from those on which he governed other nations. The same events which the Jews referred to the direct agency of God, are now traced to second causes. God does whatever He does in this world, by means of fixed laws, rather than by periodical visitations; and the great business of man is to find out these laws, and obey them. I attach all importance to these visible, tangible, natural causes, or facts, or laws, and believe God is truly known only through them. The Jews made no account of these natural laws; for the good reason, that they knew but little about them. They attributed every thing to inspiration, to miracle, or supernatural agency; and looked for that in some abstract mystery, which lay before their eyes and within them.

"To speak or do any thing in the name and by the command of God, in the Jewish language, means nothing more than, in modern phraseology, to speak and act in the name and by the authority of Congress, Parliament, or the sovereign power of the state. The affairs of Russia are done in the name of the Emperor; all ministers of church and state speak and act by his authority. So the affairs of the Jewish nation were transacted in the name of God, their lawful sovereign; and they enforce their instructions and laws by 'THUS SAITH THE LORD.' Judges, warriors, priests and prophets, profess to receive their commission direct from God; and they stone to death Sabbath-breakers, witches, idolaters, disobedient children, and slaughter infant prisoners, and destroy enemies, as God's agents; and what they do, they say God does. God holds a place in the Jewish nation, in their opinion, similar to that which is held by the kings of England, in the opinion of the British nation.

"When, therefore, the history of Moses, Joshua, and the

Judges, refers any thing to the immediate interposition of Heaven, we are not to conclude that there is any thing more-miraculous in God's dealings with them, than in dealings with other nations. He ruled Israel as he ruled all others—by fixed, natural laws.”

September 20, 1828.

“ More is said of Samson's public acts than of any of the Judges. He was the Hercules of the Jews, and was regarded by them as was Hercules by the Grecians and Romans. He was probably a man of great muscular strength; and performed many feats in which he displayed his gigantic power, and these acts are related in the hyperbolical language peculiar to the Jews. They clothed their hero with the invincible powers, and indomitable will and courage with which the Greeks clothed their Hercules. And it is impossible to say how much is to be allowed to fiction. As much in one case as in the other, probably. We find no difficulty in putting down the Greek Hercules as a fable: why should we be troubled in regarding the Jewish Hercules, or Samson, as a fable ?

“ We are told the spirit of the Lord came upon him, that led him to slay thirty men to get garments to give to those who had expounded his riddle. What is meant by ‘the spirit of the Lord,’ in this place? Exactly what it would mean to say, ‘the spirit of the Lord’ came upon Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi, upon Wellington at Waterloo, upon Nelson at Trafalgar, upon Washington at Braddock's defeat, upon Nat Turner at Southampton, or upon any robber or assassin when he executes his wrath and revenge upon his fellow-creatures: i. e., the spirit of revenge and murder, the spirit which in the Old Testament is sometimes called, ‘the spirit of God.’

“ So Samson prayed, ‘O Lord God, remember me, and strengthen me, only this once, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes.’ And ‘Samson said, let me die with the Philistines.’ So, as the story reads, the Lord helped Samson glut his revenge, by killing three thousand Philistines at once, and himself to boot. Did God

move Samson to kill himself and the Philistines? Just as he moved Moses to slay the married women and male children of his Midianitish prisoners, and to give the unmarried females to his men for their use; just as he moved Jehu to cut off the heads of the seventy sons of Ahab, because their father sinned; just as he moved Joshua to slaughter the children and sucklings of Jericho; just as he moved the Psalmist to pray that some one might dash out the brains of the children of Babylon; just as he moved Nero to slaughter the Christians, the Catholics to burn heretics, the Puritans to hang the Quakers and witches, to hunt and shoot the Indians, and the Indians to tomahawk and scalp the Puritans; just as he moved Cain to kill Abel, Ehud to stab Eglon, Jael to drive a nail into the temple of Sisera, Samuel to hew Agag to pieces, Guy Fawkes to blow up the king and parliament, Cromwell to behead Charles I., or Washington to hang Andre; and in no other sense. Did Christ sanction the death of Sisera, and the beheading of Ahab's children, and the slaughter of those women and children prisoners of war, and of the children and infants of Jericho and Ai, by Joshua? It is said by theologians that he did. My answer is, if he did, he sanctioned great cruelty and injustice; for their acts were unjust and cruel. I believe they libel the Son of God, when they quote him to sanction the spirit and deeds of war and carnage recorded in the Old Testament; but if they prove to their own satisfaction (they never can prove it to mine) that Jesus sanctioned the aggressive wars and death-penalties of the Jewish code, they have allied him to injustice, revenge and murder; and to what they would consider such, if such deeds were perpetrated now. It is monstrous to suppose that he who prayed for his enemies, 'Father, forgive them,' also dictated the imprecation, 'Happy shall he be who dashes their little ones against the stones.' "

September 18, 1828.

PROPHETS.—"The Hebrew prophets were regularly taught in the learning of their age, and were educated to the business of prophesying. It may be said that God

might, by inspiration; bestow on his messengers the eloquence and learning necessary to deliver their messages with propriety and effect; but this is not the common mode of the Divine operation. God works no miracles to accomplish those things which are just as well done by the operations of natural and fixed laws.

"From all I have said about the prophets, I conclude that there is nothing extraordinary in the manner in which the Hebrew prophets were called to their office, and executed it. They were, by human means, educated to the business of instructing and warning the people, and were accustomed to read the mind of God in the common events of this world; and in this consisted their prophetic power and inspiration.

"There are many passages where it is said, 'The Lord spake to Moses,' without mentioning by what means. Must we infer from this expression, that He spoke to him in an audible voice? When a particular form of speech is used to designate an act, must we not understand it with reference to the nature of him who acts? May it not properly be said, God speaks to man, when any event occurs as the result of natural, fixed law? When actions are attributed to God, which, when done by men, are supposed to be done by bodily organs, we are not to understand them literally. When God is said to walk through the land in famine or pestilence, we are not to infer that he who uses the language means that God has feet and legs, and walks as men do; but that these evils come on men as the natural result of a violation of natural laws; when God is said to strike, we are not to suppose he has hands, as men have, and strikes with them, as men do; nor when he is said to talk with men, are we to suppose he has a tongue and lips, and real organs, as we have. Whether God is said to speak to men in dreams, sickness, death, in pestilence, famine, war, lightning, volcanoes, tempests, or earthquakes, I understand the meaning to be, that God reveals himself, and makes known His will and our duty, by the operation of unchangeable laws under which He has placed us, and the universe around us. When men's thoughts or feelings partake of extraordinary

wisdom or goodness, it is said they are the suggestions of the Deity. Whatever men consider as the fruit of wisdom and goodness, they say God taught to them. So did Moses and the prophets. God is a spirit, and communes with men only through natural means."

September 19, 1828.

DREAMS. — "It is said (Gen. xlv. 2) God spake to Jacob in visions of the night. Jacob was anxious to know whether it was best to go to Egypt, and, like others whose minds are set on any thing, he dreamed about it; and took his dream as a revelation from God to him to go. At that time, much importance was attached to dreams, as revelations of the divine will. In Egypt, and among the Jews, dreaming and interpreting dreams was a science, and to be skilled in it gave a man great power. It mattered not whether the dreamer, in his dreams, supposed God to speak, or whether the thoughts rose naturally; it was the same; — God was supposed to be in the dream, and instruct men by it. I am reminded here of what Cicero says: — 'If God gives to us visions for the sake of warning or instructing us, why does he not impart the instruction to us waking rather than sleeping?'*" But it is perilous — at least to the common faith — to inquire into these matters. Did God ever reveal himself in dreams? or in any way, except through the operation of the fixed laws of the universe? I find it hard to convince myself that he did; yet it is probable the writers of the Bible thought that he did. May they not have been mistaken?

"The person who met Hagar, and advised her to return (Gen. xvi. 8); the three men who came to Abraham to converse with him about the promise he supposed he had received from God (Gen. xviii. 1-33); the two angels that appeared to Lot to warn him to flee (Gen. xix. 1-23); the angel that spoke to Hagar about Ishmael's greatness (Gen. xxi. 17); the messenger from God to Jacob, to tell him how

* *Cūr, si Deus ista visa nobis providendi causa dat, non vigilantibus potius det, quam dormientibus?*

to meet Esau (Gen. xxxii. 1); the person who wrestled with Jacob (Gen. xxxii. 25); all these were undoubtedly human beings. There is nothing in the narratives inconsistent with this interpretation. The language demands it. So in regard to the burning bush (Ex. iii. 2); I suppose all the conversation, related as being between God and Moses, (from iii. 2 to iv. 23) was between Moses and some human being, who speaks to him in the name of God. The narrative represents the conversation as between God and Moses; but it is very common in the Hebrew writings to say God speaks, when only one man is talking to another. The amount of the narrative is this: Moses conversed with some person about returning to Egypt, to see if he could deliver his brethren from bonds.

"I have referred to several passages in which God is said to communicate with men; sometimes by dreams, visions and signs, and sometimes by angels, messengers and prophets. How God made known His will to these angels, messengers or prophets, whether by direct inspiration, or by enabling them to read His will in the established order of His works, this is the question. My conviction is, that they learned His will then, as we do now, by consulting the statute book of God, which he has engraven on the constitution of man's social, moral and physical nature.

"In Deut. xviii. 20-22, it is said that the question whether God speaks by a prophet may be determined by observing if the thing takes place as the prophet states. If what he says does not take place, God did not send him; if he utters what is true, and what actually comes to pass, then God spake it. If a man says, you will burn if you put your hand into the fire; if you cease to eat and drink, you will die; if you take arsenic, cut your throat, or break your neck, you will die; if you defy others, they will attack you; and these effects follow these causes, then it is God who speaks it, according to the Hebrew idiom. So this is the amount of prophetic inspiration. God speaks through them when they speak what is true, and in accordance with nature and fact; but if what they say is not true, God never spake it. According to this, when any man speaks truth, or what is in

accordance with the actual world and nature's law, God speaks through him, and inspires him, as He did prophets and apostles of old. Try all prophets and apostles by this rule, and what are they more than others ? ”

September 20, 1828.

“ The angel, or prophet, told Moses and Joshua that God required them to destroy the Midianites, the Amalekites, &c., men, women and children, and that if they would march against them, they should succeed. Does the fact that they were victorious prove that God commanded them to do so ? No more than the fact that Napoleon was successful in his wars proves that God approved of them.

“ Moses predicted that, after his death, the people would revolt from their God, and become dissolute in their manners (Deut. xxxi. 27). Isaiah confidently assures the king, that his posterity should be carried to Babylon (2 Kings, xx. 16-19). How did they know that such things would be ? Obviously, they spoke of them as the result of natural causes. They knew that certain causes would inevitably lead to certain results. Those who were most deeply versed in the passions and principles of human beings, and most clearly observed the natural courses of events in individual and national experience, were best able to give a true account of the future.

“ In all nations, that wisdom is most highly valued which is obtained by experience, and by careful attention to the natural causes of individual and national prosperity or adversity. In all ages and nations, the knowledge obtained by a careful observation of causes and effects in the social, moral and physical world, is justly more valued than that which is obtained from any book. Hence wisdom was supposed to be the crown of age. What to one man seems the result of inspiration or miracle, to another is known to be the result of natural causes. That one man is or has been able to foresee and predict events better than another, is owing to his superior knowledge of what has been, and what is ; to his sagacity in perceiving the end of the present passions and actions of men.

• “ May not this apply to the Hebrew prophets? They were required to stand on their watch to study the character and habits of the people, to observe the past and passing events in regard to the experience of the nation; and from their past experience assure them what they were to expect in the future. What in reality was only the effect of superior knowledge and insight into men and things, appeared to the people as the effect of inspiration; and what they foretold, from what they knew of the past, the people received as divine predictions.

“ The prophets obtained their knowledge by the aid of faculties common to all men. Let the faculties of all be improved as were theirs, and bent on reading the future in the present and past, and they might prophecy as did Isaiah or Ezekiel. When a man bends all his energies to a given point, he can accomplish what would appear to others a miracle. Chemists and Astronomers have been supposed to obtain, by the agency of evil spirits, what they obtained by the natural effects of their own powers.

“ We seldom find prophets, whose thoughts are supposed to be inspired by any supernatural agency, among those who are highly enlightened in the laws and operations of the social, moral and physical universe. But among the ignorant and superstitious, there ever have been prophets, who will give to the people as divine oracles, what they learned by observation and reflection. Very many things, now familiar to all as mere household matters, when first given to the world were thought to have been the result of inspiration. All supposed direct communications with invisible beings, high or low, good or bad, the divinity of dreams, signs, visions, and the whole system of intercourse with the invisible world, which supposes divine influences, revelations, and inspirations in some supernatural way, will ere long vanish before the light of a knowledge of the living, present world, as night flies before the rising sun. By observation and experience, we can trace the appearances, the exercises and events of this world, to natural causes; and learn that God teaches men by a standing, ever-present, ever-speaking, ever-potent inspiration, in that code of laws which he has engraven on the everlasting hills and mountains; on the enduring granite; on animal existence, and on the constitution of man; and it will be seen and known that anthropology is the true theology; the science of God, and the science of man, are one and the same.”

"Cicero says of the Greek and Roman divines: 'They cunningly adapt their prophecies, so that whatever takes place, shall seem to have been predicted — all definite allusions to men, times and circumstances, being carefully avoided.'*" I think this is not true, at least of all the prophecies of the Hebrew prophets, though it may have been of the Delphic and Sybilline oracles; for some of them were very specific; and then, if in any particular the oracle failed, they extricated themselves by saying, the Lord had repented of the evil or good which he had sent them to foretell.

"I do not say God cannot, nor that he does not, by an immediate exertion of his power, enlarge men's minds to understand events without ordinary means. The question is not, whether the author of the human soul can shed light upon it directly, without any ordinary instruction. But, has he done it? Did he, in some extraordinary way, enlarge the faculties of the Hebrew prophets, that they might see into the future more perfectly than other men? Had the prophets or apostles any knowledge which was not obtained as others obtain knowledge; i. e., by a close observation of what is and what has been, and by deep reflection on passing and past events? There is no other way to settle this but by looking at facts. It seems to me most natural and most divine — most in accordance with the nature and attributes of God and man — to suppose they obtained their knowledge as other men obtain theirs. No need of resorting to a miracle to explain any prophecy in the Bible.

"A man of God, or a man in whom is the spirit of God, means a distinguished man, whether for wisdom in any particular craft, for a martial spirit, or for piety and faithfulness. It may, when applied to the prophets, or men well skilled in the business of prophesying, a man in whom is the spirit of God, or who is 'moved by the Holy Ghost' or Spirit, mean

* "Callide enim, qui illa composuit, perfecit; ut, quodcumque accidisset, prædictum videretur, — hominum et temporum definitione sublata."

one who is distinguished for any thing ; one skilled in music, in architecture, in engraving, in wisdom or eloquence, or distinguished for piety. When the Old Testament writers are said to have written as they were ' moved by the Holy Ghost,' it means, as they were guided by wisdom and a sincere desire to do the people good ; and to make known to them their duty. The phrase, used by the apostle, ' the will of man,' as opposed to the expression, ' the Holy Ghost,' simply means a cunning, selfish, wicked spirit, such as actuated the lying prophets, in opposition to the benevolent, just spirit that actuated the true prophets."

October 12, 1828.

WORSHIP. — " ' God is a spirit.' Wherever we are, there he is ; and there is his temple, and there he may be worshipped. God dwells in man, and cares not for houses made with hands, consecrated though they be. If our hearts be true, it matters not in what place we are, nor at what time. Every place and every moment are God's, to receive the obedience or worship of his children. Worship leaps over all modes ; disregards all limits, to which men have confined it ; takes no heed of time or place, and regards only men and God. Without a right spirit, all forms and observances are useless ; with such a spirit, none are necessary.

" In this day and nation, there is much of this superstition which attaches importance to times and places and observances, which can have no possible use in promoting true worship. You need not go to this house nor to that ; wherever you are, there is the holy place and there is the holy time to worship the Deity. God is as well pleased with the service of his creatures on any other day as on the Sabbath ; and in any other place as in a church. ' Though we differ widely in our views, let us all gather around our common Father, and make Him the centre of love and joys ; let us imitate the orbs of heaven, which, though moving in different orbits, are all drawn to one common centre ; so let the hearts of all men unite in one spirit of devotion. Let us free our souls from all narrow views which would confine

us to any time or place or creed, and which makes God the God only of those who worship as we do, and who believe as we do. Then we shall behold man as the brother of man, and God as the Father of all; and we shall behold one another and Him face to face."

The following extracts from my journal show how little my religious feelings, and the Being whom I worshipped as God, were associated in my mind with human relations and duties, and the world around me.

October 4, 1829.

SENTIMENTAL PIETY. — "Arose at four, as I usually do. Walked to Newburyport, five miles, before the stars had disappeared from the heavenly dome. The morning was perfectly clear, and the day opened in the east with great glory. I had a pleasant walk. My thoughts were on that God who made this world, and on the time when an eternal day shall dawn upon me. I spent the forenoon in attending to pecuniary matters. Nothing is more trying to my spiritual feelings. What ever of piety I have, shrinks away from these earthly cares. How can men make the acquisition of wealth the chief concern of life? How can a man keep his thoughts on God and heaven, who is engaged in the business affairs of life? But few do. Most of those who are active in this world's concerns are without God. God is not in their thoughts. How can he be, when their minds are intent on earthly matters?"

October 25, 1829.

"Arose at three. Exercised as usual in the open air. The stars shone brightly all around me. They seemed to look down upon me with smiles, as if glad to see me out to admire their beauty and brightness. I could trace in them the love and glory of my Father. My thoughts were carried up beyond all objects of sight and sense, to revel in the contemplation of the Eternal. How great is He! How

little am I ! I stood by the broad Merrimack this morning, as a little child, amidst all that is great and imposing, and I shrunk into nothing. I could not but exclaim, ' God, thou art very great ! I am lost in thee ! I am a little child, and insignificant. My Father, forget me not amidst so many splendors, so much more deserving thy notice ! What a universe of bright stars is around me ! Ever kind Father, I would be near thee, and feel safe and happy only in thy paternal embrace. I only wish to get close to thee, and be thy loving, obedient child ! But how can I find thee ? I feel after thee ; but, aside from myself and my fellow-beings, and the visible world of which we are a part, I cannot see any thing. Thou art there in the illimitable space ! The void is filled by thee ; but I search the universe around, and cannot see thee. Yet I know thou art ! When shall I see God ? ' "

October 26, 1829.

LOVE TO GOD. — " Have had my mind deeply exercised of late on the import of the command, ' Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart. ' I have tried to make myself sure whether I do so, or not. I have watched the general bent of my mind for some time. I would know, if I think most about God, talk most about him, and regulate my actions with reference to him ; for if I love him above all, I shall do so ; for, it has ever been the case with me, that I try most to please those I love best. I think most of them. If I really loved God with all my heart, the struggle would be, not in keeping my thoughts on Him, but in turning them away to attend to necessary worldly business. The needle points steadily to the pole ; and if by violence it is turned away, the moment the counteracting force is withdrawn, it springs back to its rest, and there ever abides, till turned away by an adverse power. So, my spirit, if I love God supremely, will require a strong disturbing force to turn it away from its loved object, and it will, like the needle, vibrate and tremble, and be restless while turned away from him, its centre of attraction, by the concerns and objects of this life ; but the moment this world lets go its hold, it will spring with fond delight back to God, its only rest. As an

infant, when forced from its mother's bosom, stretches out its hands, and struggles to go back; so my spirit will, if I love God, when torn from him by human affairs, struggle to go back, to shelter itself in the bosom of its Father."

October 27, 1829.

LOVE TO MAN. — "This day, I find my affections prone to twine around earthly objects. Human beings become dear to me; and when I would think of God, these rush into my mind and heart, and clamor for a place there; and I yield to their importunity, and let God go, and yield my whole soul up to these human endearments. I am often in deep distress. I try to think of God; some object of sense, some fellow-being, or some earthly care, rushes into my mind, and turns him out. Then I try again to get my thoughts and feelings on Him; and when I get them fixed, as I hope, away they rush to some loved object of earth. So I struggle on—so have I ever struggled on from my childhood to this hour. When and where will it end? This effort to love God, to think of him and worship him as an abstraction, aside from man and the universe around me, is unnatural; or my soul is and ever has been very dark, restless, and untrue to its high and holy destiny. If that destiny be to love and serve a Being that dwells in the deep unknown, apart from what I feel, see and hear, then it will be very hard for me not to fail utterly of the end of my being. Do I love God when I love my fellow-beings? Do I serve him in serving man? Do I worship him when I perform my duties to man? Do I hate and wrong him when I hate and injure man? Would that my mind were at rest about these matters. Does love to man grow out of love to God; or, love to God grow out of love to man? It is certain Jesus and the apostles made love to man the fulfilment of the law of righteousness. It seems to me that the natural way is to test my love to the Deity by my love to men; and my worship of him by my treatment of men. This seems most natural; for I can see man, and my love and kindness may do him good; but I cannot see God as I do men, and my

worship of him cannot benefit him. But my mind is unsettled. One thing I do know, that what I do to man, I do to God; and this shall be my rule. 'Inasmuch as ye do it to the least of these, ye do it to me.' 'Whoso says, I love God, and hateth his brother, is a liar.'"

October 27, 1829.

TO LIVE IN GOD.—"I desire to live in God, and only in him, and to have no joys aside from him. How can I live in God? When I live in the hearts of men, an object of kindly affection and sympathy, and have them live in my heart, do I live in God? I wish I knew. How can any one enjoy the pleasures of this world, when they can dwell in God? But when men interchange hearts with one another in kindly affections and charities, and enjoy the bliss of one another's love and confidence; is not this the real and true heaven where the Deity dwells, and do we not enjoy God's love and smiles when we thus enjoy one another?"

TO DELIGHT IN GOD.—"I would ever delight in God; and when I wish for recreation and pleasure, I would find them in him. I would lose the capacity to find pleasure in any thing but God. But if I dwell in love to men, do I not dwell in God? Is it not all of heaven, that man can ever find? Is it not the only way in which he can ever truly find rest and happiness; to twine every fibre of his soul around his fellow-beings, in all-hoping, all-confiding, all-daring, all-suffering, self-forgiving, and all-conquering love? I would fain think it is."

January 1, 1830.

"This is New Year's day—delivered an address in the West Parish. Alluded to the treatment received by Africans, from professedly civilized and Christian nations. Asked, What has been done during the past year for Africa? The whole world has its attention called to African slavery. High time that it should be so. For what a stigma on pro-

fessedly civilized man, that he should use his power to tear the father, the son, the mother and daughter, the brother and sister, from kindred and country, and doom them to slavery! Can this be civilization? Can this be Christianity? No; if so, the less of it, the better. But it is not; it is the essence of savage cruelty; worse a thousand times than vandalism, if possible. Something has been done to rescue the injured Africans from these barbarous cruelties of civilized (?) and Christian (?) men; and it is a source of heart-felt delight to every benevolent mind to see the means that have been used to open the eyes of all to this cruelty and injustice. The opinion is gaining ground, that God never made one man to enslave or oppress his brother. But as yet, this Republic slumbers over its oppressions practised upon the Africans."

WEST NEWBURY, August 29, 1832.

"Met this day the Association of Ministers at P. Eaton's, Amesbury. Present, Messrs. Perry, Braman, Holbrook, Fitz, Withington, Barber, March, Dimmick, Welsh, Lambert, Edgill, Eaton, Holt, from Georgia, and myself.

"Then Mr. Eaton read a dissertation on the Witch of Endor. He undertook to show that the appearance of Samuel (1 Sam. xxviii. 7-20) was a trick of the woman, and that Samuel never appeared. One argument was, that a good God would never commit the spirits of men in another state to the rule of mortals in this; that he would not open the gate of heaven, and dismiss to earth a glorified spirit, at the request of a wicked old woman, one whom he had commanded to be put to death as an impostor. It was the general opinion of the association, that Samuel actually appeared to Saul. I do not believe he did. All felt the difficulties that encompass it, yet they were satisfied to receive it as the word of God.

"It has been the custom in this association, the last seven years, to meet once in two months at the houses of the different members, and spend one day and evening together reading dissertations, and chapters in Greek and Hebrew."

Saturday, Sept. 1, 1832.

CAN GOD MAKE WRONG, RIGHT? — “Read 10th, 11th and 12th chapters of Judges to-day in Hebrew. The history of Jephthah contains much matter for reflection, especially his vow and its consequences. It is wrong to make rash vows; but once made, should they be kept? No. It is a query whether Jephthah put his daughter to death. Probably she became a nun, i. e., never married. What is meant by the phrase, and ‘this became a custom in Israel’? Did it become a custom for parents to consecrate daughters to God, by obliging them to live a single life? Probably this is the true meaning.

“I am much impressed with the remarks of the king of Ammon to Jephthah, and the answer of the latter. The king said to the Jews, ‘You robbed me of my lands when you came up out of Egypt, now restore them peaceably.’ But Jephthah said, ‘Israel did not plunder you of your lands, but the Lord God, he took them from you, and gave them to Israel.’ The justice of the conduct of the Israelites under Joshua and Moses, in their wars upon the tribes of Canaan, must ever be doubtful, and it never can be palliated only on the ground on which Jephthah places it; i. e., it was the act of God, and not of men. But can the fiat of God convert injustice into justice? Does the fact that it is in the Bible make it just? It says God commanded Moses and Joshua to do as they did, and threatened to punish them if they showed any mercy to men, women, or infant children. I cannot and never could reconcile that aggressive, exterminating war with humanity and natural justice and equity. None have ever given a better defence of it than Jephthah gave, i. e., God did it, and therefore it is right. But did God do it? That is the question. I think not — simply because the deed was unjust.

“In the evening, had a prayer meeting. This meeting I have kept up more than a year. The object of it is to prepare our minds for the Sabbath; to disentangle our thoughts from the cares and pursuits of this world, that pertain to human affairs, and to fix them on God, and things pertaining to another state of existence. The necessity of preparing food

and raiment for the body make it difficult to keep our thoughts and affections on God and eternal things. The soul gets astray from God during the week, and we should improve the Sabbath to bring it back."

September 4, 1832.

"Read the 13th, 14th and 15th chapters of Judges to-day in Hebrew and Greek, containing the history of Samson. The story of the foxes is inexplicable. The word translated foxes, probably means *jackalls*. The story is altogether singular. But I can now manage such passages better than I could once. I care nothing about understanding them, because they are of no importance. In this case, they are recorded to show the strength of Samson and his ingenuity, for which I care not. I can understand that part of the Bible that relates to moral duty. Those moral principles are plain, and I cannot reject them if I would. My faith in a God of justice and love is not affected by any thing strange or incomprehensible that may be in the Bible. The word of God is true, and never changes. But what is that word? What is the divine record? That is the question. My ignorance and want of spiritual life may make many things seem dark, that will ere long seem light. But I am willing to learn of the Divine Spirit—I want no other teacher."

LETTER VII.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

ROCHANE COTTAGE, ROSENEATH, }
Thursday, June 24, 1847. }

DEAR FRIEND:

Here I have been since the second day of this month, in my wee highland garret, writing. Walk into it. What do you see? A small, low room. I can stand erect in the centre of it, without a hat on. If I take a step either way, I must stoop, to suit myself to the sloping roof; and the further I go, the more I must stoop, till I get into a kneeling posture. Under the roof that slopes to the west, is my snug, cozy bed; bed, pillows and bolster made of nice oat chaff. Directly opposite the bed is a window, or skylight, of just six wee panes of glass, cut through the roof, through which I often thrust my head and shoulders, to look about and snuff the fresh and fragrant air. Under this skylight is my table, at this moment covered with paper, ink, pens, blotting paper, scissors and folder, and the Westminster Catechism. By this table I sit and write. There is a bit of carpet on the floor; a wash-stand, with towels, wash-basin and water jug or pitcher, near the door; at the north end of my room, opposite the door, is a rude bureau, on which is a dressing glass and my writing case, and in whose drawer is my wearing apparel. There are two chairs, in one of which I sit and write. This is all you can see in my highland attic.

But come, thrust your head and shoulders out through the window, and tell me what you see. A scene of unrivalled beauty and magnificence; a world of enchantment! Down the steep mountain side before you, you see Gare Loch, a mile and a half wide, and five miles long, opening out of Roseneath Bay, and the Clyde, directly

opposite Greenock. Look to the right, or south, down the loch, and there you see Roseneath, Rowe and Ellensborough Bays, and the Clyde rolling down past them; you see Port Glasgow, and a castle of the Duke of Argyle, near the end of Roseneath peninsula. Look to the east, north and north-west, and you see the dark, lofty mountains that rise over Loch Lomond, Loch Long, Loch Goil and Loch Fine, Loch Eck and Loch Katrine. Is it not a world of glory, a region of enchantment? I know not a spot in which I would prefer to be to review my life.

Here, then, I have been writing, as I said, since Thursday, the third of this month—twenty-one days; and this has been my course. I have arisen at the dawn from my nice, comfortable bed of chaff down under the roof, where I lie and hear the rain patter on the slates. The day dawns here about two o'clock in the morning. I get up, slip on my gown and slippers, and take my towels, and go softly down and out to a burn that runs leaping and laughing down the mountain, past the north end of the cottage, into Gare Loch; and there I bathe, in a place scooped out for the purpose. I come in, shave and dress, and am down at my writing by three o'clock, under my window, which at that time lets in light enough to enable me to see. There I write till two, P. M. Then dine, and then go out upon the mountains, to breathe the fresh air.

These rambles would delight you. My wee darling is always my companion, with others of the family, as circumstances allow. See us climbing up the mountain, covered with heather and sheep; I in my blue cap, and grey, light overcoat, and my little companion, her hand in mine, in her gipsy hat, tied by a ribbon under her chin, and her neat frock and pinafore. Thus we toil up, up, by the sheep tracks; every now and then sitting or lying down to rest and roll about on the heather; to sing, laugh, shout and sport with our shepherd dog, Trusty, which often accompanies us. Up, up, we go again, hand in hand; looking back now and then upon beautiful Gare Loch, and the light and elegant steamers that pass over its now smooth and now rough, now rising and now ebbing waters. We get far up on the mountain top, beyond the sight and hearing of man; and there, in the presence of Gare Loch, and Loch Long, and Loch Goil, and the wide and far-sweeping Frith of Clyde, and in the presence of the bold, gloomy, frowning mountains all around

us; and under the dome of the blue sky, we run, we laugh, we drop down upon the heather; look down upon the countless pink and purple flowers; then turn on our backs, and look up into that mysterious, unexplored concave over us; roll and tumble about; then up and seize hold of hands, whirl and dance round, and sing, in the words of a merry play common among the children of Scotland, — “Here we go, by jing-a-ring, by jing-a-ring, by jing-a-ring—here we go, by jing-a-ring—round about merry-matanza;” then we stop suddenly and drop down, and then up, and away we go, “by jing-a-ring, round about merry-matanza.”

Dear friend, I am glad no mortal eyes are upon me, as I thus yield my whole heart up to glee with that child, with her bright blue eyes, her rosy cheeks, her flowing hair, curling down her shoulders, her clear, merry voice, her joyous laugh, and her firm, elastic step and graceful movements. What is the kingdom of heaven but this perfect mingling of human hearts; this joyous, confiding, divine interchange of human affection and sympathy? As I think of the entire love and confidence existing between me and that child, and as our spirits flow out into each other so naturally, so eagerly and innocently, I say to myself, surely “the kingdom of heaven is come to us.” If I do not love my heavenly Father, in loving this child, and if I do not please Him when I bring bright and innocent feelings of mirth and gladness to her heart, then I do not think I can ever love and please Him; for sure I am, I have nothing in me to give to Him that is purer, more holy, more elevating, more divine, than the affection and sympathy I give to this child. It is the holiest part of my nature. Whatever of divinity is in me, prompts me to love her with all my soul, to delight in her presence and her sympathy. Is not this to dwell in God?

I say, I yield my whole soul, for the time being, up to merriment with that little one; and so completely am I a child in these romps, that she seems to lose sight of the difference between us which age, size or other circumstances might suggest. She simply looks upon me as a playmate, and talks to me, romps with me, and treats me as such, when out dancing and romping with me on the mountain heather. I love that child of five years old with an affection stronger than that which binds me to life. I love to feel her soft

little hand in mine, as we climb these hills, or wander by the shores of these lochs; and look forward to the day, now close at hand, when I shall no more feel that soft hand in mine, and hear that merry voice mingling with mine, with a sinking heart.

I said, I was glad no mortal eyes were upon us in our merry rompings. Why? Not that I feel that there is any thing wrong or weak in this affection for that child, and in throwing my whole soul into her sports and amusements. No; Heaven forbid that I should be ashamed of the best part of my nature! Dear Garrison, I know that you will not despise nor ridicule fondness for such pure and innocent communings with childhood, for you know it is true communion with God. Well do I know how you would love to roam over these heather hills, and romp and dance, and sing "by jing-a-ring," with your little ones. I am not ashamed to have these lofty mountains, the bright sun, and the Being who made them, look down upon my rompings with that child of nature: why should I fear to have the eyes of my fellow beings upon me? We were all children once, and should be still; in simplicity, gentleness, and confiding affection, had not human customs and institutions, in church and state, educated the purest and most divine part of our nature out of us. Mortals may sneer at such childlike amusements; I glory in my capacity to join in them and enjoy them, and I am willing the eyes of all the immortals should be upon me and my wee darling, in our wanderings by dark lochs and over hills of heather, and in our songs, our dancing, and our "round about merry-matanzas;" for they would see nothing but joyous innocences in them, and would be glad to join us, if they could.

Thus have I spent twenty-one days; have traced my life from infancy to manhood, and come to the time when, in 1826, ordination was performed upon me, which transformed me from a man into a minister. I have written twelve hundred pages, like this I now write.

But I wish to give some extracts from a journal of my private and domestic life in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in 1846. Well had it been for mankind, had history recorded more of the heart-cheering and happy scenes of domestic and social life, and less of the hate, cruelty, blood and carnage of sectarian and national organisations. As history now stands on the records of time, it is not the

history of human beings, formed to love one another, and to be gentle, tender-hearted, forgiving and human; it is the fearful tragedy of church and national organisations, which, thus far, have served mainly to array man against man in hateful malignity and deadly conflict, and to convert this earth into a charnel-house. Soulless organizations have usurped the dominion of this world long enough; let individual man now rise and assert his right to rule, each one himself, and let his history be written.

SHEFFIELD, midnight, Friday, Dec. 12, 1846.

"Came from Doncaster this morning in a stage, through Conisburgh (Consbro', as it is pronounced) and Rotherham, to this place, and put up with M. and R. B. At half-past seven in the evening, went with M. to the Friend's meeting-house, to lecture on war. The Chair was taken by E. S. At the opening of the meeting, I read the questions and objections touching anti-war that had been handed in to be answered. One of them was the following:

"DEAR SIR—

'The first question is, who has a legitimate right to the land of England and Ireland?'

"This is indeed the first question in this kingdom. Some thirty thousand landlords say, we have the exclusive legitimate right to it all; not one in ten thousand of the laborers on the land own one foot of it. But who, in justice, own it? I say, those who till the land have the only just claim to it; and in due time this will be acknowledged. Those who live on the land, and work it with their own hands, should own it, and nobody else. This should be the settled policy of all nations, that no one should own a foot of land except what he cultivates with his own hands."

Saturday, Dec. 13.

"Last night was cold and stormy. Went to bed at one, and rose this morning at nine. Found the ground covered with snow, and the sun brightly shining into my beautiful bow window, that is covered with ivy vines. The robins, (such as England has, about

as large as the American hen bob-o'-link,) and all the little birds, were hovering about my window, peeping and chirping, and looking very sorrowfully; not knowing what to make of the snow, which most of them had probably never seen or heard of before.

"I have been reading about the recent decision of the Glasgow and Edinburgh Railway Directors, refusing to run trains on Sunday; and this they do in obedience to the cruel and inhuman behests of the Scottish clergy. Glasgow has had a town meeting to request them to start Sunday trains again. The people assembled, orderly, to petition Parliament against the decree. The clergy came in mass, and greatly disturbed the meeting, with the help of their Sabbatarian church members. It is a most inhuman business on the part of the clergy, to cut off the poor laborers of Glasgow and Edinburgh from their only means of getting into the country to breathe fresh air. These very clergy and church members, with Andrew Agnew at their head, will ride to meeting and elsewhere in their cabs and coaches, on Sunday, but will not allow the people to ride out. They are crowded into shops and mills all the week, twelve hours per day, and then are not allowed an opportunity to go out on Sunday. They sacrifice the laborer on the altar of Sunday. They will have the day kept holy, though all the laborers die. Soon as the clock strikes twelve, Saturday night, it is wrong, they say, to run a train; but soon as the clock strikes twelve, Sunday night, when the laborer must go to his work or starve, then the train may start. So they teach the people to look at the clock to know when it is right or wrong to run the cars. It is false and cruel.

"I have also been reading to-day Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper of Dec. 12, 1846, in which is an account of the death of a girl named Elizabeth Howe, who was taken up by the Rev. William T. Kingsley, Proctor of Cambridge University, because she was pointed out to him as a prostitute. He took her up, and confined her in a damp, cold dungeon, windows out, bed wet, no fire, no covering. There she took a rheumatic fever and died. The reverend murderer saw the poor, castaway young girl walking the streets, and he told the court that she was 'not behaving indecently, nor disorderly, but was simply walking along quietly.' 'I apprehended her,' he says, 'because one of the policemen pointed her out

to me as a prostitute. I did not know that she was one, of my own knowledge. She went quietly and submissively to prison.' Poor, broken-hearted castaway child of sorrow! Heaven help my wits! I get into horrid states of doubt, of scepticism, and desperation, when I see such wretches as the inhuman Proctor of Cambridge recognized as Christians and respectable men! That poor, broken-hearted, down-trodden girl was probably seduced by some wealthy, titled villain, perhaps by one of the reverend Proctor's own friends or sons, and was then cast out, and obliged to walk the streets by night, and offer her poor, emaciated person to any man who would give her money to save her from cold and starvation. I believe the poor, injured young girl was less guilty in the view of Him who pitied and comforted a penitent Magdalen, than is that reverend wretch who thrust her into a cold, damp dungeon to die, and went not near her to see how she was cared for, but went home to lounge on his bed of down. I scorn and loathe the religion of misnamed Christendom, for its treatment of the erring and guilty poor, if for no other reason. The unprincipled, polluted, and guilty rich, it seldom censures or punishes, but ennobles and justifies. I proclaim eternal enmity to that being who is worshipped as God by all slave-holders, warriors and oppressors. Surely, 'if a man says, I love God, and hate his brother, he is a liar.'

"This writing a journal does me good. I can let off my indignation at the wrongs I see and hear. I am far happier when I write a little every day. I take more note, too, of passing events, and see more of what is going on around me. I live less in the past and future, and more in the present, when I journalize. I am a happier, better, and more useful man. It saves me from many dark hours to write down what I see and hear and feel daily. My soul would turn in upon and consume itself, if I did not thus let it out into my journal. This I have done the past twenty-five years, and it has been my salvation from the delusions, and most unnatural and inhuman dogmas of the Church and State.

"I have been reading an article in the 'Eclectic Review,' for December — the principal Review of Dissenters in the kingdom — headed, 'Evangelical Alliance — Religious Fellowship with Slave-holders.' It is a review of the conduct of the Free Church, and a most able document, from the pen of G. T., strongly condemning

that Church for going to American slaveholders to beg money to build churches and pay ministers in Scotland."

Sunday, Dec. 19, 1846.

"It is ten o'clock, A. M. A clear, cold morning; clear, I mean, as it can be in this town of 100,000 inhabitants, overhung with a perpetual cloud of soot and smoke. I bathed, as I always do, and it felt cold, but not unpleasant. M. is gone to meeting.

"As I had written thus far, the postman rang. I was sitting in the parlor, directly under the gasalier. I sprang up, pen in hand, to go to the door and take the letters. The gasalier was very low, as it had not been pushed up this morning. As I jumped up, my head came in violent contact with the gasalier; it made the fire fly from my eyes, and one of the large glass globes on it fly from its position. Down it came upon my head, and then upon the chair; and then upon the carpet, in a thousand fragments, making a great noise and jingling. I dropped again into my chair, as if knocked down by a sledge hammer, rubbing my head furiously, and making up faces and looking aghast at the ruin. Nobody was in the room but myself. Soon in came R., who had heard the noise. As she opened the door, and saw me rubbing my head, and screwing my face into every form of pain and horror, and also the wide-spread desolation, the first words she said were—'Henry, is thy head much hurt?' 'It received a hearty knock,' I said; 'but it demolished its opponent completely, as thou seest.' She smiled, in her kind and pleasant way, and said, 'Wilt thou have a wet bandage on it?' 'No, thank thee,' I said, 'I'll go to my room, and rub it with cold water; but I am greatly vexed for the ruin I have brought upon my antagonist.' 'Never mind that,' said she, kindly, 'if thou art not hurt, it is no matter for thine adversary. That can be repaired; thy head could not; that, though dashed to atoms, has no pain; thou hast.' 'Though I laid my enemy in ruins,' I said, 'I confess he was a little too hard upon me; I'll take care how I come into contact with it again. But cold water will do the cure.'

"So I went to my room, and rubbed my head with cold water, and it felt easier. Then came down, and found R. gathering up the fragments of my opponent, and throwing them into the fire.

"But this affair will be of great service to me. It has brought

me into a more intimate acquaintance with R. Never was a kindlier spirit embodied in human form! How cruel it is to fret and scold at children, young or old, and vex and grieve their hearts, when they break things unintentionally! Had R. been fretted about the glass, rather than anxious about my head, it would have added greatly to my affliction; but the noble-hearted woman forgot the glass in her consideration for me. When any person is in affliction for any mishap, by breaking glass, or plates, tumblers, windows, watches, or any thing, it is most cruel to increase their sorrow by worrying and fretting about the thing broken. Yet this is what parents generally do to children, and so do adults to their friends. It is what I never do, and never will. It is cruel, unkind and unjust, when a child, or any body, has, by accident, broken or lost any thing they value, to break out to them — 'I would not have had it broken or lost for the world;' 'you ought to have been more careful;' 'you are always breaking things.' Such remarks often give poignancy to a grieved and wounded spirit, that needs words of comfort such as R. spoke to me. From my heart, I thank her for her kind consideration; for she made me feel that she cared more for my feelings and my pain than she did for her beautiful glass globe.

"After breakfast this morning, before the table was cleared, the servants were called in, and M. took the Bible, and read the sixty-eighth Psalm for devotion. This family is conscientious in doing this, but they devoutly worship God in doing good to men. Their devotion is not a mere form. The Psalm begins — 'Let God arise! let his enemies be scattered!' Then it says — 'Let the wicked perish in the presence of God.' 'God shall wound the head of his enemies, and the hairy scalp of such an one as goeth on still in his transgression.' 'That thy feet may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongues of dogs in the same.' Justly may it be asked — What of devotion is in these words or sentiments? There is none to me. But these passages are read in the family and in the church to kindle a spirit of devotion, and people do get into what they call a pious, devotional state, by reading about 'dipping their feet in the blood of their enemies, and the tongues of dogs lapping it;' and 'happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones (Ps. cxxxvii.); and as for the heads of

those that compass me about, let the mischief of their lips cover them; let burning coals fall upon them; let them be cast into the fire — into deep pits, that they rise not up again. Of thy mercy cut off mine enemies, and destroy all them that afflict my soul; for I am thy servant.' (Pa. cxliii.) The thought that dogs are to lick up the blood of their enemies; that the infants of those who injure them are to have their brains dashed out against the stones; and that they are to be cast into the fire and burnt alive, or into deep pits to perish with hunger, seems to be a powerful incentive to devotion, or to what they call such, in the hearts of nine-tenths of all who are called Christians; for they do read those passages to kindle devotion. Strange that those who profess to believe it to be their duty to be loving and forgiving to their enemies, can enjoy the thought of dipping their feet in their blood, and of dashing out the brains of their children, and of seeing dogs lap up the blood and devour their bodies! Such ideas, by whomsoever uttered, excite only disgust and horror in that mind which is filled with the spirit of Christ. These passages, I think, had not been read by M., had she known their import beforehand. Sure I am that such passages, wherever found, cannot but excite feelings hostile to those which Christians will cherish towards their enemies. Did a God of love ever inspire a man to utter such imprecations? No!

"It is now twelve, noon. R. sits by me, reading 'Six Months at Graefenberg.' (My experience in the water cure.) M. not yet come from meeting. All is calm and quiet in this pleasant, tastefully furnished parlor. The poor gasalier! It has three prongs, each of which, this morning, was surmounted, at the end, with a coronal of pure glass. Now, the one pointing south-west is without a crown — a bald, naked head; and the other two are in deep mourning for their uncrowned and sorrowing sister.

"Twelve o'clock, night. M. returned from meeting, and brought word that an appeal from London Friends had been read, giving an account of the starving condition of the people of Ireland, and calling on Friends, throughout the kingdom, to aid in sending them relief. A committee was appointed to collect subscriptions. The sufferings in Donegal, Galway, and all over the western and southern counties, are represented as appalling.

"At the supper table, I called the attention of M. and R. to sen-

timents in the Psalm that had been read in the family this morning, and asked, 'Is it proper to read such passages to kindle the spirit of Christian devotion?' 'I never read them,' said M., 'if I know beforehand what they contain.' Then we had a talk about the authority of the Old Testament, and the difference between that and the New. I said that on the subject of war, it tolerated and inculcated a spirit opposed to and subversive of the Christian spirit. After talking over these matters, they wanted me to sing some hymns. I love to sing what is called 'sacred music' — though I never could see why one tune is any more sacred than another. Yankee Doodle is as sacred as Old Hundred. I have heard religionists sing and dance Yankee Doodle as an act of devotion; and it is just as religious in them to serve the Deity in this observance, and as acceptable to the true God, as it is for others to sing Old Hundred.

"As we were talking, J. H. and M. B., and others, came in, and we talked over anti-war, in reference to government sending soldiers, at an expense of millions, to Ireland, to keep the famished people quiet by shooting and stabbing them, instead of sending them food to keep them from starving. England has done great wrong to Ireland; has violated all the laws of society and fraternity; and now Englishmen must bear the penalty, as well as Irishmen the suffering. No men, nor combination of men, can inflict wrong and suffering on their fellow beings, without being, sooner or later, subjected to the penalty of evil doing.

"But I'll stop, and to bed. It is one o'clock, night. The past has been a quiet, happy day — excepting the matter of the gasadier."

CONISBURGH, EAGLE AND CHILD INN, }
Monday, Dec. 14, 1846. }

"It is two, P. M. I came from Sheffield to this place this morning, and have spent four hours exploring the ruins of Conisburgh Castle, the seat of Saxon princes, and of the Athelstane celebrated in *Ivanhoe* — Scott's best novel. A strong old robber's nest it must have been in its day. Such walls! Such a mote or ditch surrounding them! Such a tower, which is mostly entire, with the walls that enclose it! I went all over it, and into the dungeon

under it, where many a heart has throbbed in old Saxon times. The beautiful Don winds gracefully around the base of the round hill on which the castle stood. This river runs down through Doncaster, across Yorkshire, into the Humber. It is a sweet river, and flows gently through a fertile country. To the north and west, the country is very fine. The West Riding of Yorkshire is a romantic country.

"Three, P. M. As I reached thus far in my journal, the dinner, which had been previously spoken for, was brought in. Roast goose, Yorkshire pudding, potatoes, Savoy, and bread and cheese. The landlord came in and said, 'I will do myself the honor of dining with you.' So he sat down on one side of the table, I was on the opposite side, and the goose, all carved, lay between us. He said, 'Now help yourself, and I will help myself; as there are only two of us, we can manage very well.' So I went to eating, and the servant stood by to wait on us; a general custom at table in England. I ate Yorkshire pudding and roast goose, and questioned the landlord about Doncaster races and customs; and about the ruins of Conisburgh Castle; and about foot races, that were and are common in this region. So we ate and talked, and talked and ate, over an hour. I called for cold water, he for beer. He would have liked it better, had I called for beer; but I'll drink none of the villanous stuff. One dram of it is enough for one life. I loathe the sight of it.

"He told the history of various customers at his bar. Among others was that of one who lived in town, who was once rich, and who came to his inn every day, and called for nothing but beer. 'This,' he said, 'was his meat, bread, sleep, drink and home — his life — his god; on this he won't last long, for he is nearly consumed.' 'Had you not better cease to furnish beer?' I asked. But of this he had no idea.

"Here, then, I am, in a little back room, at a country inn, or dram shop. I have to pass through the kitchen to get here. I am on the sofa, my desk on my knees, and a little round stand is by me. A good fire is blazing in the grate, and over the fire is a mirror, and around me are many beautiful birds, of various kinds, stuffed, in boxes under glass covers. Up before me on the wall is a

large picture of two men gambling; the wife of the loser, holding in her arms her babe, looking poor and sad, and the winner exulting over the misery he has produced.

"The post came, and had nothing for me. I expected lines from several here. None came. Not a letter to-day! Such a thing has not happened before for nearly two years. Most always three or four per day.

"Conisburgh has the reputation of being a quarrelsome place. Much fighting here with fists, and according to law. Many old Saxon customs exist here. The West Riding of Yorkshire is a charmed spot; it is so associated with the Saxons, with Robin Hood and his Friar Tuck. There are about one thousand people in this town, and the lawyers have grand picking among them. I am told that the object in getting me here is to lecture on peace, because the people are so notorious for fighting."

ENGLAND, Thursday, Dec. 10, 1846, 10, A. M.

"I have often been requested to give the details of one day of my life, as I go about from place to place. This, then, is to tell how I went to my bed-room last night at one o'clock, and there, according to custom before going to bed, bathed in cold water, having sat for two hours in the parlor, in a great, cushioned easy chair, by a bright fire, writing — as my writing, for the most part, the two past years, has been done between ten and two o'clock at night; how I sat here where I now sit, and heard the clock tick, tick, which sounded unutterable thoughts to me, as those ticks measured out my moments on earth, and brought me nearer to the verge where I must step off into the boundless unknown; how Bertha, the mother and wife, sent a girl up to warm my bed, which had become cold before I went into it; how I slept none till six, then slept by fits and starts, as cats do, till nine; when I arose, bathed, and shaved myself with an old razor, which pulled my beard and vexed me; how I put on my vest, then my watch, which always lies under my pillow by night, and is never left there, because of my fixed habit of winding it up and putting it on the next thing after my vest; how I came down at half-past nine o'clock, and was fearful B. would think I was a man of bad habits about sleeping and rising; as indeed I am, and cannot be otherwise in Britain, and go about lecturing;

how, as I came down to the parlor, I found the table set with cold boiled bacon, potted beef, bread and butter, toast, honey and cold water, and B. met me at the door, with outstretched hand, and said, in a plaintive, sympathizing tone, 'How dost thou do this morning?' 'Well, thank thee,' I said; how B. said, 'Didst thou sleep?' and I said, 'Yes, thank thee;' and she replied, 'Sleep is a great blessing, and we cannot well do without it;' and I responded, 'True, it would puzzle us to get on without it at present; we may be able to do so at some future day.' How B. said, 'Canst thou eat thy breakfast?' 'O yes,' I answered, feelingly; and down I sat and began to eat and drink; and B. took her sewing, and sat at the head of the table near me, and began to sew and talk. How she said, 'One of the Peace Committee has just left; he came to see thee;' and I said, 'I would be pleased to see him;' and she said, 'He will call again in one hour.' How B. then asked, 'Hast thou been to Y.?' 'O yes,' I said, 'and a sweet spot it is.' 'My son lives there,' said B., 'and I told him thou wast coming here; thou wouldst like to see him;' and I said, 'I doubt it not.'

"But as I came to this spot, enter her daughter Loretta, a pale-faced, kindly girl of seventeen; and as she came toward me, holding out her hand, she said, 'Art thou well this fine morning, Henry?' and I said, 'Yes.' 'I am late,' said she; (it is just half-past ten;) 'I had a headache and toothache last night.' 'Two troublesome companions as could be desired,' I said, 'and not particularly conducive to sleep.'

Also, this is to show, how B. then said, 'If thou art willing, L. will read.' 'Certainly,' I said, 'go on with your accustomed devotions. I should be sorry to have you omit them on my account;' and I laid down my pen, leaned back in my easy chair in which I was sitting, and in which I was buried up in cushions and comfort. How L. took down the Bible, sat down by the table, and in a deliberate tone and accent read a Psalm; then she and her mother folded their hands, and sat in silence a few moments, and I felt calmed and soothed by the whole scene. I said, 'L., what is the Psalm thou hast read?' 'One hundred and eighteenth,' she said; 'it is a sweet and a powerful Psalm.' I then turned to my writing, and L. put up the Bible, and resumed her natural joyous tone and manner. How the mother then said, 'Henry, wilt thou have a

desk on thy stand to write?' and I said, 'No, I'm obliged;' but she said, 'L., bring thine for him;' and I said, with determined manner, 'L., mark me, I shall not write on it, if thou shouldst get it;' and she said, 'Mother, I don't wish to annoy Henry with too much officiousness.'

"Then the conversation turned, and B. said, 'My son is a steady, clever boy, and it is so nice to have him come and see me.' 'Yes,' I said, 'your mother's heart bounds exultingly to get him by your side. But is he well instructed and cared for, where he is?' 'O, yes,' said she; 'there are about fifty boys, and the teacher is so nice, so clever, and so kind—and the boys all love him so.' 'I said, 'Are there any girls in the school?' and she said, 'No.' 'The sexes should not be separated,' I said; 'in the process of education, they should be together and pursue the same studies in the school, as they are together in the family circle; better for both.' Then B. said, 'There is a girl's school, but separate, and Friends had considered this the best plan, to keep the sexes separate in the school, but not in the family.' 'But,' I said, 'it is unnatural. Why do not Friends separate girls and boys in the nursery, the kitchen and parlor, and at the table?' 'Didst thou visit the retreat at Y.?' asked B. 'No,' I said; 'I saw J. T., and he invited me to go, but I had no time. He wished me to spend the night, and go and see the cathedral, but I had been into that several times before, and did not stop.' Then B. asked, earnestly, 'Didst thou see S. T.?' 'No,' I said; 'why, dost thou ask so anxiously?' 'Eh-h-h, he is so clever at the Discipline;' said B. 'He goes to London to every yearly meeting, and often between whiles, to see to maintain the Discipline. He is so clever! I see not how we could maintain the Discipline of the Friends' Society, without him.' 'What class of persons go to the retreat?' I asked. 'Those,' said she, 'who are afflicted in their minds.' 'The insane, you mean, is it?' I asked. 'It is,' said she. 'And are there many there?' I asked. 'Eh-h-h, yes, never so many before, as during the past year;' said she, looking very pitiful and kind. 'What is the cause of the increase?' I asked. 'Is it thought that there have been any particular reasons for it?' 'Some have lost their reason through melancholy,' said B., 'some through misfortunes in business, some through disappointment in love affairs, some through the suffering of child-birth.'

One woman lost her reason by means of a disorder in her breast, after giving birth to a child; one woman became deranged, after having had sixteen children. Her constant physical suffering made her insane. Her body became feeble, and her reason departed; and some are constitutionally, and by birth, prone to insanity.' 'It is horribly wicked,' I said, 'for men and women to bring into existence children, and entail upon them this dreadful calamity. It is a crime to propagate insanity; or, indeed, any physical or mental disease. Would you not think it wrong to communicate insanity, or bodily suffering and death to your children after they are born?' 'Yes,' said she; 'it would be very wrong.' 'What is the difference,' I said, 'between laying the foundation of disease and death to their bodies and minds after, and before they are born? I can see none. The deed is yours in both cases. It is the transgression of a divine, a just and holy law in one case as well as in the other.' 'But,' said she, 'the parents are not to blame for being diseased.' 'True,' I said, 'if it is inherited; but they are violators of a just and good law, if they communicate their mental and bodily diseases to others.' 'But how can they help it?' said she. 'They must have children, and the children of insane and consumptive, or scrofulous parents, are pretty sure to inherit these diseases.' 'How help it!' I exclaimed: 'you might as well say parents cannot help but yield to a temptation to administer poison to their children, or smother them to death after they are born. Must have children! Better that no more children be born into the world, than to have mixed up with the elements of their physical and mental nature, the seeds of insanity and physical torture. The existence of their child is a purely voluntary act on the part of the parents, for which they are responsible; and if they cannot have children, without communicating to them the horrors of insanity, and a life of physical torments, they perpetrate a heinous offence against justice and goodness, if they give existence to human beings under such circumstances.' 'But they are ignorant of the laws of health,' said she. 'Then their ignorance may be their apology; but the act is no less a violation of divine law. Besides, men and women ought not to be ignorant of the laws of health. They should study into these plain, simple laws; and knowing them, should subject their passions to them. They can do it, as well as can the drunkard; or thief, or gambler.'

The indulgence of any passion becomes a sin, when it cannot be done without injury and suffering to ourselves or others. If men and women would, in this matter, conscientiously conform to the laws of physical health and life, and hold their passions in strict obedience to them, hospitals and prisons would in due time disappear. Men and women perpetrate a high-handed outrage and crime against divine law, when they indulge their desire for offspring by causing insanity, torture, and death to their children; as does the drunkard, when he indulges his desire for strong drink, by causing disease and death to himself and children, and wo and desolation to his family; or as the slave-holder, when he indulges his lust of gain and dominion by turning men into beasts and things; or the warrior, his passion for fame, plunder and blood, by bombarding towns and cities, and slaughtering his fellow-creatures.'

“Then B. said, ‘It is so nice to have such a place for insane persons to go to, that they may be cared for. There are many Friends that go there.’ ‘Is there any thing in Friend’s ways and opinions which tends to produce insanity?’ ‘I do not pretend to know,’ said B. ‘I love their ways and their principles; but it is certain that more Friends become insane, in proportion to their number, than of any other religious body.’ ‘It is possible that Friends are too much accustomed to strain their minds to think on the Deity, abstractly from his works. It is not good for a human soul to meditate too much on a Divinity, aside from human relations and duties. But my experience in the domestic circle of Friends is, that there is a great amount of cheerful, joyous, happy, kindly and loving feelings in their domestic relations.’ ‘But, Henry,’ said B., ‘wilt thou go to E. this afternoon to tea. Thou wilt like them. There is such a family of nice children.’ ‘I’ll go, by all means,’ I say; ‘and will have a romp with the children, and a talk over New York with the parents.’

“After this conversation, I looked over the Psalm read by L. In it are the following expressions:—‘I shall see my desire (my revenge) executed upon them that hate me.’ ‘Nations compassed me about; in the name of the Lord I will destroy them.’ So in the 109th Psalm, the poet says of his enemy, ‘Let him be condemned in judgment; let his prayer become sin; let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow; let his children be vagabonds, and beg; let

the extortioner catch all he hath; let the stranger spoil his labor; let there be none to extend mercy unto him, neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children.' Then, in the 18th Psalm, he says, 'Thou hast given me the necks of mine enemies, that I might destroy them that hate me. They cried, but there was none to save them; even unto the Lord, but he answered them not. Then did I beat them small as the dust before the wind; I did cast them out as dirt in the streets.' Then, in Psalm 137, the poet says, 'O daughter of Babylon! happy shall he be who rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. Happy shall he be who taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.'

"What a comment on Christianity are these imprecations! 'Love your enemies;' i. e., take their little ones, and dash them against the stones, and beat out their brains. 'Overcome evil with good;' i. e., reward your enemies as they have served you. 'Re-compense to no man evil for evil;' i. e., give to your enemies blow for blow, wound for wound, 'blood for blood.' 'Forgive as you wish to be forgiven;' i. e., dip your feet in the heart's blood of those who seek your hurt, and then ask God to treat you in the same way. 'Let the same mind be in you that was in Christ;' i. e., 'extend no mercy to your enemies, and show no pity to their fatherless children.' Such expositions of the precepts of the New Testament are to be found in the Old; and the clergy give us over to perdition if we deny that both the text and the commentary came from the same God. Well, let me go to their perdition, rather than father upon a God of love and justice such contradictions. The poets among the Jews, when they uttered such imprecations, were as much inspired of God as was Croghan when he said, 'Fight on, boys; in five minutes more we will blow them all to hell;' or as Taylor was, when he said, touching the Mexicans, 'Give them hell;' no more. And if these imprecations and bloody deeds were found in any other book, this fact would bring down upon it the severest condemnation of the clergy, who, at the same time, insist that they are all of God, because they are found in the Bible.

"Suppose the slaves or the abolitionists in America should use the same imprecations against their enemies, the slave-holders, which David and the Hebrew poets used against theirs? Were I to pray, 'that God will enable me to cut their throats, to dash out

their children's brains, and to dip my feet in their blood, who would say that such a spirit could consist with love that is kind, gentle, and self-forgetting, and with forgiveness? Not one. All would regard me as a monster. Why, then, do they regard David, and the Hebrew poets and warriors, as holy, Christian men, when they possessed and acted out the same spirit? If Christianity is from the Fountain of love and justice, in relation to war and the treatment of enemies, as I know it is, then Judaism, in respect to those questions, was from the fountain of wrath, revenge and murder. The same fountain never sent forth these two opposing and irreconcilable streams. God never ordered a man to cut off the heads of seventy children because their father sinned; God never sent one man to lie to another, in order to allure him to destruction; God never ordered one nation to exterminate another, and slaughter men, women, children and sucklings; God never ordered men to show no mercy nor pity to their fellow-beings. The Being that could do such things is not a personification of love, mercy and justice, but of malignity, revenge and cruelty. Such a Being is not the source of Christianity, or the author of the human soul. Such a God is a scowling, malignant demon; a terrible phantom, that serves but to haunt men's minds like some frightful ghost, and urge them on to deeds of cruelty and murder. Yet such is the Being who is worshipped as God by war-making Christendom. 'My soul, come not thou into his secrets; be not thou a partaker in his nature nor his counsels. His ways are the way to hell, leading down to the chambers of death.' But be thou a follower of that God who is love and justice, and who says to the human race, 'My little children, love one another.'

"Such have been my thoughts, feelings, sayings and doings, during this tenth day of December, in one of merry old England's prettiest and merriest towns; and in a domestic circle which makes me feel that heaven has descended to earth, and that God dwells with men. Now will I go to a pretty country cottage, embowered amid flowers and evergreens, even in winter, such as they have here, and there mingle my spirit with the loving, gentle, kindred spirits of two children; and in this way bask in the smiles and sympathy of him in whose nature I live, and move, and have my being."

H. C. W.

CONTINUED EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL AT WEST NEWBURY.

In the fall of 1832, I spent several weeks on an agency through Essex and Middlesex counties, to raise funds for Amherst College. That institution had been set up by the Orthodox as an antagonist to Cambridge, which is Unitarian. The College had applied to the Legislature for help, but it was not granted. It was established solely on sectarian grounds, and designed to build up one sect, and pull down another. My social relations, my position, and my convictions, led me to take the side of Orthodoxy on the great question that separated the two sects, Trinitarian and Unitarian. So I joined the Orthodox in helping to build up Amherst. I will here insert copious extracts from my journal in 1833, as that was an important year to me ; for during it, I set myself in earnest to bring Christian truth to bear on men, to remove individual and social evils. I have had the world for my parish ever since, and all men for my parishioners.

March 18, 1833.

"Many seek to evade the force of truth by pretending to be offended at the manner, place or time in which it is presented. Few pretend to say that the use of alcohol as a drink conduces to health and life ; facts are against it, and no texts or arguments can stand against facts ; but they ward off truth by exclaiming against our harshness, severity, or imprudence. To-day I asked Mr. A., 'Why do you not join the temperance society? Are you not certain the world would be more virtuous and prosperous if another drop were never to be taken into the human system?' Instead of answering, he began to rail at this one and that for being too severe. He was especially indignant and outraged that I had said so much about temperance on the 'holy Sabbath,' though he seldom goes to meeting, and then only to get a nap. He complained because, some four years ago, he said I preached a sermon to him. When I

first began to feel interested in the movement, four years ago, I visited every family, and learned the common objections against temperance. One was the difficulty of getting up their salt hay from Plumb Island salt-meadows without rum. So I took up that objection one Sabbath, in the pulpit, and showed how that work could be done better without than with rum. The remarks, designed for all, Mr. A. took to himself, and pretended to be greatly offended. 'Why do I never see you at meeting now?' 'Because,' said he, 'you once remarked in a sermon; that persons had better stay at home than go to meeting to sleep.' 'But do you think that is the way to worship God?' I asked. 'I work hard all the week,' said he, 'and get tired, and want to rest Sunday; and when I go to meeting, every thing about me tends to put me to sleep; and when a man needs sleep, God is as pleased to see him sleep as to hear him pray.' 'But meetings were not established for sleeping, but for preaching, praying and singing; for worship,' I said. 'True,' said he, 'for those who wish for that; but I am sleepy, and need sleep; and I worship God by sleeping, while others worship Him by doing what they think is more necessary. They need singing, praying and preaching to help them along.' 'But is it not needful for you to pray?' I asked. 'Not so needful as sleep,' said he; 'I am thinking that sleep is prayer with me.' That man is a hard case; there is little hope of his conversion.

"While talking with A., a Mr. M. came up. He used to call often at my house, but now never calls. I asked him to call, and why he shunned our house, as he used to be often there. 'I have nothing against you,' said he; 'but Mrs. W. has insulted me.' 'How?' I asked; 'it is not her nature nor wont to insult any body.' 'I met her,' said he, 'one morning, and she addressed me by saying—"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation;" and she began to tell me about immediate repentance, and about the interests of my soul.' 'But you should not feel insulted, when she said it to you simply out of regard for your welfare.' 'Then,' said he, 'you have so many prayer meetings and inquiry meetings, and your young converts are always

talking to me about my soul. I wish they would not trouble themselves about my soul; I can take care of that myself.' 'But their concern is for your good,' I said. 'I think,' said he, 'a desire to get a name has more to do with it.' This man, too, is a hard case.

"Conversed with N. — a very old man; wife and several children lie in the drunkard's grave. One other son living, a sot. Tried to persuade the old man to stop drinking, and join the temperance society. Refuses. Says rum is a good creature of God, and we do wrong not to drink it. Insists that the Bible sanctions the use of alcohol as a drink, and he quotes numerous texts to bolster up his conscience. Infatuation! As though a text could make it right to drink rum, and expose himself to become a drunkard! Why do the clergy quote the Bible to establish and sanctify drunkenness, slavery or war? Surely if the Bible sanctions theft, robbery, murder and pollution, the Bible must go down. Though every text in the Bible asserted that it is right to drink alcohol, if facts prove it to be a poison to human health and life, as they do, then the Bible is on the wrong side, and must yield to facts. But it is a false way of reasoning; nothing is right or wrong, true or false, simply because it is in the Bible. But ministers and laymen generally have the impression that a text can prove any thing to be right or wrong, true or false; whereas, the great question is — 'Have we a correct interpretation of the text?' and then, if we have — 'Is that right or wrong, true or false, which the text asserts to be?'"

March 20, 1833.

"Arose about two o'clock, bathed, and walked and ran about four miles before day, on the banks of the Merrimack. As the day dawned, came to my study and read several of the last chapters of Job, in Hebrew. Nothing can be more grand and beautiful in poetry. God is introduced to settle the dispute between Job and his friends as to whether Job's afflictions were to be taken as evidence of God's displeasure against him. Job said, No; his friends said, Yes; and God is brought in to decide, and he says, No. Why do ministers

ever quote the trials of men as evidence of God's displeasure against their conduct? They must know it is not, and never was, any good evidence. A man hunts, swims, works Sunday; he is shot, drowned, or breaks a limb, and ministers quote the fact as an evidence of God's regard for the Sabbath, and his disapprobation of their conduct. They must know better, for they see the same things come to men, under similar circumstances, on other days. If a man gets under water, or breaks his neck, or has a bullet pass through his heart, he dies; but God never shoots the bullet, breaks the neck, nor puts him under water. The necessary results of natural law can be no proper evidence of human character.

"I have tried to dissect my own character to-day. I am often annoyed to think I have no more control over my buoyancy and hilarity of spirit. It is very difficult for me to be grave and sober, as becomes my station. I give way to my joyous, merry spirit among children; my social sympathies are awakened; I love to participate in their unrestrained mirthfulness, and I am apt to go too far, and ministers tell me to be more solemn. I try to be, but I often think I may as well attempt to tame a tempest. I sometimes think I won't try any more to behave properly; but will just let out the joyousness that is in me, just when it wishes to get out. It cannot be wrong; only it shocks and horrifies many solemn, pious people.

"Have recently read several novels—Ivanhoe, Mysteries of Udolpho, Old Mortality, Heart of Mid Lothian, Scottish Chiefs, and others. I once spent about six months reading novels at one time, doing little else; and have read some of the works of nearly every novelist that has written in the English language. My passion for them seems at times irresistible. Previous to my entering Andover Seminary, I had read but three or four novels—the Exiles of Siberia, the Sorrows of Werter, Children of the Abbey, and the Scottish Chiefs; but I had been accustomed to hear ghost and witch stories, and stories of Indian ambushments and massacres, and desperate encounters; and when I get hold of a novel full of deeds of daring and desperation, I am lost

to this world. I know my interest in novels arises mainly from my love of individual adventure and daring. I love to trace a man or woman into the scenes, the joys and sorrows, the ups and downs of social and domestic life. My soul gets weary of the history of corporations in church or state; they have no soul, no humanity, no sympathy, no God in them. Men, as priests and politicians, are weathercocks; as warriors, they are bayonets, bullets and bombshells; and I am weary of tracing the history of weathercocks and bombshells. I love to enter into the feelings, plans, sympathies, joys and trials of human beings. Novels give the history of individuals. True, they are fictitious persons, as were Job and his companions; yet they are fictitious individual men and women. From this fact, I believe, arises my passion for novels. My individual, human sympathies are all called out, and answer to those of the fictitious individuals with whom I commune for the time being. My desire to read a novel is gone, whenever I come into exciting sympathy with living human beings around me. But I am well assured that sympathy with fictitious weal or wo does not qualify me to sympathize with the human beings with whom I daily live. Novel reading has produced in me a kind of sickly, morbid sensibility, that unfits me to feel a deep interest in human suffering, when attended with what shocks the senses. It cannot be right for any one to expend the energies of his feelings and sympathies on fictitious joys and sufferings; when there are so many living men, women and children who might be blessed if the same were given to them. This passion for novels I'll set myself resolutely to subject to righteousness."

LETTER VIII.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

ROCHANE COTTAGE, ROSENEATH, }
Thursday, June 26, 1847. }

DEAR FRIEND:

We are just in from a long walk by the silent shores of dark Loch Long. A. and J. went off to bathe; my wee darling and I went to a rock near to the water's edge, and took tea, having little sea sheels for cups and saucers, little smooth stones for plates, and bits of wild rose leaves and flowers for bread and butter. We sang, we shouted, we danced "round about merry-matanza," and made great sport for ourselves. Trusty, the bright shepherd's dog, was with us, and we threw sticks into the loch, and he barked and dashed in after them. Then we played "Mary the Maid." She was "Mary the Maid," and I was the child whom she was taking out to walk. Would not my grave American friends have been astonished to see us! There was Henry C. Wright, fifty years old, acting the part of a child just beginning to go alone; and my caretaker a wee child of six, leading me about, teaching me how to walk, showing me how to step, helping me over dykes and across burnes, soothing and comforting me if I was vexed and fretted, as I was sure to be; encouraging me if I was afraid, as I failed not to be; and making me sit down, and lay my head in her lap to rest, when I was weary; waking me up, and washing my face and hands, and preparing for porridge (breakfast). O! the wee lassie did play "Mary the Maid" to perfection, and I, the helpless child.

Then we played "Making Calls." She was in a nice, large house, well furnished; i. e., she sat on a stone, on the banks of a burne, and a bower of wild rose bushes, all in bloom, overshadowed her. So I called upon her. I came to the door and rang the bell; i. e., thumped on the stones with a stick. She came to the door,

opened, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Wright?" "Well, I thank you, madam. I hope you are well, Miss Anderson." "Quite well, I thank you, sir," says she; "please walk in." So I go into the parlor, and sit down on the sofa: i. e., on a rock under the rose bushes, the burne rippling and sporting at my feet. "Is your mother at home?" I ask. "She is out, I thank you, sir; she will come home soon." "It is a beautiful day out, the sun is so bright, and you have a fine prospect here." "We like it very well," says she. "Well, I will call again to see your mother," I say. "You had better stay," she says; "we take tea at six, and mother will be at home by that time." "I should like to see her," I say. "I hope you will stay," says she; "she will be disappointed if you go." We could hold out no longer. I burst out laughing, and she chimed in, and jumped into my arms, and I kissed her, and we gave three cheers for "Making Calls." She is a clever body to carry out our plays. She throws her whole soul into them, and so do I. Why not? Ay, why not? Tell me, ye solemn ones, who say that man is born weeping, goes through life weeping, and dies weeping? I do not believe I was born crying; I am certain I have not gone through life crying, and I don't mean to die crying. The universe is not hung around with crape to me; if it is, I cannot see it. To me, life is not a desert, but a green meadow; it is not a waste covered with thorns and thistles, but a flower garden. I don't believe a thorn, or thistle, or thunderbolt, or earthquake, or tempest, was ever put into this world to punish me or any man. They are all here for good. The earth and sky are full of music; the planets sing; the mountains and lochs clap their hands, and breathe out sounds of love and harmony. Why should not this child and I sing too? There is music in my heart to answer to the music of the universe. Strange that men should associate God, death and immortality with a subdued, sad, and mournful face and voice. I well know why this is done by the priests. I never could school my spirit to love and serve such a Being, and I will not try any more. There was more of goodness, of love, of purity, of heaven, of God, in the merry laugh of this child, as we played to-day "Mary the Maid," "Making Calls," and "Take Tea," on the shore of Loch Long, than in all the prayers, sermons and religious exercises, that were ever performed by a sectarian, war-making, ambitious clergy. As

she calls to me, when I play "run away," "Will you leave your wee darling, Henry?" there is more sanctifying, redeeming power in that call, and in the laugh that accompanies it, than in all the prayers and sermons warriors and oppressors ever made.

Dear Garrison, there is no use in trying to talk wise talk, and do wise and solemn things, all the time. I must feel, speak and act as a child sometimes, and I am willing all heaven and earth should know that I do so. I will write it down, and I will print it, and if men and women think it is weak and foolish, and unbecoming a rational, immortal being, let them pass it by. Though, if I can be rational and immortal, only on condition that I shall no more feel, speak and act as a child, why, then, I think I had rather not be rational and immortal. But the question to be settled is, whether there is not more rationality, more philosophy, more immortality, more divinity, more true greatness, in entering into the innocent and joyous amusements of the guileless, happy spirit of this child, than in studying theology at Andover, or in conducting "divine worship" and "religious exercises" at West Newbury? My childhood has stuck close to me, thus far, in spite of all efforts of church and state, and social custom, to root it out; and why should I not let the world see me as I am — a MAN-CHILD, or CHILD-MAN, put it as you please?

In the spring of 1833, I was appointed, by the General Association of Ministers of Massachusetts, to go as their delegate to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, that was to meet in May, in Philadelphia. I was also appointed by a Temperance Society in Massachusetts, a delegate to the Temperance Convention that was to meet at the same time, and in the same place. The Rev. L. W., of Newbury, was also appointed a co-delegate to those bodies. We also were to attend the anniversaries of the Bible, Missionary, Tract and Peace Societies, in New York. The following extracts are from a journal kept during that time.

STEAMER PRESIDENT, LONG ISLAND SOUND, }
 Tuesday morning, May 17, 1833. }

"Left Newburyport Sunday night, in company with Rev. L. W. Came through Boston and Providence, and there, last night, took

the steamer *President*, for New York. Felt sad as I left home, having a foreboding that it would be the first step in a course of life which would lead to a sacrifice of the comforts and pleasures of home for years to come; as I intend to go as a missionary to the Mississippi valley, or to become an agent of the American Sunday School Union. May Heaven bless my family at home! They have been good and kind to me, and home has been a sweet spot. I ask of Heaven a calm, self-possessed, determined and energetic mind, amid whatever excitement and trials I may be placed. I am impressed with the value of home; but I must now make the universe my home.

"Have had an agreeable journey thus far. Much pleasant conversation with William Ladd on non-resistance. W. L. is doing a great work for humanity, in seeking to bring war to an end; but he needs more sternness and earnestness in showing up war, and rebuking all who countenance it. Have formed the acquaintance of Lucius M. Sargent, author of 'My Mother's Gold Ring.' I like his open, bold, determined face and manner. He will be a host in the cause of temperance. Conversed with Rev. Dr. Wisner about studying the Greek and Latin classics. He thinks they should be extensively studied. I believe if students in colleges and theological seminaries paid more attention to the facts and laws of the living physical, social and moral world around them, and less to the dead past, it would be better for them and others."

NEW YORK.

"We arrived here about eight, A. M., and put up at J. W.'s. At four, P. M., attended the anniversary of the American Peace Society, at Clinton Hall. A report and an address were made by William Ladd, the Secretary. Several addresses were made. It is a great question, and will shake the world as nothing else ever has, when men go into it as a question of moral principle, and in earnest. It is nothing more nor less than this — Have men, as individuals and nations, a right to accomplish their purposes upon one another by violence and blood? It is certain that all that is violent, brutal and bloody among men, will be arrayed against the peace movement, when the bearing of that question is understood. So I have

told W. L., but he does not see it so. Is any war between individuals or nations justifiable? I am satisfied it is not. I wish the American Peace Society would at once take this ground, and boldly face the consequences, and fear no evil, if God and Truth be on their side, as in this case I believe they would be. War is wrong, and whatever sustains it must be wrong. The principles and practices, essential to the existence of war, from whatever motives it is undertaken, are, always were, and always must be, opposed to the nature of a God of love and justice, and to the relations and duties of man to man. No Bible, no God, can make them right, while man's obligations and relations to man remain as they are. If the Peace Society would, at once, take this ground, they would find no lack of interest in the subject."

COLONIZATION AND ANTI-SLAVERY.

NEW YORK, May 9, 1833.

"A discussion was advertised to be held at Clinton Hall, between Robert Finley, an agent of the Colonization Society, and S. S. Jocelyn, in behalf of Anti-Slavery. The question was — 'Are the principles of the Colonization Society, or those of the Anti-Slavery Society, most in accordance with justice, and the interests of the whites and the blacks?' My mind had been made up about Colonization — that the scheme was unjust and inhuman in its origin, in its principles; measures and object; but I wished to hear on Anti-Slavery. So at seven and a half o'clock I went to the hall. Found it crowded to excess with ministers and others from all parts of the country. The debate was opened, and continued three hours, with absorbing interest. Finley's great aim was to create laughter and fun at the expense of abolitionists. Throughout, he treated Anti-Slavery and its advocates with utter scorn and ridicule. Said much about their fanaticism, their wildness, their weakness and absurdity. Endeavored to hold up Anti-Slavery as opposed to the Bible, to the Constitution, and to the existence of the Union; and its advocates as infidels and traitors to their country and God. He sustained slavery from the Bible, and declared that the churches and ministers of the land brought the Bible to sustain the relation of master and slave. He declared the blacks

could never be civilized nor christianized in this country; that Africa was their home, their native land, and they never could be educated and elevated, and enjoy the blessings of freedom and Christianity, till they were all returned to their native land. It was a new idea to me, that men, born in the United States, professedly the most Christian and civilized in the world, the land of Bibles, schools, churches, ministers, meeting-houses, Sabbaths, prayers and sermons, must be sent to the barbarous shores of Africa, to be civilized and christianized, before they could be free! I thought to myself, if this be so, what is the use of our Bibles, ministers, churches, and our political, religious and literary institutions? We are more heathenish than Africa, and have to send our native born citizens there to be educated and christianized. I said to myself, according to this, it makes better, and honest, and more divine men to heathenize than it does to christianize them; to barbarize than to civilize them.

"Mr. Jocelyn was earnest and sober in his advocacy of Anti-Slavery. Well he may be. It is a momentous question, and is destined to affect, more deeply than all other questions, the existence of this nation. I cannot bear to hear it treated lightly. Men may laugh at it now; it will not long be so. The question of slavery involves the destiny of the nation. The religion and government are wrapped up in it. One thing I know, THAT SLAVERY IS WRONG, AND WHATEVER SAYS IT IS RIGHT, IS A FALSEHOOD. No matter what it is that sanctions this injustice and crime, be it the Constitution or Bible, the Church or State, it never was and never can be approved of God. Slavery must go down, and whatever is joined to it must go down with it. Whatever says slavery is right, instead of proving it to be right, demonstrates itself to be wrong. Whatever is arrayed against the self-evident truth, that God made all men free, is a self-evident falsehood. Here I am prepared to stand, though I am not prepared to identify myself with abolitionists. They seem to me too vituperative, too sweeping in their denunciations. Especially does Garrison. Yet in my conscience, I am certain he is right in his principles, and probably should approve his spirit and measures, if I were the victim for whom he is pleading."

NEW YORK, May 10, 1833.

"This morning walked about the city with Rev. Leonard Withington. We conversed on the influence of great cities on the social sympathies, principles and characters of those who inhabit them. It was a saying of Dr. Johnson, that man meets with no sympathy in two places—in the desert of Sahara, and in the city of London. New York is a wild, exciting, busy place, and will one day rival all other cities in her commerce. No city has a better harbor; none has such vast internal resources. I should not like to live in it; I should rather live in the woods, the wild forests, than here.

"At seven and a half in the evening, attended an exhibition of the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, in Chatham Street Chapel. An overflowing house; could not get a seat. It was deeply interesting to see their motions, their animation, their joyousness. I never saw happiness beam forth in the human countenance so life-like. They could hold intercourse with one another, and with all around them. Who first conceived the idea of educating deaf mutes? It was a noble thought, whoever conceived it. But why are men deaf and dumb? Does God so design existence to any one? I cannot believe it. It is man's fault, not God's. God never made a man deaf and dumb, or blind, or halt and maimed. This is man's work.

"Came home to my lodgings late in the evening. Found Rev. Dr. Codman, of Dorchester, Mass., and others, talking about old and new school divinity, for which I cared nothing. I got enough of divinity, of that sort, at Andover, ten years ago. Presently, I brought up Colonization and Anti-Slavery. Asked Dr. Codman, 'Do you think it can ever be right for one man to hold another as property, as he holds cattle and houses?' Dr. C. said, 'I am opposed to immediate emancipation; it would ruin the nation.' 'But is it right, under any circumstances, for man to hold and use man as property?' I asked. 'Yes,' said Dr. C.; 'I think God designed the blacks to be the slaves of the whites. They are fit for nothing else; and if I lived at the South, I should be a slaveholder.' The doctor has no sympathy for the blacks. He looks at slavery as a mere political question, and thinks ministers and churches have nothing to do with it. 'Would it be right for the negroes to enslave you and the rest of us?' 'That is a very differ-

ent affair. God never designed the whites to be slaves to the negroes. They have no right to enslave us. It would be opposed to Divine Providence for them to do so.' 'I know,' I said, 'it alters the case greatly, when the negroes propose to enslave us; but have they not the same rights over us that we have over them?' But the Rev. doctor could not think that a black man had as good a right to enslave him as he had to enslave a black man; and he talked about the mark set on Cain, and the curse pronounced on Ham, as a justification of slavery."

PRINCETON, N. J., May 15, 1833.

"Left New York yesterday for this place. Spent one week in that city. I said and heard much while there; but events came so thick upon me, and all passed so rapidly through my mind, that I could scarcely realize my own existence. Soon as I entered upon one train of thought, a new one rushed in, and knocked it all out of me. I was appointed by the Home Missionary Society to go to Chicago, in Illinois, but have not yet decided to go. Pledged fifty dollars to aid John R. McDowall in moral reform efforts in New York; — ten dollars in behalf of Mrs. Wright, and ten in behalf of each of her four children. His is truly a Christian mission, but he will soon find the ministers and churches there against him, if he goes on, as I hope he will, to expose the corruptions of that city.

"On my way down to South Amboy, had much conversation with Rev. Dr. Rice, from Virginia, on war and slavery. He says that, as individuals, we have no right to go to war, or to defend ourselves by violence; but as a nation, we might wage war. A most pitiful, erroneous, but common distinction. He said what was wrong in one man, acting alone, and on his individual responsibility, might be right in millions, acting as a nation, in a body, or by their agents. I cannot see how murder in one, may be lawful and right in millions; how piracy in one, can be piety in a nation. What would make one man a murderer or pirate, would make millions the same.

"Dr. Rice said it would be more wicked in the negroes to enslave the whites, than it is in the whites to enslave the negroes, for the Bible approved the latter, and did not sanction the former. I could not but ask myself, if the Bible makes such a distinction between

the blacks and whites of the human family, what sort of a book must it be? But I don't believe it.

"Have just been visiting the tombs of the Presidents of the College here. Burr (father of Aaron Burr) was the first President, and on his tomb is this line: 'Abi, viator, tuam respice finem':—

'Traveller, go thy way, and behold thine end.' Edwards was the second President, and on his tomb is this: 'Abi, viator, et pia sequere vestigia':—'Traveller, go thy way, and follow the pious example.' Davis was the third, and on his is this: 'Abi, viator, et emulare':—'Traveller, go thy way, and emulate his virtues.' As I stood by the tomb of Edwards, I could not but recal the painful hours of mental darkness and perplexity which I had spent over his work on the Will, while a student at Andover Theological Seminary. I never got much light from him to guide me on my pathway. I felt some compunctions at having treated him so contemptuously as a metaphysician. But I abhor all metaphysical religion. There are no metaphysics, indeed no theology, in Christianity. It is all, simply, a principle of life, of holy living."

PHILADELPHIA, May 16, 1833.

"I am in the city of Brotherly Love for the first time. Arrived here last night. Came to attend the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, as a delegate from the General Association of Massachusetts, and also as a delegate to the National Temperance Convention, to be held here on the 23d. This city presents an enchanting appearance, as it is approached by the river coming down from Bristol. My heart was feasted with the view. I am boarding at Mrs. McC.'s, a widow, with one son and two daughters, who live at 196 South 4th street.

"The General Assembly met at 10, A. M. Dr. Hoge, of Ohio, last year's Moderator, preached the opening sermon—a sensible, common discourse; but all taken up in vindicating the Presbyterian standard of Orthodoxy. Not an allusion to the great questions of Temperance, Anti-Slavery, Anti-War, or Moral Reform. He deems theological squabbling and hair-splitting more important. So, I presume, does the whole body of reverend divines and their lay associates.

"In the afternoon session, there was a long debate about the right

of a Mr. Cressey, from Indiana, to a seat in the Assembly. This consumed most of the session. Never did I hear such a solemn debate over so trifling a matter. All the gray-headed divines entered into it with as much zeal as if the destiny of mankind rested on the decision. The man had been regularly appointed. This none doubted, for many testified to the fact; but he did not bring a *written* certificate of his appointment from the Presbytery. An exciting debate ensued; and here they all talked about legal evidence. Christian bodies should never be governed by civil law, but by the law of love and kindness. The Assembly finally voted not to receive him! A queer body this, thinks I to myself.

"The Assembly then chose a Moderator; Rev. Dr. McDowall, of Charleston, S. C., a man of small and meagre person, and a feeble voice; but he happened to be the best they could get from the South; and from that quarter it was decided the Moderator must come, lest the feelings of Southern churches and ministers should be outraged. He is a slaveholder, as I am informed. It seems a singular thing to me, that this Assembly, representing the great American Presbyterian and Congregational Churches, and met to deliberate upon measures to promote the kingdom of love, justice and brotherhood, must elect a man-stealer to preside over its deliberations. But so it is. If I can read the signs of the times, it will not always be so."

"Rev. William S. Plummer, of Virginia, a slave-holder, moved to appoint a committee to fix upon a day for the Assembly to spend in prayer and fasting for the conversion of the world! Much difficulty arose as to whether the committee should consist of three or five. A long and tedious debate ensued on this. Finally, it was decided to have five; vote taken by rising. Assembly rose to their feet, to decide the great and solemn question whether a committee should consist of three or five, to appoint a day of prayer and fasting for the conversion of the world! What little matters can agitate such an assembly of theologians! What would the world, for whose conversion they are to pray and fast, say to them, if they could look in upon them, and hear their pitiful wranglings and bickerings over such a matter? And this proposition comes from a man who, I am told, is a slave-holder? What can signify the prayers and fastings of such men? Will not those whom they call

the ungodly world turn to them and say — ‘Hypocrites! first cast the beam out of your own eyes! Go, let the oppressed go free; go, quit stealing, and then come and pray and fast for our conversion.’ It does look very inconsistent.”

STATE PRISON. — “To-day visited the new State Prison, now building on the plan of solitary confinement. The prisoners are to eat, sleep, work, and live in absolute solitude, never being allowed to see or speak to a fellow-being. From the time they enter; till they leave, they are allowed no intercourse with any, except the chaplain. They can neither see nor hear one another. What a punishment! Has man a right thus to crush the soul of a fellow-being? For crush his soul it must. The dark souls of the prisoners must rush back upon themselves, and there prey upon their own energies. Nothing can be so dreadful! One cannot but ask, Are such fitting means to reform the guilty; to prevent wrong and enforce right; to reclaim erring man? Can man be saved by such tortures? It must blot out their intellects, and convert rational men into idiots. It cannot be otherwise. I cannot but think punishment should be banished from human codes, and discipline, reformatory discipline, substituted.”

“A question from West Tennessee Presbytery, concerning the office of Deacons, came up this afternoon in the Assembly. Dr. Hoge, of Ohio, Dr. Green, Dr. Miller, and many others spoke, and in all solemnness and earnestness, as if the redemption of the world was involved in the questions, — How are Deacons to be chosen? What is their appropriate duty? What respect is due to them? &c. It seems impossible to settle any question in this body of incarnate divinity! They snarl, and quibble, and wrangle about every little matter. The authority of the Assembly is justly despised. I have received a most unfavorable impression concerning Presbyterianism and its theological doctors. If this Assembly embodies the piety and wisdom of that Church, what sort of an organization must the Presbyterian Church be? From the spirit and conduct of this body, I am disgusted with ecclesiastical courts. This highest, reverend judicatory of the Presbyterian Church will speedily sink into contempt with all honest, reflecting minds. It should do so, if this be a fair specimen of it.”

Monday, May 20.

"J. R. McDowall, Agent of the Moral Reform Society in New York, has been trying to get permission to make a statement of the corruptions of that city and Philadelphia before the General Assembly, but hitherto without success. It does not seem to be the business of these ecclesiastical judicatories to look after the morals of men, but the glory of God; to attend to nice points of theology, church discipline, deacons, baptisms, &c. Mr. McDowall said he had been looking into the dens of infamy, drunkenness and debauchery in Philadelphia, and that the Assembly could have no idea of the pollutions and drunkenness around them. If they had, he thought they would do something to purify the city. He is mistaken. Sure I am, that the sittings of this General Assembly in this city, have no purifying and redeeming influence on the morals of the people.

"The Colonization Society was brought up to-day. A strong desire was manifested by some to have the Assembly take a bold stand, and lend its aid to sustain that scheme of fraud and violence. But it was voted down, after a warm debate. The Assembly declared, that the divisions in the country concerning it, and the difficulties and dangers attending it, presented reasons why they should let it alone. Some members of the Assembly insisted that if this was taken under its patronage, so, also, should be the Anti-Slavery movement. This roused the slave-holders at once, and out came their indignation, heaps upon heaps."

May 23, 1833.

"At 5, P. M., met in Temperance Convention, in Independent Hall, on Chesnut street, where, July 4th, 1776, the fathers of the Revolution adopted and signed the Declaration of Independence, in which they declare it to be a 'self-evident truth, that all men are created equal, and have an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' This Declaration was penned by Thomas Jefferson, a slave-holder and slave-breeder, and signed by many others of like character.

"Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany, was appointed Chairman pro tem. Rev. Justin Edwards, D. D., was made Secretary. John Sargeant, of Penn., was made Vice President, and Chancellor

Walworth, of N. Y., President. Object of Convention stated by Dr. Edwards. Several hundred delegates present from all parts of the Union. Convention adjourned till to-morrow, at 10, A. M."

Friday, May 24, 1833.

"This day died JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke, Va., in a hotel in this city, where he and his slave Juba were boarding. His last words were—'REMORSE—REMORSE—REMORSE!' He had been a slave-holder all his life, but by will freed his slaves, as did Washington, when he could hold them no longer. He was one of the most remarkable men of this nation; a descendant of Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhattan, an Indian chief. This daughter of the Indian chieftain rescued Captain Smith from the death to which her father had doomed him, in the first settlement of Virginia by Europeans, in 1607; and afterwards was married to an Englishman by the name of Rolph. From this union sprang John Randolph. Very many have been to see his remains. The whole city has been in commotion about him."

Saturday, May 25, 1833.

"Temperance Convention met to-day at 9, A. M. Opened by prayer. The Committee reported several resolutions. The question of a disclaimer with regard to slavery was introduced. Many slave-holders had been prominent in the discussion on Temperance. This question shook the Convention. More than twenty spoke to it, and some in a most excited manner. All the forenoon was spent on it. Then, in the afternoon, the same question came up, and was debated long, and almost fiercely, by some. Shall the Convention issue a disclaimer against slavery? Dr. Edwards, Chancellor Walworth, General Stephen Van Rensselaer, and many others, spoke strongly against it. Some were as strongly in favor of it. The question was negatived.

"The Convention cannot get a vote declaring it morally wrong to make and vend ardent spirits. Legislatures, by licensing the sale, declare it to be morally right, and the ministers and churches dare not say it is wrong."

Monday, May 27.

"The Temperance Convention spent this day in discussing the question — Are the sale and use of ardent spirits morally wrong? One old minister said, 'I dare not say they are morally wrong, because the best Christians in my church make, sell and use spirits.' A sufficient reason, to be sure, why he should oppose the resolution. It is a reason, not why it is morally wrong, but why he dared not say it was. This was Rev. Mr. Cathcart, an old man. But an apprentice from New York at some mechanical trade, showed up the reverend apologist for drunkenness in great style. He scotched him. Sylvester Graham and William Goodell wished and tried to have the Convention take the ground of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. This is the only true principle, and W. G. has long and consistently advocated it; but the Convention would not take it. Many in it loved the wine cup."

NEW YORK, Wednesday, May 29, 1833.

"Staid at the Washington Hotel last night. Rose this morning impressed with the importance of keeping my heart and tongue with all diligence; and with the hurtful influence of a bustling, rattling, money-making and pleasure-seeking world, upon my piety and devotion. When travelling in stages, steamboats and cars, mingling with all classes, and having a little to say to every body and about every thing, and interesting my feelings in the bustling, busy, laughing scene around me, the mind becomes distracted, and turned away from God; and piety and devotion die. Passing scenes engross the thoughts and feelings, and God has no portion in them. But may not this be the very way to have God in all our thoughts; to have the mind absorbed in devising and doing good to men? When I think of the down-trodden, the despised, do I not think God's thoughts? When I am seeking to ameliorate their condition, do I not seek God's pleasure? Can I think of him and please Him in any other way? No."

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT. — "Called on Mr. Lord, a lawyer, and talked about the operation of the act repealing the debtor laws of this State, abolishing imprisonment for debt. The lawyer says the

act is designed to strengthen the rich against the poor ; I cannot see that. He says it will tend to create an aristocracy of wealth ; I do not believe it. It may tend to deprive lawyers of a great deal of business, and I trust it will. No honest lawyer can wish to have a case ; for he knows that all his cases must presuppose a quarrel between man and man. No lawyer can be a friend of men, who wishes and prays for business. If he is honest, he will pray that he may never have a case, and that the profession may speedily be abolished. Told him I had hopes, that the abolition of imprisonment for debt would be a step towards such a desirable consummation. It is a base, tyrannical act, and most unjust, to punish a man because he is poor, and lawyers are little else than oppressors when they do it."

STEAMER BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, LONG ISLAND }
SOUND, 6 1-2 P. M., May 29, 1833. }

"Came on board at four, in New York, to go to Boston, via. Providence. A great company on board ; some fifty ministers returning from the anniversaries in New York and Philadelphia. We put off from New York at five, and are now passing Hell-gate, the place of nameless and hidden horrors to the early navigators. I am in a floating world, from which I am to go out at Providence, if I am wanted longer on earth ; if not, I may go out of it into the spirit-land by water.

"Nothing presents to my mind such a Babel as the loading and unloading of a steamer at New York. Worse there than any where else. The bustle of getting baggage aboard ; the pushing, hauling, elbowing, kicking, scolding of porters and cabmen ; the runnings to and fro ; the rattle of tables and chairs and luggage ; the ringing of bells, the hauling of ropes, and anxious, tearful, hurried adieus ; all go to make up a scene. It is impossible to keep one's thoughts and feelings on God in such a scene ; the feelings become interested in the scene ; the heart sympathises with the activity, the excitement, the anxieties, the farewells, the tears ; and the thoughts will dwell upon them. It is impossible to keep the mind calm and steady towards God. But what is that God who makes it wrong to sympathise in this scene ? Why do I feel restless and uneasy, when entering into these active scenes of human life ? I am often sorely

distressed; my soul vibrates continually between God and men — between time and eternity — between the concerns of this life and that which is to come — between the present and the future — between what I am, and what I hope to be. I am very weary of it at times. Is it right to yield my whole soul up to man; to love him, to sympathise with him, and dwell in him, and to have him dwell in me? Is this to dwell in God? I hope it is; if not, I am lost; for my heart will twine around my fellow-beings, and I cannot help it."

Boston, Thursday night, May '30, 1833.

"As we came round Point Judith last night, the wind was strong, and the billows ran high, and such a scene as we had in the cabin and on deck! Sea-sickness! thou art my most savage enemy; and didst work thy will upon me last night without measure! Thou didst put me into purgatory, and keep me there, till we came into beautiful, lovely Narraganset; and then, thou foul demon, thou didst flee like Satan before the All-Pure and Bright. Arrived here at 6, P. M., and in the evening attended a meeting of the Foreign Missionary Society; Rufus Anderson, my old class-mate, being secretary. Robert Finley, the Colonization Agent, Rev. Wm. Allen from Bombay, and Rev. Mr. Sutton from Burmah, spoke, and they showed some Hindeo images, or idols. The Rev. Wm. S. Plummer, from Virginia, a slaveholder, spoke and amused the people greatly. He urged the necessity of increased efforts to send the gospel to the heathen. Not one word about the slaves, whom John Randolph styles, 'Heathen in our midst.' How the Missionary Society is to manage this slave question, I know not. The question must be met by every organization in the country."

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL.

WEST NEWBURY, June 9, 1833.

"Have this day asked a dismission from the church and people, over whom I was ordained June 2, 1826. Our connection has been a pleasant one. Their treatment of me has been as kind and friendly as I could wish; and the children here are greatly endeared to me. It has been a trial to settle my mind to leave them. I could scarcely make known my wishes, by reason of emotion. I know not that they will ever settle another minister. I wish to honor God in doing good to men. To this end, I would be true to my own convictions of duty, without any regard to what others may think or say about me. Under the most propitious circumstances, I believe the position of a minister is adverse to freedom of thought and speech."

June 12, 1833.

"At noon went to Newburyport. Called on Rev. L. W. We called together on Dr. D—a, and had a long talk on slavery. Dr. D. is opposed to immediate emancipation. Says it would be cruel and unjust to the slaves. He regards the slaves as he does idiots and maniacs, whom it would be wrong to entrust with liberty; thus assuming the right to judge, whether men have a right to that which God has conferred on all men by virtue of their existence as such. God gave to negroes, as well as to their white oppressors, a right to be free; but Dr. D. would say, we are to decide when, and under what circumstances, men have a right to their bodies and souls. If this be sound, slaves will never be free till they break their chains by violence."

June 18, 1833.

"For the first time, read the plan of Britain for the abolition of West Indian slavery. It is a wicked plan altogether. They should have proposed compensation to the slave, and not to the master; and instead of binding the slaves appren-

tices to the masters, they should have made the masters apprentices to the slaves for a term of years. It is a miserable device, little better for the slaves than slavery itself. The injured slave must pay the oppressor for giving up his right to rob and outrage him, and to sell him as a dog or mule. I wonder not that the British people are indignant at the scheme.

"Arose at four o'clock. A clear, bright, sweet morning ; took a cold bath, then a long walk by the river. Nothing contributes more to my health, bodily and spiritual, than early rising. I am stupid and heavy, when I lie in bed till sunrise. Have long been in the habit of rising about four o'clock, summer and winter, and taking active exercise by walking, running, splitting wood, or helping the family in doing the work in the house. I am naturally inclined to muscular activity. Early rising and cold water ablutions tend to strengthen my body and my mind, and lead me to deny myself enfeebling indulgences.

"This day received a commission from the American Sunday School Union, appointing me an agent of that Society, to collect funds to establish Sunday Schools in the South among slaveholders."

June 24, 1833.

"Rose before daylight, took a cold bath, and walked five miles to Newburyport. Called on Rev. L. W., and took breakfast. Then called on J. C., and found him making arrangements to go to Boston, to wait on Andrew Jackson, President of the United States. Mr. C. being the stage agent, is to provide to carry him about for a few days. He is to be in Boston, and the Democrats are making great efforts to receive him. The monster ! Let him go, and repair the wrongs he has done to the Creek and Cherokee Indians, whom he has plundered and driven from their country in Tennessee and Georgia, because they afforded an asylum to fugitive slaves. When my hat goes off to such a tyrant, my head goes with it."

July 5, 1833.

"This day the Council met, and gave me a dismission in the usual form. I know not why I had the council at all; for I had settled to leave. All those who were invited were present, except Mr. March. Rev. Dr. Dana, moderator, Rev. J. Q. Edgill, scribe. May the step I have taken be for the good of humanity. May I be inspired to speak to children."

NEWBURY, Monday, July 8, 1833.

"This day left the room and the house where, for seven years, I have enjoyed much domestic happiness. With a sad heart I left our pleasant house, where I had spent so many pleasant hours, and where my wife and her children had done so much for the good of the people, and for all good objects. They have been deeply interested in the Anti-Slavery movement; far more so than I have been. Mrs. W. was more beloved among the people as a pastor, than I was; she had a peculiar way to speak to them on religious matters; she has done much among the children and mothers, in a maternal association.

"It was hard to leave that house; a large tree was in front of it, whose branches came to my sleeping-room windows, and almost into my study. This was a low room in the third story. My head nearly touched the wall above. I had to stoop to enter the door; three windows in it; one a gable window, where I kept my cage with two turtle doves, for a long time, till one died and the other flew away to get a mate. There I had my books and my writing apparatus. There the children came to recite; there friends came to chat. I looked out of my window upon a beautiful meadow, and upon the broad Merrimack river. To me it has been a dear spot. I leave it, never expecting again to settle down to study, as I did there. I feel that I am breaking up my settled habits for life. Where I am to land, or what to be, God only knows. One thing I know; my determination to follow out my convictions of truth and right, feeling responsible only to the great Sovereign of the universe. I could not leave that study without a tear. There I had loved and

been loved; there I had dwelt in God, and God in me. But this can be in all places."

NEWBURY, July 15, 1833.

"A meeting of ministers to-day at Rev. L. W.'s to discuss the merits of Colonization and Anti-Slavery. Daniel Dana, D. D., chosen Moderator, and Messrs. Dimmick, Withington, Holbrook, March, Edgill, Eaton, Perry, Kimball, Hildreth, Harris and Wright were present. A warm, but friendly discussion. Some approved of the Colonization Society. Holbrook, Eaton and Wright had no confidence in it to do away slavery, or to benefit the colored people; but thought it would do them great injustice and harm. Dana, Harris, Edgill and Hildreth, warmly befriended that society, and thought it should be patronized. Allusions were made to Wm. Lloyd Garrison and his paper, the *Liberator*; and there was but one opinion about him; that he was an imprudent, reckless man, and totally incompetent to lead in a movement that purported to be a religious one, and in which churches and ministers must take an active part. It is a question of mighty import to this nation, and should be treated with candor, firmness, and earnestness. Perhaps the best way to abolish slavery, would be to carry out the designs of the Sunday School Union, and the Domestic Missionary Society. Yet these societies instruct their agents to let slavery and abolition alone."

AGENT OF AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY UNION.

This agency extended from July, 1833, to Nov., 1834. During this time, I visited most of the largest villages and towns in New-Hampshire; many in Massachusetts and Maine, and some in Vermont; mingling extensively with children as inmates in many domestic circles, and addressing them in schools and meeting-houses; and, also, attending associations, conventions, and conferences of ministers. My object was to raise funds to establish Sabbath Schools in

the slave States. The following extracts are from an extensive journal kept during this period.

MOULTENBORO', N. H., June 17, 1834.

"Took breakfast with Esquire E. and wife. No children except an adopted daughter three years old, named Mary. Had a pleasant interview, except the crucifixion of my feelings at the breakfast-table, owing to the wretched training of the child. When we sat down at the table, Mary, as usual, had her seat at her mother's left hand, and near her father. Scarcely had he finished saying grace, when Mary began to cry, kick, strike and pull for food. She wanted an egg; some boiled eggs being on the table. So the father prepared her an egg with salt and butter, and put it before her; the child fretting and yelling all the time he was preparing it. The egg on a plate with a spoon was ready to eat. The whim of the child changed, and she did not want it, and cried for something else. 'Eat it, my dear,' said the father. 'I won't—I don't love it,' screamed the child, and away went plate, egg and spoon on to the floor. The mother then came to the help of the child. 'Don't you want it, dear? Well, don't cry, you need not have it.' So the mother picked it up and laid it aside. Then Mary screamed, kicked, and pulled, for a piece of fish. A piece of fish was prepared, and placed before her. Then the child writhed her face and body, and struck at her mother, and screamed out, 'I don't want it—I won't have it—I don't love fish;' and away went the fish, plate and spoon again, upon the floor. 'Don't you want the fish, dear? You need not have it, if you don't love it.' So she picked up the plate and spoon and fish. Then the child screamed for bread and butter; and while her father was preparing it, and placing it before her, such a din was kept up! The bread and butter was before her. 'I won't have it,' said the child, 'it is nasty—take it away.' 'Well, dear,' said the father, 'you need not have it, only stop crying.' But the child had no idea of stopping. 'I'll have some tea—give me tea.' 'I'll give the little darling some,' said the mother, 'if she will be quiet.' So the tea was

placed before her, and then not a drop of it was taken into her mouth, but she began to throw it about the table with her teaspoon. In this way she fretted and tormented her father and mother ; and all this time, all of us had to wait on the child's whims. If that child is not ruined in her temper, it will not be the fault of the parents. They took her an orphan babe to save her from ruin, and are themselves piloting her on the way to destruction. The parents are in fault solely ; and will be responsible for the wretchedness they are preparing for that spirit in after life.

"I see sad scenes in domestic circles, touching the training and developing the physical and social powers of children. This child is naturally very affectionate ; but under the care of such guides, she is forming habits of feeling and acting which will make her a torment to herself and others. How often children grow up to be pests to mankind, solely through the mismanagement of their parents ! Then when parents see their offspring in dungeons, or on the gallows as felons, and hunted by their fellow-men from society, they comfort themselves with the idea that their children were violent and reckless by nature. They cast the blame upon God, — God never made a liar, a drunkard, a thief, a robber, a pirate, or a murderer ; God never made a sectarian, a bigot, warrior, or slave-holder. God never made a sinner ; and when men do evil, the responsibility is with the evil-doer, and the human beings that made them such. Did God ever punish children for the sins of parents ? No. Did God ever inflict suffering and death on children to punish their parents ? No."

CONCORD, N. H., Saturday, June 14, 1834.

"I am in the gallery of the House of Representatives of the State Legislature, where I can look down and see and hear all that is done and said. A singular scene is before me. There are one hundred and seventy-five men — Representatives from different parts of the State, assembled to revise and make laws to regulate the conduct and opinions of 270,000 human beings. It is instructive to look down upon them. There sits the speaker in the chair ; by him are sev-

eral acting as secretaries, and scribes, and marshals. Before him are the members. What is their appearance, their looks, their posture, their employment? Do they look earnest, anxious, attentive to what is passing around them? Are they deliberating and doing for the good of their constituents? Doubtless, those who sent them here, think they are engaged in earnest, grave and dignified consultation about the welfare of the people. But what is the fact? Why, about forty of them are reading newspapers; about fifty are lounging upon the benches, as idle boys do at school; many are asleep, many gaping and rubbing their eyes, like persons just awaking; many are here and there in couples, their heads together down behind the benches, talking and laughing in great glee; many staring up at the walls in listless vacuity of mind; and some looking out of the windows; many are cracking and eating nuts; and many going out, or coming in at the doors. Some eight or ten are standing or sitting near the Speaker, giving attention to what is passing. There sits Mr. Speaker, in his place, reading or causing to be read bills, fast as the words can be enunciated in a low tone, and without the least regard to their meaning; and the moment a bill is read, he calls out: 'Gentlemen, as many as are in favor of the bill will say, Aye;' and out of 175 representatives, not more than ten vote, often not more than five. Then the Speaker says: 'Gentlemen, as many as are opposed will say, Nay,' and then he says, 'the Ayes have it;' and away goes the bill to be registered as law; a violation of which may subject the delinquent to fines, imprisonment, or death. In this way, twelve bills have been passed, since I have been sitting here; two or three of which are to bear powerfully on the pecuniary and social interests of all the people of the State; heavy penalties being attached to them. And not more than twelve persons voted for them. I do not believe that one in ten of all the members in this House have any knowledge of the contents of those bills; or care any more for them than do brute beasts. There are over two hundred legislators in town, sent here to regulate the agricultural, manufacturing, commercial, educational, religious, and social interests of the State; and each member is paid two

dollars per day, by those who sent them here, and seldom do a dozen give a voice in making the laws. It is a curious spectacle, viewed in all its bearings and relations.

"This is the God-ordained institution of human government! It is a costly farce, and will not always be thus played off. Yet this is a specimen of legislatures, as I have seen them in New York and Massachusetts. The people will not always be spell-bound by this cheat. They say God instituted human government to protect human life, and based that government on the right to make war and kill men! The Being whom I worship as God never committed such folly. As well affirm that God instituted hats to protect men's heads, and then ordered them to knock out their brains to save their hats. God never established an institution, and then empowered men to destroy one another to preserve the institution. The God in whom I believe, whom I worship, never made man to be an appendage to institutions. INSTITUTIONS FOR MEN, NOT MEN FOR INSTITUTIONS, has, for some years, and ever after shall be my motto. So I say of the Bible, all books, and observances; down with them all, if they cannot exist without the sacrifice of man in his physical, social, intellectual, or moral nature. Let man be saved; books, religions and governments are of use only as they tend to purify and elevate man."

AMHERST, N. H., Thursday, July 3, 1834.

CHILD'S THOUGHTS.—"Came to this town to-day, and put up at Rev. S. A.'s. While writing in my room, Edward, a child of four years old, and Mary, a sister of about two, came in, and we have had a pleasant chat. I tried to bring out what was in that boy's mind concerning God and his relation to him. The following is the substance of our conversation, as I have taken it down while it was going on:

"'Who made you, Edward?' I asked. 'God,' promptly said the boy. 'Who is God?' 'Our Heavenly Father,' said he. 'Can you see him?' 'No,' said the boy: 'I never saw him; I have looked all about to see him, but I can't find him. Father says I can't see him.' 'What does

he do for you?' 'He takes care of me,' said he. 'Do you ever try to think of God?' 'I try to think of him,' said he; 'but I don't know how to do it.' 'Where is God?' 'Up in the sky,' said he. 'Where do wicked boys go, when they die?' 'To hell; father says they do.' 'Where do good children go, when they die?' 'To heaven; father says it is a beautiful place.' 'What do bad boys do?' 'They play on the Sabbath,' said the child; 'they don't love to say their prayers; they hate God; they play in meeting; they say bad words.' 'What do good boys do?' 'They love God and mind him,' said he; 'they don't laugh and play, and run about on the Sabbath; they go to meeting and sit still; they say their prayers before they go to bed!' 'Do you ever fret, and vex your father and mother?' 'I suppose I do, sometimes,' said he; 'but, then, sometimes I am good, and please them. I ran away the other day to the post-office.' 'Was it right to run away, when you knew it would grieve your father and mother?' I asked. 'But I came back before they knew it,' said the boy. 'But God saw you; and what did He think of you?' 'O, I forget all about God's seeing me,' said he; 'I only wanted to run, and I came back as fast I could; I wa'n't gone but a minute, and God would not mind that.' 'What if a wagon had run over you?' 'But I looked out for that, and kept out of the way,' said he. 'But you are a little boy, and cannot take care of yourself; and if you had been killed, your father and mother would have been very sad.' 'A little boy was put into a box the other day,' said the child, 'and buried up in the ground. He was a bad boy, and father says he went to hell, and his parents cried about it.'

"I then asked, 'Do you love God, Edward?' 'I try to love him, but I can't see him,' said the child. 'I don't know how to love him. How can I love him, when I can't see him?' 'You can love your father and mother, can you not?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I do love them dearly; but I can see them, and touch them, and get into their arms. I can't touch God, nor see him. I want to love him, but how can I, when I can't see him?' The little child has pushed me into a corner. How can I set before him God, as an object

of love? What does a man love, when he loves God? 'Edward,' I said aloud, 'Do you love your little sister? Look at her, and tell me if you love her.' Edward looked at her; a beautiful, lovely child was Mary; she was standing by me; and he put his arm about her and said, 'Yes; I do love my little sister, and I hope God will never take her away from me.' 'But,' said I, 'can you not love God as well as you do your sister?' 'I could,' he answered, 'if he was close to me as she is, and I could see him, as I do her;' and the noble boy imprinted a kiss on his sister's lips, as he said it.

"What can I say to this child to fix his thoughts on God, as on some definite object, around which his pure and warm affections can twine as they do around that sweet sister? There they are on the carpet, having a merry time. It is perfect happiness to me to see them, and to enter into their amusements. That boy loves his sister with all his heart, soul, mind and strength. It is bliss to witness the strength, the purity, the self-forgetfulness and entire devotion of his affection for her. Does that beautiful boy love his God, in loving his sister? Yes. It must be so, and in living in her, he lives in God.

"'Edward,' I said, 'do you ever get angry with your sister?' 'Sometimes,' said he, 'she vexes me a little, and then I am sorry that I am vexed at her.' 'Then you are a bad boy, when you are angry with Mary.' 'But sometimes I don't get angry with her,' said he; 'I try to please her, and take care of her, and then I am a good boy. Sometimes I am a good boy, and sometimes I am a bad boy.' There they are playing like two kittens, and no mother could be more tender and care-taking of her infant, than that boy is of his sister, as she tottles and rolls about. 'But,' I said, 'you must be a good boy, love your sister all the time, and then you will love God and please him.' 'Do I love God and please him,' asked Edward, looking up brightly, 'when I love my sister, and please her?' 'Yes, Edward, I think you do. Love little Mary as you love yourself, and try to make her good and happy, and that is the same as to love God, to please him.' 'Then I will love God dearly,' said

he; 'for I do love my sister, and I'll try to please Him, every way.' Dear little fellow! He seemed to grasp at it as a new idea. It had never before entered his mind that, in loving his sister, he loved God, and that in doing good to her, he was serving God. 'Edward,' I asked, 'is it pleasant to you to love little Mary?' 'Oh, yes—I am very happy when I love her, and very unhappy when I am vexed with her.' 'Do you feel happy when you love God?' 'Yes,' answered Edward, brightly; 'if loving my sister is loving God, then it makes me very happy to love him.' This thought, though expressed in other words, was uttered and accompanied by a shout of joyous merriment, as he and his sister happened to be in a fine frolic. The above conversation is put down nearly as it occurred between me and that bright, beautiful boy, as he was standing by me and playing with his sister. It has given rise to many searching inquiries in my mind into that religion, which consists in going out from the earth to find a Being to love and worship as God, and one who is unassociated in the mind with the relations and duties of man to man. As we feel and do to men, so we feel and do to God. Though God exists separate from man, we can love and serve Him, only in loving and serving man."

AMHERST, Friday, July 4, 1834.

PRAYING CHILDREN.—"I am in my room. It is early morn, and a great excitement is without—the whole town being in commotion, to glorify Independence. But a more pleasant scene is before me. Little Edward and his sister are with me, bright and happy as the morning, and pleasant to look upon as the opening rose bud. I have had a fine time with them; rolling about on the carpet, and I felt very independent while doing so. It brought more joy to my heart, more divine glory, than all the parades, marchings, prayers and orations ever heard in honor of the day. Sweet, innocent, joyous spirits! I believe my heart pants for the living and true God, when it pants to mingle its affections and sympathies with little children. I love God with all my soul, mind and strength, when my affections twine around

these little ones to do them good; and when I drink deep into their spirits, I drink deep into the fountain of divine love. Jesus took such children into his arms, and said, 'Of such is the kingdom of God.' When these two children are in my heart, the kingdom of heaven is there; to love these sweet young spirits, just opening into life, with a full and entire heart, is to have the mind of Christ, to put on Christ, to sit with him in glory, and share with him the love, the beauty and brightness of his Father's kingdom. MATERIALISM, PANTHEISM!! I care not for a name. I know that when I love the little children of my Father, I love him; when I dwell in them, and they dwell in me, it is then, and only then, that I beneficially and acceptably dwell in God, and that God practically dwells in me.

"As I was feeding my horse in the barn this morning, my little playmate came in with his sister, bright and merry. I wished to get more out of his innocent, happy heart. 'Edward,' said I, 'do you pray to God, and ask him to take care of you and your little sister?' 'Yes,' said he, 'I say my prayers every morning and evening.' 'What do you say to God, when you pray?' 'I tell him how wicked I am, and how I want to love him.'—But here another thought came into his head.—'The trainers (the soldiers) are to meet on the common to-day, and fire the cannon.' So I followed his thoughts, and we talked about the soldiers, the music, marching and firing. Then I brought him back, and asked, 'Now tell me more of what you say in your prayer?' As he was telling me what he said in his prayer, some little pigs were jumping and romping about, playing in the yard, and the child broke out—'Have you seen our pigs? Did you see them play? Have you any pigs?' So I followed him off again after the pigs, and talked about them. Then called his mind back again. This time, he went through with all he said to God, when he prayed.

"Thus the thoughts and feelings of childhood go out, joyous, earnest and bright, after the things they see and hear; it cannot be otherwise. Why should we try to lead them away from the earth in search of a Being whom they cannot see, and of whom they can form no clear, distinct idea?

How much more truthful and potent, to teach them that when they love one another, and are kind, forgiving, generous, and unselfish to one another, they love and serve God; and that when they are angry, revengeful, cruel, unkind, and quarrelsome, and when they strike and injure one another, then they hate and insult their heavenly Father.

Would that I had been taught, that to be true to men is to be true to God, and to be false to men is to be false to God; that whatever wrong I felt or did to men, I felt and did to God; that I had never been taught to think of God apart from human relations and duties; and that all my ideas of God, of heaven and hell, eternity and immortality, had been associated in my mind, in childhood, with my fellow-beings, and my relations and duties to them, and to the physical universe. •Then I should have had a religion of justice, of purity, of love, of goodness, that I could feel to be a reality; then should I have had a God who had truly been omnipresent and omnipotent, and my soul would have twined around him, and made him an ever-active and ever-present principle of life. Then had my life been hid in the divine life, and God had been the light and glory of my existence. I had been spared many dark and desolate hours.

“The gorgeous and costly phantom, that men call God!!! To which they build and dedicate temples, practise observances, make prayers, hold convocations, consecrate times, places and priests, and perform an imposing, pompous, soul-crushing, and conscience-soothing worship; to honor which they toil, they freeze, they burn, they starve, they suffer, they die, they stifle and crush all the sacred affections and sympathies of their natures, turn their backs on men, and retire into solitude to pray and meditate; defraud, oppress, enslave, and slaughter their fellow-beings, and convert them into fiends, and this fair heritage into a hell! That phantom has been the scourge of my life; it has haunted me, sleeping and waking, as an omnipresent, omnipotent, malignant demon. The stern, bloody, ghostly spectre, which I saw exulting over the slaughtered first-born of Egypt, and marching through the desert and the land of Canaan, with sword

and garments dyed in blood, cutting to pieces men, women and children, and spreading fire and desolation around the world ; that phantom God of my childhood and youth has no affinity to the Being who fitted up this universe of beauty and glory, and made my soul to love, forgive, and sympathise with those among whom I live. The God and Father of these two children, and who made my spirit to mingle with theirs in ' joy unspeakable and full of glory,' is not that horrid vision, that ever-present nightmare, of my early age ; and against which humanity in me has had a dark and desperate struggle. Thank God ! the struggle is over ; the victory is won ; the phantom has yielded to the fact ; the Divine and Human have kissed each other. I see God in these two little ones ; and he is made manifest in all that bear his image. Henceforth I will love him and serve him, in loving and serving my fellow-beings."

A CHILDREN'S MINISTER IN BOSTON.

In the fall of 1834, I left the Sunday School Agency, and settled down in Boston as a children's minister, and a minister to the poor. I had a chapel in which I addressed a congregation of children every Sabbath, and had meetings for children on other days. I was employed by a committee, composed of gentlemen belonging to the Orthodox churches. The Unitarians had several acting in the capacity of ministers to the poor, among whom were Joseph Tuckerman, D. D., F. T. Gray, C. Barnard, and R. C. Waterston. With these, I maintained a pleasant and profitable intercourse. I was also on the School Committee for Primary Schools. I was in Boston till the spring of 1836. I will give extracts from my journal, kept during that time, chiefly touching on slavery and war, and their advocates. My family lived in Newburyport, where I often visited them. I boarded with a Mr. —, where several young clerks and others boarded,

MINISTERS OF BOSTON AND ABOLITIONISTS.

BOSTON, Monday, Oct. 24, 1834.

"At 3, P. M., met the ministers of Boston in Dr. Jenks's study. Present, Messrs. Jenks, Fay, Crosby, Stearns, Adams, Blagden, Winslow, Fairchild, and myself. Mr. Crosby, Moderator, opened by prayer. Then each one gave an account of what he had done during the past week, and of his preaching yesterday (Sunday); the subject on which he preached, how he handled it, amount of attendance or interest, whether any baptism of infants or others, and whether any joined the church or were serious, &c. Then each one was asked if he had any thing to enter on the docket for discussion—any thing on which he wished the counsel and advice of the body. Whereupon Dr. Jenks laid upon the table a request from the Boston Port Society. That Society employs a minister by the name of Edward Taylor to preach to seamen; a popular man, and of great influence among that class; he is for uniting all sects in the object of his labors.

"The Unitarians control that Society, and employ Mr. Taylor, who, as I am told, ranks himself among the Orthodox in sentiment, and wishes to associate with them, and at the same time to live in sympathy and brotherly intercourse with Unitarians. Mr. T. is run down in health. The Society wish to enlist all in the object of his mission; so they drew up a request to all the ministers in the city and vicinity, to give Mr. T. two sermons each during the coming year. They wish to get twenty-six to enter into this engagement, which would secure to Mr. T. a supply for half the year. They have the Unitarians, Universalists, Baptists, Episcopalians and Methodists engaged. So, to-day, through Dr. Jenks, they present their request to the Orthodox Congregationalists. In this way, they would help Mr. Taylor, secure preaching to seamen, and get the Orthodox Congregationalists, who have refused all kinds of Christian intercourse with Unitarians, engaged with other sects, which they deem heretical, in the same cause, and in supplying the same desk. The opinion of each one was asked

respecting the propriety and duty of joining in the movement. Dr. Jenks was asked first, and said he thought we ought to join. Mr. Blagden was next asked, and he was decidedly opposed. Hubbard Winslow was asked, and firmly resisted the request, with many and bitter remarks against the spirit which he supposed to have dictated it. Dr. Fay, of Charlestown, thought it a mere trick to bring the Orthodox and Unitarians together, and was strongly opposed. Then Mr. Fairchild, of South Boston, was asked, and he thought the Orthodox should have nothing to do with it. Mr. Adams, of Essex Street Church, being asked, went into a long explanation of his views of the duty of those whom he called evangelical Christians, to stand aloof from all Christian intercourse with Unitarians, whom he called infidels. Then Mr. Stearns, of Cambridgeport, was asked, and he was in favor of the movement, and said he was willing to go into any pulpit to preach what he conceived to be the truth. Then Mr. Crosby, of Charlestown, gave his opinion, that they ought to look upon the whole scheme as an insult. They gave this as a reason for refusing, i. e., that it would impress the public with an idea that they were relaxing in their zeal and opposition to Unitarians, and were wishing to take them into fellowship.

"Then Nehemiah Adams, of Essex Street Church, Boston, brought up another subject. He said that application had been made to him by the abolitionists, for the use of his vestry to hold a monthly prayer meeting, to pray for the slaves, and for the abolition of slavery. Some of the members of his church are abolitionists. They wish to hold a prayer meeting to pray for the redemption of the American slaves. So they applied to Mr. Adams, their minister, for leave to use their own vestry for this purpose, on the last Monday of each month. So Mr. Adams docketed the question—Ought we to give our vestries to abolitionists, to hold prayer meetings for the slaves? What ought I to do? what ought all the ministers of Boston to do? asked Mr. A.; and remarked, that we all ought to act together and in concert. So the question was put to each, What ought to be done? Hubbard Winslow, of Bowdoin Street Church, was opposed,

and said the abolitionists were utterly beneath any notice ; that Garrison was a low-lived, ignorant, insignificant mechanic ; that he was connected with no church, and responsible to no body ; that the abolitionists, as a body, were among the poorest, obscurest, and most ignorant of the people ; that he had had great trouble with them in his church ; and that if he could prevent it, they should not have his vestry. Mr. Blagden took the same view of abolitionists, and their request, that Mr. Winslow did. Nehemiah Adams did the same, and thought he could discover a tendency to infidelity in the movement ; that their principles and measures were anti-scriptural, and tended to ruin souls. This was the view taken by all present, except Mr. Crosby and myself. Mr. C. insisted that he would not come into the agreement to close his vestry against abolitionists, or others ; that he would never go to the ministers of Boston to know when, to what, or to whom, he might open his vestry. He thought this was bringing himself into bondage to the association. Besides, he thought the abolitionists had a right to use their own vestries for such a purpose. It was a good object, and he wished them success. This made a fluttering ; and for some time, Messrs. Winslow, Blagden, Adams, Fay and others, tried to whip him into the traces, but they could not ; he was firm. Then they asked my opinion. I told them they were entirely mistaken in their estimate of abolitionists, and their principles and measures ; that during my brief residence in the city, I had become acquainted with many of them, and had found them more ready to aid in every good work, according to their means, than any other class ; and that, however ignorant or unknown, their principles and efforts would one day shake the churches and the nation. They mocked at my opinion, and adopted the rule to close their vestries. They will not hear the last of it.

“Then Nehemiah Adams brought up the question—Ought they to give notices of anti-slavery meetings from the pulpits, on Sunday, as they did of other meetings? He thought it desirable that they should all agree upon some plan of operation on this question, for abolitionists would

constantly annoy them with their importunity to read their notices; and it was desirable that all should act in concert. He was decidedly opposed to reading any more notices of their prayer meetings or conventions. To this conclusion they all came, except Dr. Jenks and Mr. Crosby."

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 13, 1834.

"Called on Mrs. C. to-day. She has a fine little boy, about three years old. He was playing about in his stockings. 'Come to me, my dear,' said the mother, 'and let me put your shoes on.' 'No, mother,' said the boy; 'I don't want them on. I had rather run about in my stockings.' 'Come and let me put them on, that's a dear, good boy,' said the mother. 'I don't want them on, mother,' said the child. 'The shoes hurt my feet, and I can't run in them.' 'I should think you would mind your mother,' said she. 'Mother,' said he, 'I do love to mind you, but the shoes pinch my feet; they are not good shoes.' 'Do come,' my dear son, 'and let me put them on,' said the mother; 'I shall cry if you don't.' So the mother began to sniffle and whine, and make believe cry. The boy stared at her in amazement, seeming to have an assurance that his mother was lying to him, and pretending a grief she did not feel, to get her end answered. He came, but in a way that showed that he had learned, too, to play the hypocrite. It is cruel thus to practise on the sympathies of children. It hardens their hearts, and fits them to distrust every exhibition of feeling.

"Met a large gathering of mothers at the house of Rev. Mr. S. I proposed the following topic for conversation:— 'What effect have the impressions, made upon children under five years of age, upon their future character and happiness?' Many anecdotes were related by the mothers, touching their experience in training their children.

'Mrs. S. said, when her eldest son was two and a half years old, his father was going out to ride. The child wished to go. 'You can't go, my son,' said the mother. 'But, mother, I can and will go,' said the boy. 'You cannot go; your father does not want you this time,' said the

-mother. 'Mother,' screamed the child, kicking and striking, 'if you don't let me go, I will throw myself down and hurt me, and then you will let me go.' 'But you must not go, if you do hurt yourself,' said the mother. Down went the child, kicking and sprawling on the floor, and really hurt his head. The mother said she took him, and whipped him for it. But that mother had often let the child prevail in this way, or he never had thought of it. I have often thought of Mrs. S.'s child, when slaveholders threaten to dissolve the Union.

"Called into a primary school taught by Miss B. The teacher said a woman had just left, who came to tell her about her little son. The mother is an ill-tempered termagant, and as unfit to have the care of children, as a vulture is to train young doves. She said to the teacher, before her son, and the whole school, 'My son is a confirmed liar; I can't believe a word he says.' Then, turning towards the child, and shaking her fist at him — 'Yes, Jack, you are a great liar, and you will have to burn in the lake of fire. Now, if you lie again, I will cut your throat.' The teacher and scholars were shocked at her violence. Miss B. said to her, 'Don't you learn him to lie?' 'I learn him to lie?' screamed the termagant; 'do you think me a liar?' 'Did you not tell a lie a moment since?' 'When? How? Do you dare to call me a liar?' said the woman. 'You said you would cut your son's throat if he lied again — would you?' asked Miss B. 'Well, I did not think of that,' said the mother. 'You know you would not, don't you?' said the teacher. 'I don't think I should,' said the mother. Thus children are taught to lie by their parents, and then their parents punish them for lying! This is often done by those calling themselves Christians. Parents! pull the beam from your own eyes!"

Boston, Saturday, Nov. 22, 1834.

"Met a large number of mothers to-day at Mrs. W.'s. The subject for conversation was — 'The propensity of children to do that, in the absence of their parents, which they know they disapprove, and which they would not think

of doing in their presence.' Stated that God and religion, as they were generally presented to the minds of children, had nothing to do with their feelings and conduct in the hourly transactions of life. They had no conception of God as a principle of life, and were not habituated to associate Him with their feelings and actions, and their intercourse with one another and their parents. Several anecdotes were told by the mothers, illustrative of their management of their children. Mrs. L. said — 'The other day, my little boy did something, for which I had to punish him. So I told him I would put him down cellar, if he did it again. 'If you do, mother, I shall cry and bawl as loud as I can.' 'Well,' said the mother, 'I hope you will not disturb the neighbors.' The little boy again offended. The mother put him down cellar, and shut the door upon him; he kicking, striking, struggling and screaming all the while. The child was in total darkness. He screamed a few minutes, and all at once stopped, and the mother heard no more. After a while, she opened the door. There sat the boy, looking paralyzed with fear. She took him up, and asked him, 'Did I not do right, my son, to shut you up in the dark?' 'I suppose you did, mother,' answered the boy. 'But what made you stop crying so suddenly, my son?' asked the mother. 'What do you think, mother?' asked he. 'I don't know,' said she, 'unless you thought it would do no good.' 'No, mother, that was not it; but I thought I saw God there, staring at me! He knew I had done wrong, and He saw I was angry and crying, because you shut me up. I was afraid to look at Him, or to make any noise; so I ceased crying.' This was told to show how shutting children down cellar, in the dark, tends to make them pious, and to fear God! Deluded mother! it might have made her son an idiot!

Mrs. L. told the following, to illustrate the duty of whipping children to make them pray. She had a boy three years old. The child, one night, refused to kneel down and say his prayers, when his father took him up to bed. The father urged, entreated, commanded and threatened, but the boy would not pray. So he took him down into a lone

room, and began to whip him. The boy began to scream, 'I will pray, papa, I will pray, if you won't whip me.' So the father took him up again; but when come to the bedside, the obstinacy returned, which no entreaty nor threats could overcome. So he took him down again, and began to whip harder than before; and the little fellow began to beg, 'Papa, I will pray; don't whip me, papa, I will pray.' So he tried him again; but the obstinacy returned, and again he whipped him, and the boy promised as before. He tried him again, but no words of prayer would the boy utter to God. The father was irritated; took him down, and began to put on the whip; and the boy screamed, 'O, papa, dear papa, I will pray; I will pray any thing you wish, if you won't beat me;' but the father, this time, followed Solomon's advice, and spared not for his crying. The child was broken down. 'Ever after that,' said Mrs. L., 'he seemed to be a different child.' (I doubt it not.) 'He loved to pray, and took great delight in prayer till he died. But God took the dear boy away from us soon afterwards. Jesus took him home to himself. It was a heavy providence to us both; but God gave us grace to be submissive, and say, "Thy will be done."' Horrible! Yes, the spirit of that child did indeed return to the bosom of its loving Father in heaven, and there was delivered from the cruelty of a mistaken religion; but the parents murdered that child, and then fathered the deed upon God. God never takes away the lives of children by sickness. Parents infuse corruption and disease into their constitution in embryo, or after birth, by horrible mismanagement, and thus destroy their offspring as certainly as if they had administered poison to them, and then father their death upon Providence! Whipping children to make them pray! Whoever heard of such a thing? I am sure I never did before, and never wish to again. Yet that mother regarded it as a pious deed!"

BOSTON CHURCHES AND SLAVERY.

May 8, 1835.

"What is called the church of Christ, is now subservient to human wickedness. It has bowed to the State, and embodies its spirit and principles. Its business is, to baptize whatever the State sees fit to legalize. What is called the church, is now the bulwark of slavery and war.

"I called to-day on Rev. Dr. Jenks, to get his meeting-house for the ladies who wished to have an address on slavery. 'No!' was the answer. There is not one convenient church in the city, which can be obtained. The ministers and churches of Boston seem to me to be given over to believe a lie, that they may be destroyed. They are working out their sure destruction. I abjure that Heaven-daring policy, which excludes the slaves from being heard in the pulpits, through their agents. These churches and ministers will not let the cry of the oppressed come up into their ears. No matter; it will ascend up to the God of the oppressed, and He will vindicate their cause before their clerical oppressors.

"Read to-day an account of West India Emancipation. Have just had an argument with several transient ministerial boarders about the right of the North to interfere with slavery at the South. They say I have no right to interfere, because the government secures to the slave-holder his property in his slaves. I told them that slave-holders, as such, had no rights; that slaves owed them no service nor obedience; that whoever said they did, uttered a falsehood; that I cared not what the government, the constitution, or the Bible said about it; for no laws, books, nor ordinances, though claiming to be of God, could make it just for man to enslave his brother. I trample all governments and religions under my feet, that secure to slave-holders the right to hold slaves.

"Have had a long discussion, this day, with Rev. Messrs. Windcope, Perry, Van Lenep, Montgomery and others, on Christ's exposition of the Jewish *Lex Talionis*. All admit-

ted, that the doctrine of the Old Testament was an 'Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, life for life;' and it is as certain that Christ said, it should not be so among his followers. Here the two Testaments, Christ and Moses, clash. Moses taught one thing; Christ directly the opposite. The question arose: Is that which was right in Moses' time, wrong now? Is that which was just then, unjust now? Is that which was God then, a demon now? There can be but one way to settle this: Justice and Right never change. God is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' Is retaliation wrong now? Then it was always so; and God never sanctioned it. If opposed to Christianity now, it always was. The essential principles of morality never change. I am more and more convinced, that Christianity forbids all injury to others, to prevent injury to ourselves. We are not to indulge revengeful feelings or actions. I have no hope that this world can ever be saved till the principle of Non-Resistance by brute force becomes the governing principle of mankind. The essential spirit of Christianity is a spirit of forbearance and self-sacrifice. It is better, more humane, more divine to die than to kill; more truly Christian to suffer, than to injure any one."

May 18, 1835.

JOIN THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY. — "I called this day at the Anti-Slavery Office, 46 Washington street. Told Mr. Bacon, the Secretary, to put my name to the constitution. I ought to have done it before; but my prejudices against Garrison, and my fear of being censured by those who are opposed to him, have kept me back. In my heart I have long sympathised with him and the Anti-Slavery Society, and believed that they stood on the only true foundation. I have long felt that slave-holders should be told that they are man-stealers, a compound of all that is base, cruel and degraded. I have long felt that the churches and ministers of New England are, by their silence, by their palliations of slavery, and their treatment of slave-holders, riveting the chains of the slave, and partakers in the highest kind of theft. These things, Garrison, Thompson, and others, have

spoken out plainly. I ought to have done so myself, long ago ; and should have done so, but that my position in society, as a minister, was against me. Henceforth, my voice shall be heard among abolitionists, come what may to reputation or life."

May 26, 1835.

FIRST SPEECH ON SLAVERY. — "To-day attended the Anti-Slavery Convention in Julian Hall, the temple of Atheism, and only place in Boston where the claims of two and a half millions of American slaves can be presented. What a comment on Boston religion ! Give me what men call Atheism, if it be Anti-Slavery, rather than a religion that is pro-slavery. A resolution was offered, excluding slave-holders from Christian communion. On this I made my first speech ; and openly committed myself, for death or victory, to the cause. I said, 'From this hour, I am linked to the slave ; his sufferings are mine ; his stripes, anguish and tears are mine ; and his God is my God. I abjure the religion and the God that can sanction slavery, or count slave-holders honest men. I wish to identify myself with the most hated and fanatical of those who are laboring for the downfall of slavery in this land of churches, priests, schools, Bibles, and democracy. I have swallowed down, and digested Garrison, Thompson, Liberator and all, and henceforth Anti-Slavery is to be an element of my existence. In it I mean to live, and move, and have my being.'

"I came home to my boarding house, after making this public avowal. Found two young men here, just from Virginia. I told them of the resolution, excluding slave-holders from church-fellowship. 'Well,' they exclaimed, 'the Union is done for — the nation is divided.' 'So let it be,' I said ; 'rather than that slavery be continued a single day, I would see the Union dissolved at once ; for while it continues, slavery will continue, protected by its constitution and laws. Down with such a Union with man-stealers ! the sooner the better !' The young men were greatly shocked. Indeed, my tongue was freed, and it never shall again be fettered on this subject, come what may."

CONSTITUTION AND SLAVERY. — "I took a walk on the common, with Gen. Appleton, of Maine. We had a long and searching talk over the federal constitution. Does it sanction and sustain slavery? He admitted it did. Asked him, 'How can you vote for it as you do, whenever you vote under it; when you know, that, in so doing, you vote to sustain and perpetuate slavery? Ought not such a constitution to be trampled in the dust, as a bond of the grossest wickedness?' He thought I was going too far; we ought to try to amend it. Told him it was a sheer falsehood, to call this a free country. But the General's heart is deeply engaged to vindicate the constitution. He will find it a hopeless task. He offered a resolution in the Convention, to the effect that it is our duty to sustain the constitution. It was indefinitely postponed."

May 27, 1865.

"At 9, A. M., attended the Anti-Slavery Convention in New Jerusalem Hall. Room crowded. Amasa Walker, president. Several resolutions were offered, discussed for hours, and passed. One was, that the slaves must be freed, and that on the soil where they are enslaved. Another resolution related to the American church. It seems like base hypocrisy for that church to seek to plead the cause of justice, humanity and Christianity before the nations, while she admits hucksters in human flesh to her pulpits and communion as honest men and Christians. How can we preach to the heathen abroad, while we foster and protect a worse than heathenism in our midst?

"At the dinner table found Elipha White, of South Carolina; Mr. Perry, of Bradford, and Mr. Binny, of Kentucky. Had a discussion over the dinner table, concerning the doings in the Convention of the morning. Mr. White became greatly excited, and complained bitterly, because the North, as he said, were trying to get the people of the South to break their laws. 'Are not those laws unjust?' I asked. 'If they are,' said he, 'I trust the people of the South will not violate them, but will firmly abide by them. You would excite the slaves to rebellion.' 'To be sure I

would,' I said; 'excite them to disregard all laws that sanctioned their enslavement.' 'Well, I hope,' said he, 'that the South will abide by their laws and constitution.' This man is a professed minister of Christ. He says he believes in a God; I wonder what kind of a God. A very convenient one, I am thinking! He says, 'we have no business to cry down the slave laws, that secure to them their slaves as property.' Mrs. — said, 'the Abolitionists had no politeness, no decency, no manners, because they held an Anti-Slavery Convention this week, when other benevolent societies meet; that no men of common decency or sense would have called the convention now, nor would attend it now it is called.' But that woman sometimes speaks inconsiderately, and I do not heed her thrusts.

"Not a church in Boston, the city of science and literature, of priests, praying, sermons and Bibles, nor Faneuil hall, could be had for an Anti-Slavery meeting during this week; simply because Garrison and Thompson are prominent in the cause. I record this as a memorial of Boston churches and ministers in 1835. Ten years hence, it will hardly be believed. Messrs. Blagden, Winslow, Adams and others, are gathering a storm of indignation about them, that will ere long make them infamous."

June 2, 1835.

AMALGAMATION. — "At the breakfast table this morning, had a great time over intermarriages between blacks and whites. It was introduced by a Mr. McIntire. It was objected to the Anti-Slavery Society, that it was aiming to bring about this result. I stated that abolition was the only way to prevent it. If slavery continues a few years more, there will not be a real African among the slaves. 'But,' I asked, 'is it right to keep the colored people in bonds to prevent the whites from marrying them? The whites enslave the Africans to keep themselves from marrying them! A strange argument, and a fiendish one. The process of amalgamation is going on as fast as possible.' 'I do not refer to that,' said Mrs. —. 'We are talking,' I said, 'of amalgamation, are we not?' 'About their *intermarrying* with

whites,' said Mrs. —, 'not about their living together without marriage.' 'Which is worse,' I asked; 'for a white man to live with a black woman, with or without marriage?' 'Both are bad enough,' said she. 'But, which is worse?' I asked. 'Both are alike—one as bad as the other,' said she. 'So, then,' I said, 'it is no more sin for a white man to live with a black woman in prostitution, than in marriage. You have a curious code of morals this morning. No wonder; since your ministers and churches give the right hand of fellowship to men who abolish marriage, live in prostitution, and compel men and women to herd together in concubinage.' "

PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOR. — "Mr. McIntire told the following fact: 'A black woman put up at Mr. Bartlett's, in Newburyport. She wanted to go to Lowell. She waited there a week to get a passage. A stage went to Lowell every day. Why could she not go? The agent tried to get her into the stage, but the passengers would not have her in it, because of her color. Finally, she had to go up by herself in a private conveyance.' This was evidence to him, that all attempts to free the slaves were hopeless!

"Have visitors here from New Haven. Mr. F. and wife. Mr. F. says, Judge Jay's account of the meeting at New Haven, on slavery, is an infamous falsehood. He is opposed to having a College in New Haven to educate colored young men; it would prevent the sons of slave-holders from coming there. Mrs. F. says she would not admit a colored person to her table, whatever might be his or her character, however elevated in intellect, or pure in heart. 'Why?' I asked. 'Because they are black,' said she, 'and they are so disagreeable. Their odor and their color would exclude them.' 'I would as soon admit them as you,' I replied. She said, 'I would not admit them to my society, on terms of equality, if they were exalted as angels!' Mrs. F. whom I was disposed to respect, has sunk herself very low, in my opinion. She has a mean, low, depraved spirit. She is more vile and degraded, in the sight of Heaven, than those

whom she so brutally despises. Poor, miserable woman ! Her riches and pride sink her very, very low.

" Mr. F., a young man, whom I have greatly esteemed, came into my room to get a light, and to ask me to join in the Union, for the improvement of the colored race. He sat down, and began to talk about what Mr. and Mrs. F. had said about associating with colored persons. I told him what they said, and asked him what he thought of it. Said he, ' If Arthur Tappan were to invite me to dine with him, and he should have colored people at the table, I should consider myself insulted, and would leave the house.' ' Why ? ' I asked. ' Because,' said he, ' it would be an outrage against common custom.' ' Whence originated that custom ? ' I asked. ' I admit it is not right in its origin, but it exists, and should not be outraged. It would not do to set it at defiance. It exists, and cannot be helped.' This is the common feeling of society in Boston, at this moment, and all over the nation ; and these are called Christians ! If I thought it was, I would spurn Christianity as some malignant fiend. But such are not Christians !

" At supper table, Mrs. — asked, ' Would you put a blackbird and a dove into the same cage, and keep them together ? ' This she asked to justify her prejudice against color ; and to cast a slur on the Anti-Slavery doctrine, that men should treat one another irrespective of complexion. ' Why not ? ' I asked. ' Because,' she said, ' there is no sympathy between them. I love colored people,' said she, ' and am ready to help them. Yet I have no sympathy with them. Their color renders it impossible for me to have any sympathy with them.' ' Mrs. —,' I said, ' you have uttered a most unfeeling and wicked sentiment. You, a professed follower of Jesus, and declaring that you have no sympathy with your fellow-beings, because God made them black ! Your religion and your God are a delusion — if such be their character.' ' I believe we are a different race,' said she, ' and God never made us to have any sympathy for one another.' ' If such be the spirit of your race, God grant I may never be of it. It is a race of fiends, and not

of men. Do you think in heaven you shall have any sympathy with them?' I asked. 'Yes,' said she, 'but that is no reason why I should have any here.' 'I would not have your remark stand against my name in Heaven's chancery for all Boston,' I said. 'I am willing it should stand against mine,' said she. This conversation took place between us at supper table. She professes to be a Christian, and this is the spirit that actuates nearly the entire church of this country. 'You will be sorry for this one day,' I said. 'Never,' said she, 'till my nature is changed!' 'I think you need to be born again,' I said; 'for now your spirit is that of the evil one.' "

In the summer of 1835, I went as a delegate from Boston, to attend a State Temperance Convention, to be held in Buffalo, in New York State. The following extracts are from my journal, kept during that time.

BUFFALO, Saturday, July 4, 1835.

INDEPENDENCE DAY. — "Last night, cannons and crackers were being fired all night; the city was in a great uproar, and all were preparing to be independent to-day. The noise was a necessary preparation to arouse up their ferocity and brutality, and to prepare them for a suitable display of their gratitude. This night, it seemed, was the first step.

BAR ROOM. — I am boarding in a hotel. Rose early, and came down to spend half an hour in the bar room; and here I sit in one corner, by a table, to note the scene around. The sun is just rising; a clear, beautiful morn. There are about one hundred men and lads in the room, and around the door. The room is very large, and the bar is fitted up with a large supply of rum, gin, whiskey, brandy, wine, beer, lemons, cigars, and every thing necessary to genteel drinking. In the corner, near the bar, is a stand, with a Bible on it. I watch the movements of these human beings, and look into their bosoms

with intense and melancholy interest. More than fifty have been up to the bar to take the morning dram; some calling for wine, some for sling, some for lemonade, in which were large portions of gin or rum. Some called for rum or whiskey, and drank it without mixture. One has just asked another—'Will you take some sugar and water?' 'I have taken some,' said the other; 'have you?' 'No,' said he. 'Then step up and take some,' said the other. I was anxious to know what was meant by sugar and water. The men stepped up and called for it; and without asking an explanation, the bar-tender put some water and sugar into a tumbler, then crushed the sugar, and then poured in a gill of rum; and this was sugar and water.

"Many who drink are well dressed, and claim to be gentlemen; but their appearance, their inflamed faces, and low conversation, and the fact that they are hovering around and sipping the drunkard's drink, show that they are any thing else but pure-minded men.

"In one corner of the room is a boot-black, busy at his calling; sleeves rolled up, and apron on, polishing boots and shoes, preparing for independence; and around him are gathered many boarders and travellers, some in the act of drawing on their boots; some tying up shoes; some having coats brushed; some pulling out purses, and paying sixpence to boots. As they get through there, they all pass to a large mirror, and there brush and comb the hair, frizzle up the fore-top; and brush forward the whiskers; and then they adjust the cravat, and turn round and look over their shoulders, to see how the back appears.

"In another corner is a wash-stand, where many are washing, coats off, sleeves rolled up, and collars turned down; and they are rubbing and scrubbing, or wiping their faces and necks and hands. This looks comfortable, and as if a sense of decency was in them; for those who keep their bodies nice, and clean, and healthy, will not be likely to have their souls very polluted. In another corner is a man showing to a group an improved model of a steamboat, explaining its superior excellencies in a loud tone of voice.

"But the greatest number gather around the bar to sip

the poison, and prepare for independence. A boy and a man are in the bar to deal out and mix the ingredients. It is a sad spectacle! This is the second step of the preparatory process. After the morning dram, they will be prepared for almost any thing, having lost all respect for property or person. Over all these drunkeries should be inscribed, 'The way to hell, leading down to the chambers of death.'

"While engaged in writing the above, the bell rang for breakfast. At once, all jumped for the door that leads into the dining-room. There was a rush, all crowding, elbowing, pushing; each pressing and struggling to get before the others, in order to secure the best seat. More than one hundred men thus rushed for the table, regardless of courtesy or decency; each one caring only for himself. How unlike the urbanity and courtesy that ever flow from love which seeketh not her own! I am now sitting by the breakfast table, and seeing the eating process. It is indescribable! Not one cares for another; each is for himself alone; nor will they drop their knives and forks to hand one butter, bread or sugar, but catch it up, thrust it at you, knife or fork sticking at you also, and with a hot and eager haste, as though, if you did not snap at it, they should drop it, and leave you to get it as you best can. Then such a clatter of knives and forks, cups and saucers, spoons and plates; and such eagerness and voracity, I never saw. One would think they were a set of famished wolves tearing at a carcass. Truly do they go to the drunkery and the table, and drink rum and coffee, eat beefsteak and bread and butter, by steam. I feel no appetite to eat; I want to see the out-gushings of these spirits. Yet, probably, were I to trace them into their domestic relations, I should find them gentle, loving, self-forgetting. Why are they such brutes when they are here? They are land speculators, two-thirds of them, and mostly young men from New York or Boston. They are utterly regardless of decency or manners. No females at the table. I do not believe it good for man to be without the restraining influence of females, in any position in society.

"I have traversed the streets of Buffalo from end to end, and have spent the day in bar rooms, grog shops, in the streets, about the wharves, steamboats and canal boats, to see my fellow-beings, and read what is in them. I have witnessed a melancholy development. The town is full of foreigners, and of land speculators from the Eastern States, hoping to make a fortune in a day by buying and selling land. The region around Buffalo, for ten miles, seems to have emptied itself into the city. Smoking tobacco, drinking whiskey, fighting, cursing, firing cannon and crackers, are the order of the day.

"Many of the Seneca Indians are in town; the women invariably covered with the white woollen blanket, and wandering about from one place of excitement to another. In every corner are groups of Indians, men and women, grunting and muttering in the Indian tongue, all seeking after whiskey. Women with children swinging at their backs, reeling along the streets drunk. In one group, as I came up, two Indians appealed to me to settle a dispute; both were drunk. The contest was touching an old coat and an old blanket. They had swapped, and he of the blanket had given him of the coat five cents to boot. The man of the coat said he would be satisfied if he of the blanket would give these two gentlemen (myself and another) some whiskey. The foot of Maine street, and the shops and wharves and boats around there, are a true comment on independence.

"As I came up to one group in front of a dark, filthy drunkery, I found two men, just drunk enough to be religious, as they called it, in great excitement, discussing whether there be any devil. 'Squire,' called out one to me, 'come and tell us if there is a devil, and where he is.' 'Look in here,' I said, turning them to the door of the drunkery, 'if you would see the devil, you must look along the way to hell. Yonder he is; don't you see him?' 'Where?' said the astonished follow. 'There,' said I, pointing to the man in the dingy cellar behind the counter, dealing out whiskey, 'look in yonder; don't you see him?' The poor drunkard stretched out his neck and strained his eyes to penetrate

the gloom, and said, anxiously, 'I can't see him.' 'Why, yes you do; he is behind the counter; can't you see him?' 'That man there?' said he; 'why, that is the man that sells us the whiskey.' 'Yes,' I said, 'and that is the man who makes drunkards; that is the devil, and one of the worst devils you will ever meet, unless it be the appetite for strong drink that rages in your own bosom.' But such are not the devils whom men are taught to fear and shun. The theological devil is some terrible monster-spirit, that roams about, seeking whom he may devour; an invisible devil, that is let loose to tempt and torment men. If children were taught to resist the devil in their own hearts—anger, revenge, avarice, ambition, vanity, and other evil passions—they need not fear any abstract devils. Warn them against the visible devils that come to them in the shape of spirit dealers, slave-holders, warriors, and other haters and destroyers of men, and the devils of their theology will not trouble them.

"So of the theological hell, located beyond the boundary of this world, and aside from the feelings, and actions, and characters of men; it is a phantom, a bugbear of priestly ambition. The lake that burns with fire and brimstone, and where there are 'weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth,' exists only in the bosom of him who hates and wrongs his fellow-creatures. A slave-holding, a war-making, or drunkard-making character, is the lake of fire, the bottomless pit, from which issue loathsome and murderous spirits to curse the world; and while man has this hell character, he must be in hell; he must dwell in eternal punishment; the punishment, the weeping, wailing and wo will be just as eternal as the character; no more so.

"One man appealed to me to say whether he was an honest man; another, whether a man who had been in America, a free country, fourteen years, ought to let another strike him in the face without knocking him down. Told him that no man could earn the right to knock another down in fourteen years. 'How long will it take, Squire?' asked the poor drunkard. 'One hundred years, at least, I

said. 'What,' babbled the drunkard, 'if he strikes me in the face?' 'O, yes,' I said, 'the best way to deal with the man who strikes you is, to be kind to him and forgive him; and when he strikes you "on one cheek, turn to him the other also."' 'What, Squire, and let him strike me again?' said the drunkard. 'Yes,' I said; 'let him strike you twice or thrice, or seventy times seven, rather than knock him down.' But the poor fellow stared in stupid horror, as I have known clergymen do, at the sentiment."

BUFFALO, July 10, 1835.

"The Temperance Convention met at 2, P. M., and passed one resolution, pronouncing the making or vending any kind of intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, an immorality; another declaring it to be wrong to furnish materials to make intoxicating drinks, and to rent houses and stores for the sale of them. Some opposed them on one ground, and some on another. One resolution was offered, requesting ministers to preach on temperance in February. This was opposed, on the ground that it would be uniting church and state, by connecting the temperance reform with religion. One man said temperance had nothing to do with religion; if it had, he would have nothing to do with it. The resolution did not pass. But there is truth in the remark, that what is called religion has had little to do with tee-totalism, except to oppose it, on the ground that it will interfere with the use of wine at the communion. Let temperance, liberty, peace, humanity and justice, interfere with any of the observances of what is called religion, and it turns upon them with the malignity of a fiend. This Convention has done more for total abstinence than any yet held."

October 21, 1835.

"The annual meeting of the Female A. S. Society was held to-day, at 46 Washington street, in a hall up two flights of stairs. Notice had been given that there would be addresses. This morning, and yesterday, a handbill was put up all about the city, calling on the people to assemble

and prevent the meeting, and take Thompson, who was expected to be there.* At 3, P. M., the women assembled. Soon the mob began to collect; several thousands in numbers; (as the 'Gazette' afterwards admitted, whose editor wrote the handbill, and had a principal share in getting the

* The following is the handbill which called together the mob above alluded to. It was posted all over the city, and not a church or minister in Boston took any notice of it, or the mob which followed:—

"THOMPSON, THE ABOLITIONIST.—That infamous foreign scoundrel, THOMPSON, will hold forth *this afternoon*, at the Liberator Office, No. 46 Washington Street. The present is a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to *make Thompson out!* It will be a contest between the abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of \$100 has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens, to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar-kettle before dark. Friends of the Union, be vigilant!

"*Boston, Wednesday, 12 o'clock.*"

Then, when the whole city was enraged, and seemed determined to wreak its pro-slavery wrath upon every one who should dare to open his doors to an Anti-Slavery meeting; when not a public hall or a church could be had to advocate the claims of three millions of American slaves, the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society received the following note from FRANCIS JACKSON, whose conduct deserves applause from every friend of liberty:—

"TO THE LADIES OF THE BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY:

"Having with deep regret and mortification observed the manner your Society has been treated by a portion of the community, and especially by some of our public journals; and approving as I do most cordially the objects of your association, I offer you the use of my dwelling-house in Hollis Street, for the purpose of holding your annual meeting, or any other meeting.

"Such accommodations as I have are at your service; and I assure you it would afford me great pleasure to extend this slight testimony of my regard for a Society whose objects are second to none other in this city.

"With great respect and esteem,

"FRANCIS JACKSON."

The meeting was held. Harriet Martineau attended it, to show her hostility to slavery, and to cheer on the heroic women in their divine course.

mob together.) The Mayor, Theodore Lyman, had been informed of the intention to break up the meeting, but took no efficient measures to protect the women in their rights. He and several constables were on the ground, to protect the lives and property of abolitionists, as it was supposed. The Mayor, instead of dispersing the mob, assured them Thompson was not there, nor in the city. They then called for Garrison. He, by the advice of friends, had left. The Mayor and constables were in the room, the mob were shouting and yelling below, in the street. The mob called vociferously to have the Anti-Slavery tracts and books, and the sign, thrown down to them. The sign was torn down, and cast to the mob. The Mayor and constables granted them all they wished. Soon a shout was raised in a back street. The mob had Garrison in their clutches. All rushed towards the spot. A rope was fastened around him, and he was dragged into State street. Garrison was rescued, and taken into the Mayor's office. The Mayor then harangued the mob, and they cheered him. Meantime, Garrison was hurried into a carriage, and driven off to Leverett Street Jail, and the mob, as soon as they discovered it, rushed howling after him. The jailor had just time to lock him in as they came.

"In this whole affair, no effectual efforts were made to restrain the mob by the city authorities; they rather assisted it. No efforts were made to discover the author of the handbills, or to have them taken down. The Mayor gave the mob all they asked to pacify them, and evidently shared in a wish to put down the abolitionists, rather than the mob. The citizens of Boston must be sent to jail, to protect them from being mobbed, because they are opposed to slavery! Garrison is now in a dungeon, for no other cause, except that he will plead for liberty for the American slaves."

October 26, 1835.

"They say we have no right to discuss slavery, because we have agreed, in our compact with the South, to sustain the slave-holders in their rights of property in their slaves. We entered into a compact to hold one-sixth of the popula-

tion in slavery; and now, when we see our error, we must keep silent! Let the Union perish, rather than keep silent.

"Said a man to me to-day, 'The North entered into this alliance with slave-holders to save themselves from being enslaved to England.' It may be so. Rather than not have the assistance of the slave-breeders and slave-traders of Carolina and Virginia to protect themselves, the people of New England agree to help them perpetrate their foulest crimes.

"Received to-day a number of the Richmond Whig, Virginia. It is filled with bitter denunciations against abolitionists, and against the northern States for allowing them to discuss slavery. They are holding conventions all over the South, to instigate the people of the North to make abolitionism a highly penal offence. Well, let them rave, and let the North cower like a base paltroun before them, and enact penal laws. Their system of robbery and blood must be overthrown. The doom of slavery is sealed; the rod of the oppressor must be broken. The South threatens to break off all intercourse, commercial and political, with the North. Quicker the better; the sooner will slavery die. Let the free States cut loose from the slave States, and their system of piracy cannot be maintained. I wish the Union was dissolved to-morrow; it would be a great blessing."

October 28, 1835.

"This day, the Liberator has been turned out of its office, at 46 Washington street, through fear of a mob. The devil, with his genteel, gentlemanly and praying friends of 'property and standing,' has for a moment triumphed, driven the Liberator out of doors, raised a mob, and driven Garrison and Thompson from the city. This he has been able to do solely by the aid of the ministers and churches of Boston. One cannot but ask, respecting what these ministers and churches call God and religion — What have they done for humanity? Men had better turn their backs on such a God, and turn to doing good to men."

November 6, 1835.

"Had an interview with Garrison to-day, for the first time. Much talk on the subject of Non-Resistance. He has a warm heart and clear head. He is doing a work for our race; more to extend the empire of Christianity than all the ministers and churches, as such; and that is not saying much, to be sure, for they are the gigantic foes of Christianity. Garrison is its true friend; but he is not safe in this city. I wish he would leave for a time.

"Wrote a communication for the *Liberator*, headed 'Theodore Lyman, Mayor of Boston, heading a Mob,' signed 'Hancock.'

Sunday, Nov. 8, 1835.

"This day George Thompson sailed for St. Johns and England, in an English merchant vessel; his steps dogged to the very last moment of his departure by our professed republican and Christian ministers, churches and politicians. He came to plead for freedom and freedom's God; he has been mobbed in churches, halls and domestic circles, and scarce one minister of religion in the land has raised his voice in his favor. They have all joined the mob against him. His friends got him secretly aboard the ship, leaving his baggage behind, and his wife and children; not deeming it safe to let them go with him, lest the assassins should track them and him. Heaven bless him, and forgive me any opposition I may have felt or made to him!"

LETTER IX.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

ROCHANE COTTAGE, ROSENEATH, }
Sunday, Aug. 15, 1847. }

DEAR FRIEND:

It is midnight. I am in my wee highland attic for the last time; and this is the last letter I shall date here. Six weeks have I worshipped the Author of my being in this little room, in writing an account of my experience in human existence. There is little that is uncommon or striking in that experience. I have figured but little in deeds, or with persons, that are counted great. My spirit has indeed been tempest-tossed and driven; it has been outraged; not by personal ill-will or treatment, for I have received ten thousand acts of kindness from my fellow-beings, to one of unkindness, and I cannot put my hand on one and say, Thou art my personal enemy, further than thou art the enemy of man; but from what has been imposed on me by men, ignorantly, and from regard for my welfare, as God and religion. These have haunted me like ghosts, like frightful spectres, from the hidden places of eternity, and unseen by me; and what is called God has been watching my course, without one feeling of sympathy with the joyous, buoyant spirit that lived within me. I have had some experience with which most persons will sympathize. In my theological speculations and revolution, many whom I dearly love and respect will feel only grief and sorrow; and the thought of grieving them has been the heaviest burden of my spirit while writing the foregoing pages; for I love and cherish them, and am sorry to vex them. Though they may repudiate, with horror, my views of what they call God, inspiration, Bible, prayer, religion, worship; yet if they can allow me a place in their affections and kindly sympathies, these will still cheer my pathway down into the future. If not, my heart shall be still;

not a feeling of complaint or unkindness shall harbor there towards them ; and I will wait till we meet where perfect union in affection and sympathy can consist with widely different and opposing opinions of the head.

"The cry of Pantheism, Infidelity and Atheism may be raised against me. I have long been used to them. They are harmless, having as little power to annoy my spirit as they have to convince my reason. They are utterly powerless with me, whether used as terms of reproach or as arguments. Sustained by an inward consciousness of wishing to subserve the purposes of human redemption, by exposing the pollutions and horrors of a false God and a false religion, that riot in human anguish, tears and blood, and by calling attention to a religion of love, forgiveness, self-sacrifice, liberty and peace, and to a God who is the just and loving Father of the human family, and who rejoices to see his children returning good for evil, and contending for the right to suffer and die rather than to inflict suffering and death on others ; it is not in the power of reproachful epithets to vex my heart or convince my reason.

"I am certainly an infidel to a war-making, slave-holding and man-oppressing religion ; I am certainly an atheist to a God with whose nature slavery or war ever was or ever can be reconciled. That God, who is justice and love, made me so. That there is such a God, who has a personal existence aside from man and the visible universe, who has made faith in his being an essential element of human nature, and who is to be loved, honored and worshipped by men in feelings and deeds of love, forgiveness, gentleness, justice and goodness toward one another, I can no more doubt, than I can doubt my own existence. That the essential spirit and principles of Christianity are true, I can no more doubt, than I can doubt the existence of God or man, and my belief in them is entirely independent of the character of Christ or the apostles.

"While I must be responsible for my own principles and acts, I can receive nothing as true on the authority of any thing in the universe, a reception or rejection of which involves blame, and which refers to right or wrong in practice. I can receive nothing as truth, and from God, which conflicts with the known laws and facts of my physical, social and spiritual nature, and of the material universe. Whatever has been said or done by men of the past, no

matter what may have been their pretensions to divine inspiration, nor what they said or did, must be subjected to the laws and facts of my being, and can be received as true and right only so far as they accord with these self-evident truths and facts. I can receive nothing as from a God of justice and love which teaches that I may rightfully feed, clothe and house myself by starving, denuding and unhousing others; that I may rise and prosper by trampling down and cheating others; that I may be free by enslaving others; that I may see and hear by making others blind and deaf; that I may grow rich by making others poor; that I may be happy by making others miserable; that I may live by killing others. Such teachings, through whatever channels they may come, and by whatever authority enforced, I reject. Truth can be received on no authority out of itself; to receive truth on its own authority, it must be seen and felt to be truth. Authority opposed to fact is contemptible; the past arrayed against the present, objects of faith against objects of sight, the spiritual against the actual, the abstract against the concrete, eternity against time, God against love, mercy, justice and humanity, can never be received as truth and right, on any authority, while "each one must give an account of himself to God for all the deeds done in the body." If what men worship as God be opposed to the self-evident truths and facts of human existence, and to the relations and duties of man to man, then they may be sure their God is a nonentity, and in sustaining his dominion and worship, they victimize themselves to a phantom. The sooner men cease to love and worship such a chimera, which only serves to sanctify whatever evil practices they see fit to pursue, and attend to the practical affairs of the world, that involve the physical, social, mental and moral welfare of the human race, the better for all concerned. For myself, I would spend whatever remains of life to me, in efforts to bring myself and my fellow-beings into obedience to the laws of our being; and in this way, I shall pray to God, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven;" and in this way I shall seek to make "the kingdom of heaven" a practical reality; for in proportion as men conform to the laws of physical, social and spiritual health and life, is the kingdom or government of God come unto them; and it will be a practical, living truth among men, that "the Lord God omnipotent

reigneth. These laws and penalties, these causes and effects, are, like their Author, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever; and He never did and never will alter, repeal or suspend them, while the nature, relations and obligations of man remain the same.

"It is nearly daylight. This has been a night of feeling and reflection. It is my last in Scotland. I love her mountains, her lochs, and her people. Like Italy, Scotia is classic ground. I have battled here for liberty, and human brotherhood, and peace, over two years. In this family I have had my home, and all its members have been to me all of affection, kindness and confidence, that man can be to man. I love to grapple with the granite character of her people, as I do with the granite mountains of Scotland. The Scotch are a noble people, and are destined, I hope, to act as conspicuous a part in overturning, by the might of love and truth, the kingdom of violence and blood, as they did in days of old, in resisting and overturning the spiritual despotisms which then bestrode the world.

"But I will stop, bathe, and call up the family, and be ready, in three hours' time, to leave this romantic spot, and the noble spirits that inhabit here. I will only add, that I arrived here yesterday from Liverpool. I thought, and the family thought, I had left them, to meet here no more; but having two or three days of leisure in Liverpool, I concluded to visit my home in Scotland once more. So I took the steamer and came down Friday night, to return again to-morrow night. I will give in this some extracts from my journal, giving an account of my first and last visit to Dublin, my last to London, to Sheffield, Ben Rhydding, Glasgow, and Roseneath, and of my departure, which is to be on Thursday next, the 19th.

SHEFFIELD, February 14, 1847.

"What a changing world! On the night of Jan. 23d, at 12 o'clock, I went to bed a strong, and, as I thought, a well man. The next morning, I could not lift my head from my pillow without fainting. I was attacked with fever about two in the night, and in a few hours my strength was reduced to infantile weakness. It was Sunday morn, and I had an appointment at Huddersfield on Mon-

day. M. B. went to H. and recalled the appointment. Here I have been in my chamber ever since, under the care and nursing of M. and R. B., weak and helpless. Threw off the fever in thirty hours, by water-cure, but am left weak, though free from pain. I have sorely taxed my constitution the past four months.

"Have just been reading, in the 'Nation,' a letter from a priest to James Haughton, condemning him for his Anti-Slavery. I wish the priest had a tithe of the honesty of J. H. But the priest generally blights the man, and one becomes something less than a man who becomes a priest. Yet the Irish cannot be reached except through the priesthood; for which Father Mathew thanks God. I don't, and sure I am that no priesthood, Catholic or Protestant, will ever allow the people to be reached, except through them, if they can help it; and then only in a way to confirm and perpetuate their despotism over the souls and purses of their vassals. Protestant priests had rather the Irish should remain in their ignorance and degradation, than that they should be raised up by Catholic priests. The bigotry of Protestants is most disgusting, because opposed to their principles. Catholic priests are open and above board in their bigotry; and though it is deep and malignant, it is so manifest, that all can shun it if they dare. I wish all sects were blown to the moon; though I should be sorry to have them stop there, or, indeed, in any planet, for they would only convert them into arenas of hatred and bloodshed. I would rather they might be cast out of all abodes, and left to fall, down, down, not nine days, but for ever.

"The bells are ringing and chiming to tell the people what to do. I shall not heed them. I would not, if I could, leave my room. I have performed religion (not Christianity, that can't be performed, it must be lived) by sound of bells long enough for one life. I'll no more of it. It is powerless to sustain my spirit in the hour of trial. I want something more spiritual, more humano, more divine.

"Nothing can exceed the kindness and sympathy of M. and R. B. to me in my sickness. I can never express to them my deep gratitude. They have their reward. 'I was a stranger, and they took me in; sick, and they ministered unto me.'"

DE VESSEY LODGE, NEAR DUBLIN, Feb. 23, 1847.

"Left Sheffield on the 20th, after four weeks' confinement, and went to Ben Rhydding Water Cure Establishment, accompanied by M. B., to take care of me. Had not been in the street since I was taken down. The doctor, Rischanic, would not take me in; said if I valued my life, I should go to London, and put myself under the best medical and surgical advice in the kingdom. I turned my back on all doctors, and came to this place to get a room, and apply the water-cure under my own directions. I arrived here from Liverpool, by the Iron Duke, this morning, at six. Took a car and came to this place, the house of James H. and Ann Webb. Am exhausted by the journey. Shall stay here, and at R. and A. Allen's and R. D. Webb's a few weeks, and see if I can't cure myself by cold water. I have often found a kind and hearty welcome in this family.

"I never had an attack of fever before to lay me up. I don't know how to be sick and be nursed. I never took ten shillings' worth of medicine in my life. I know not that a particle of calomel ever entered my system. Never till 1843 was I under a doctor's care. I hate to be sick and trouble people. I cannot endure to have people distressed about me. I can bear up under my own sufferings, but it never helps me any to have others made miserable by my pains. It always made me wretched to see others grieving over the state of my soul or my body. If I cannot take care of them, so long as I can stir about, who can? When I can no longer take care of myself, I think it would be pleasanter to die than to live. 'To die then would be gain,' for I am sure that to live, and be a burden and vexation to others, could not be Christ; i. e., advantageous to the cause of truth and humanity.

"I have thus far lived an active, temperate, virtuous, hardy life, for the most part. During the past twenty years, I have not used a particle of tobacco or alcohol, in any shape; nor of tea, coffee, chocolate, or any narcotic drinks; nor indeed any warm or hot drinks, of any kind. Cold water, and that alone, has been my beverage, summer and winter, morning, noon and night. Why, then, should I be sick? I do not believe God has had any thing more to do with my sickness than he would with my death, if I should cut my throat. He indeed put me under certain laws, that

are 'holy, just and good'; but I have violated the laws of health, and the 'wages of sin is death.' So have I found it; but the 'gift of God,' as the reward of obedience to these laws, is 'eternal life.' I dare not think or speak of submission to Providence as a source of consolation. I put out my eyes, and am blind; I blow out my brains, and am dead. What had God to do in depriving me of sight and of life? As much as he had to do with my present sickness, and as much as he ever had to do with the death of children who die by disease communicated to them by their parents, before or after birth. The simple fact is, I have sinned, and have found it true, that 'the soul that sinneth, it shall die.' I violated the laws of health, and was cast into hell, but I am now slowly rising out of it."

DUBLIN, April 9, 1847.

"In two hours I go, by the steamer Vanguard, to Glasgow. I have been here over six weeks, and am restored, without going to the best 'medical advice in the kingdom.' Indeed, I think I have; for I have been to myself, and I think I am my own best physician. I have not taken one particle of drugs; only applied water internally and externally. I have been often to the different soup kitchens in Dublin, to see the multitudes of starving and ragged people that gather about them once a day, to get a supply. It is said three millions of the Irish are at this moment receiving their only support from governmental charity. Had I been a brother beloved, I could not have received more prompt, more kind and heart-cheering attention from the Allens, the Haughtons, and Webbs, in my sickness. May they have their reward!"

BOWLING BAY, Wednesday, June 30, 1847.

"Came here from Glasgow to have a parting visit with John Murray and family. I am now at their house on the banks of the Clyde. John Murray and William Smeale have done more for the Anti-Slavery cause in America than any two men in Scotland. They are the Secretaries of the Glasgow A. S. Society. They have their rich reward in the consciousness of feeling for those in bonds as bound with them, which they have done for many years.

"Before I came from Glasgow to-day, went with my little highland playmate, Catherine Paton Anderson, to an artist, and had a

likeness of her and myself taken, both in one picture. It is a picture that I love to look upon, and I had rather be there with that child, than in a picture with an empire on which the sun never sets at my feet. The child is cuddled up by my side — a position of her own choosing. The artist was arranging his machine to get the focus; she was a little frightened, and seized my hand and drew my arm around her, and leaned her head against my bosom, as if nothing could hurt her thus protected. It has been her favorite position, as we rested on the heather, in our rambles over the highlands and by Gare Loch and Loch Long. As she was in that position, the impression was taken.” *

DUN ARBECK, 5, P. M.

“I am on a high mount, that rises up behind the dwelling of John Murray. I have often been here, to look down upon the Clyde, and its sweet and busy valley. It is a bright day. Here J. M. and myself are lying on the green grass, and looking down upon the busy scene below us. We are talking over our past intercourse. It has been free, and pleasant, and profitable, and only so, to me. J. M. is sixty years old; I am fifty, lacking two months. Ten years more will probably see us both in the spirit land. I shall never ascend this mount again. We are on the peak of it. I am sad, thinking this to be my last walk with J. M., who is to me, indeed, a brother beloved. His Anti-Slavery life would make a volume of thrilling interest. Faithful and true has he been to the oppressed in Scotland and in the West Indies for thirty years. We have mingled hearts on this mount for the last time, and must now go down.”

DUBLIN, October 26, 1842.

“I left Liverpool in the steamer Ballinasloe, at 2, P. M., for this place, 120 miles across the Irish Channel. Our steamer was tossed about the channel, by a tempest, Tuesday night, Wednesday and Wednesday night, till about three in the morning, when we came to anchor by the quay in Dublin. For hours it was doubtful whether we were to enter the Liffey in safety, or be dashed to pieces on Holyhead.

* See Frontispiece.

"Early this morn came with bag and baggage to 160 Brunswick street. Rang the bell, and the door was opened. 'Is R. D. W. at home?' 'He is,' was the answer. 'Ask him to step to the door.' In a few minutes, a man came running to the door. 'Is this R. D. W.?' 'That is my name,' said he. 'I am what is left of H. C. W.' I had been sea-sick 22 days, and was greatly reduced. He seized me by the hand, and said, 'Come in, come in; we were expecting you; you are welcome.' He took in my baggage, led the way up to the parlor, and there introduced me to H. W., his wife, and their children. Such a reception was a balm to my weary and tempest-tossed body and spirit.

"In due time, my pockets were opened, and letters, papers, pamphlets and friendly tokens from America were distributed. The letters were devoured by R. D. W. Letters from friends are his meat, drink and sleep, I should judge.

"My first evening in Dublin was spent in the celebration of Richie's seventh birthday (youngest son of R. D. and H. W.). The rest took tea for supper; I had cold water. I was called on to give my reasons for taking water. I gave them; but all were against me. At the table, I told the children of the cold water armies in America. I had a happy time with them, being admitted at once to their sympathies and confidence, as if I had been an old acquaintance. R. A. and J. H. called and welcomed me to their hearts and their homes."

DUBLIN, Monday, July 26, 1847.

"I am sitting here by my little stand, in a room in which I have kept my things and slept, off and on, since October 26th, 1842. I have spent my last night in this pleasant and hospitable home of R. D. and H. Webb. The families of T. and M. Webb, and of J. H. and A. Webb, — brothers of R. D. W., — and of R. and A. Allen, and J. Haughton, of this city, have been homes to me, as from time to time, I have been here the past five years. During the past three days, I have visited and taken final leave of these friends. I cannot think of their affectionate kindness without deep emotion. If the love of one grateful heart could make them blessed, then would they be blessed. I have spoken my passage to Liverpool, to start at seven. It is now five, P. M.

"This is the first room I slept in, in Ireland. It is the last. I have spent many happy and profitable hours here, and in the adjoining parlor, with R. D. and H. W. and their children, and other friends. I have had much intercourse with R. D. W. since I landed in this kingdom. He has printed for me 7,500 copies of 'A Kiss for a Blow.' One thousand copies of a book entitled, 'Defensive War proved to be a Denial of Christianity, and the Government of God;' 750 copies of 'Six Months at Graefenberg;' containing my experience in the Water Cure for diseased lungs; and more than 50,000 Tracts on War and Slavery. I have trusted to him whatever I had to trust to any man, and he has dealt by me most generously and justly, as a man of business; and with unceasing confidence and kindness as a friend. So have all the members of his family. It is very painful to part with friends so deservedly dear as are R. D. and H. W., and all my other intimate friends of this city. My memorial of them will be pleasant, and only pleasant, while earth is my home. I have wandered to-day all over the house, and the printing office, and the premises. I shall visit them no more. I will now go chat with the family and other friends a little while, and then I will go on my way."

Half-past 7 o'clock, Monday evening.

"I am on the deck of the steamer Royal William, passing down the Liffey. Took leave of the family and friends, at half-past six, and came to the steamer, accompanied by R. D. W.; my baggage all packed to cross the Atlantic. I am to go from Liverpool by the Caledonia, August 19. At seven, I took leave of R. D. W., who is to meet me at Liverpool. I am now passing the Pigeon House Light House, and entering the broad and beautiful bay of Dublin; Black Rock, Salt Hill, Kingston, town and harbor, Dalkey and Killiny Hills are dimly seen on the right; Clontarf and Howth on the left. Dublin is fading from my vision, behind us. Night is settling down, and wrapping all this familiar and endeared bay and its shores in obscurity. Farewell to thee, Dublin, home of endeared friends; I shall see thee no more!"

MUSWELL HILL, LONDON, July 29, 1847.

"I am in my chamber at the home of W. H. Ashurst. Arose this morning at six o'clock, took a bath in an adjoining room, then had a

pleasant walk in the garden ; then breakfasted on boiled eggs, and bread and butter and cold water, a common breakfast with me ; and then I went to my chamber to write. My window looks out to the south upon a smooth green lawn ; in the four corners of which stand three tall and wide-spreading oaks, and one cypress. The garden is full of gooseberries, flowers, currents, and beautiful walks extend all around. There cannot be a lovelier spot. I told Mrs. A. that people had nothing to do but to be loving and good in such a scene. She said that the human passions were as strong and turbulent here as in the city. I can hardly believe it. The sparrows and all the little birds are now on the lawn, and in the thick shrubbery, chirping, singing, hopping about, bobbing, bowing, twittering and chattering to one another. They are in great glory. My window is up, and the music of the birds and the perfumery of the flowers float into my room, and encircle me with all that is pure, gentle and loving. How can man ever be unkind and cruel, with this universe of beauty, gentleness and goodness around him.

“ I came here from Birmingham yesterday, and am to spend a week in London and in the vicinity. I am just outside of London, in the parish of Hornsey. Near by me is the great city, with its two millions of human beings. I have spent many happy hours in that wilderness of houses. All the passions that agitate human bosoms there shoot forth ; some in all their roughness and foulness, and some in all their freshness and beauty. London is a miniature representation of the human race. I have greatly enjoyed myself in this spot, and been blessed in my acquaintance with this intelligent family. I have met few persons in England, who understand its social state, who see its evils and the remedy, more clearly than Mr. A. His views of man and his relations are truly enlightened and liberal, and he has been and will be an agent of great good to this kingdom, by sustaining and diffusing just views of human rights among the people.”

FITZROY PARK, HIGH-GATE, LONDON, }
Saturday, July 31, 1847. }

“ Came here to meet a company of children, to celebrate the birthday of a grand-daughter of Southard Smith. William and Mary

Howitt, Hans Christian Anderson, the Danish writer of stories for children; R. H. Horne, author of *Orion*; Mrs. Milyard, called the Silver Pen, a writer for Douglas Jerrold's paper, and several others, are present. We are all gathered under some wide-spreading beech trees, taking refreshments. It is a beautiful spot. It is the children's party, and we are all children together; I wish I could always be a child, in spirit. I am sure the child in me is the best part of me. I think it is the best part of every body, and the only part worth saving. But it is the aim of religion and social institutions to educate childhood out of us.

"There, I have been playing 'the affected lady and gentleman' with the children, and we performed the characters very finely; and I wish all affected gentlemen and ladies could have seen themselves in us. I think they would have been heartily disgusted with their silly affectation. We have had another game, of taking and rescuing prisoners. This game required running and activity. W. and M. Howitt, Silver Pen, and all the other children engaged in it, heart and soul. I was greatly delighted with little Maggie Howitt, about four years old, who attached herself to my party, and played bravely. Maggie is a lovely spirit, and intelligent as she is lovely. The party was made by the Misses Gillies, who live in a cottage on the border of the Park. This has been a pleasant and joyous party. William and Mary Howitt, and all the rest of us, have lived out childhood to-day, and run, romped, laughed and shouted out our buoyant and happy spirits, as only such spirits can.*

* The following lines were penned at our merry-making, by Hans Christian Anderson, dated "Fitzroy Park, Highgate, London, July 31, 1847":—

TO MISS GILLIES.

Of lovely children, this gay, singing throng,
The summer verdure, and the sun-bright sky,
Forget I not; 'twill forth, some day, in song,
Because the beautiful can never die!
I shall remember well thy gentle eyes,
And in bright light the picture will arise.

H. C. ANDERSON.

A loving, sensitive, shrinking spirit is H. C. Anderson's; full of the gentle, kind, and sympathetic, but having none of the daring, joyous and active. Too sensitive and shrinking for earth.

MUSWELL HILL, Sunday, August 1, 1847.

"James H. Webb, of Dublin, Douglas Jerrold, Joseph Mazzeni, Robert Owen, and others, came out from the city to spend the day. The day has been fine, sun bright and air pure, and creation smiling. We gathered into a convention, or council, under a magnificent beech tree, in front of the house. There we lay on the soft, green grass, in the shade, and settled the affairs of mankind.

"ROBERT OWEN is a character, and has made his name known in the world, by his efforts to systematize and carry out the principles of Socialism. I never saw him before. I have tried to get at his principles and plans from himself. If I understand them, they seem to me utterly unfounded in reason, and impracticable. The dogma that 'man is the creature of circumstances, and therefore irresponsible,' seems to me a self-evident falsehood. This underlies all Owen's plans of social progress. Then, he says, every member of society ought to have a military education. He would have the most destructive weapons invented, and all the people skilled in using them. He counts the individual nothing, and society every thing. The man is for the social organization, rather than the organization for man. He would regenerate the individual through a pure and right society, rather than create a pure society by regenerating the individuals of which it is composed. He would purify the parts by means of the whole, rather than the whole by means of the parts. He speaks with confidence of his plans. 'I have that all fixed and settled,' is his answer to every question. He speaks to the world as a general does to his army, and says, 'By kingdoms, right about face.' But Robert Owen is like a horse in a mill; he ever travels in a circle. He seems a kind-hearted man, and a well-wisher of his kind. He has just been up in one of the Boroughs of London as a candidate for Parliament. He issued an address to the electors, giving his views of government. In it he asserts the duty of government to give all the people a military education. His scheme can never succeed; if for no other reasons than these, he makes man an appendage to institutions, and merges individual man in the social organization, and discards all personal responsibility.

"It is a singular fact, that Robert Owen and the Calvinistic clergy exactly agree in their fundamental principles of moral phi-

losophy. He says, man is 'the creature of circumstances;' they say the same when they assert, that men are born sinners; he says, 'man is not responsible for being a sinner;' they say the same, when they declare, that men are sinners by nature, and are not responsible for being so. He denies that justice and equity are immutable, but holds that they change with time, place, and circumstance; they assert the same, when they affirm, that what was justice and equity in Moses, Joshua and Gideon, in destroying the Canaanites, and killing children for the sins of parents, would be injustice, robbery and murder now, and when they assert, as they do, that what is just to-day may be unjust to-morrow, and what is wrong now may be right hereafter. What Owen calls God, is a progressive Being, and changes with changing circumstances; so, the Being worshipped as God, by what is called Christendom, was one thing in the days of Moses, and another and an opposite character in the days of Jesus; he has one nature in time of peace, and an opposite nature in time of war; he is love in peace, and wrath in war; he is all forgiveness and gentleness in time of peace; but let Congress declare war, and he instantly becomes all revenge, cruelty and murder. I think the clergy should pull the beam out of their own eye before they ask to be allowed to pull the mote out of Robert Owen's.

"JOSEPH MAZZENI is another character; but a very different one from Robert Owen. He is a thin, spare man; his face is all eyes, which are black and exceedingly brilliant and glistening, when excited. He is an Italian; was engaged as a leader in the recent movement in Italy to vindicate her independence. He fled to avoid the fangs of Austria. Many of his comrades fell victims to her revenge. He found refuge in England, and now bides his time to return and urge on his countrymen to revolution. His correspondence has been opened by Sir James Graham, at the instigation of Austria, with a view to detect his accomplices; but for this base treachery, Sir James has been rebuked by the universal British nation. Have had some talk with him about Italy. He says, 'The power of Austria must soon be broken in that country, and that the Pope must assume the reins and give the people a free constitutional government, or the Pope will be dethroned.' Of this result, at no distant day, there can be no doubt. The reign of might and titles

draws to a close in Europe. Mazzeni goes for an armed revolution; he says, 'there is no other way for the people to throw off the incubus of aristocratic institutions.' His hatred of Austria is deep and bitter. He is an enthusiastic, intelligent, and interesting man, and will yet be heard of in Italy.

"DOUGLAS JERROLD is an original, fine character. His large, kindling light eyes, his open, speaking countenance, sparkling wit, brilliant intellect, and his person small and uncouth, almost to deformity, invariably attract attention. He is fitful, often morose, choleric and misanthropic, apparently. Appears like one who is nervously irritable, and who has suffered bodily and mentally. One can fancy they see in him a portion of the inimitable Caudle, (husband and wife,) and the author of *St. James and St. Giles*. By his innate power, he arose from great destitution, and is now the journalist of Britain. He has taken a leading part in our free discussions to-day as we lay on the grass. I walked to Islington with J. W. Webb — came back and found all gone, except Mazzeni. He is in the parlor, giving lessons in Italian. This has been a pleasant day, and we have consecrated it to Him, to whom all days are alike.

"God is a spirit, and we have this day worshipped him in spirit and in truth, under the dome of the deep blue sky."

EPPING FOREST, NEAR LONDON, }
Monday, Aug. 2, 1847. }

"At 9 o'clock, this morning, I started in Mrs. A.'s pony chaise from Muswell Hill, rode over to Clapton, and called on W. and M. Howitt. Found them all prepared for a ride to Epping Forest, to spend the day. I took little Maggie Howitt and her brother Charlton in my chaise, and the rest of the family took a fly, and off we came in high glee. We are now about ten miles from London. Epping Forest once covered many miles, and was a royal hunting ground, where kings and queens pursued foxes and deer, in company with their royal hounds. It was mainly a forest of beech. The trees are now, for the most part, cut down. Here and there are places of several acres, where the original forest trees are standing; and noble woods they are. As we came along, we stopped at Queen Elizabeth's Hunting Lodge; now standing as it was in her

day, and where, when wearied in the chase, she used to rest, and refresh herself and suite. Over these grounds, royalty and aristocracy have recreated themselves, and shown their dignity and glory, by running with dogs after hares, foxes and deer.

"This is little Maggie's eighth birth-day. We all came here to celebrate that, to her and to the world, important event; for the birth of a human being is important to the affairs of mankind. It is Maggie's party; and she has the selection and the management of it. The party is composed of W. and M. Howitt, and their four children, with one other person besides myself. We are all lying on the soft, green grass, under some magnificent beech trees. A plentiful dinner of cold roast beef, bread, cherry pie, and Maggie's birth-day plum-pudding was brought along. M. Howitt opened and spread it out, and we have the green earth for our table and our sofa. We have all partaken, especially of Maggie's plum-pudding, and wished her a pure, bright, joyous progress through her earthly being. She is an affectionate, bright and self-forgetting child. May the noon and evening of her life be clear and joyous as the morn! We have finished our dinner, and are now stretched out on the grass, looking up into the glorious tree-tops, and talking over the origin and progress of Anti-Slavery in America; the prominent persons in that enterprise; the obstacles it has encountered in Church and State; and the certainty of a triumphant issue. The Howitts are perfectly acquainted with the movement there, and have done much to show to Europe the nature of that slave-holding Republic. Now Wm. Howitt is relating some scenes which he has witnessed in his travels in England, and on the Continent. He has a great gift at telling a spirited and thrilling story. I doubt if W. and M. H. could appear any where to greater advantage than in such a family group, and in such a spot; though they are attractive and instructive in all circles and places. They can be children without being childish. Children are never childish. But I must leave this sweet spot, and return to the city."

BEN RHYDDING, August 9, 1847.

"It is five o'clock in the morning; I am at the Ben Rhydding and Wharfdale Water-Cure Establishment, under the care of Dr. William McLeod. Came here Saturday, the 7th, to take final leave of

E. P., to whose instrumentality I have owed my life, since landing in this kingdom ; whose love of Non-Resistance, Anti-Slavery, and of human kind, and whose liberality, have contributed greatly to whatever success I may have had in Europe, in spreading the principles of peace and liberty, and of human love and brotherhood.

"I arose at half-past four this morning, and took a bath. I sit by my open window, that looks down into the front yard, where swallows, water-wag-tails and sparrows are flitting and hopping about. At half-past seven I leave, to go on my way.

"This place is some fifteen miles from Leeds, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It is hardly possible to select a more healthful, beautiful, and cheerful spot in this kingdom. Every thing combines to make it a desirable location for a Water Cure Establishment. Pure water, pure air ; a beautiful and extensive scenery, up and down Wharfedale ; a picture of loveliness on which it is healthful to body and mind to look. E. P. is here to spend the season for health. May it prove a fountain of health to one who has been to me a friend in need. Truly, can I say, I was a stranger, and she took me in ; I was sick, and she ministered unto me."

ROSENEATH, SCOTLAND, Sunday,
Aug. 15, 1847, 11 o'clock, A. M. }

"By the great stone at Turner's Road, leading from Gareloch over to Loch Long. All the family came over here to hold our farewell meeting. We are lying on the heather, around this stone, on the western slope that goes down to the shore of Loch Long. We toiled over the hill under a hot sun, bringing towels for bathing, and bread and cheese for a lunch. The sun is bright, the air is clear, and we lie here and look down the Clyde, upon Bute, Arran and Ailsa Craig, and the mountains to the west and north. The heather is blooming sweetly and brightly. My wee darling is having great fun ; letting out her whole soul in merriment. She is indeed a strangely interesting child ! So joyous, prompt, determined ; and yet so affectionate and reasonable. This is my last walk with her. I shall meet her no more, after a few hours, as a child. She is consecrated in my heart. I love her with all my soul, mind and strength, and have no apprehension that my Maker sees any wrong or selfishness in my doing so. Precious child ! may she be saved

from temptation, and be trained to a life of pure obedience to the laws under which she exists. Then will she dwell in harmony with God and man. Many times have we played 'hoy,' 'take tea,' 'making calls,' 'go to sleep,' 'bob and jolly,' around this stone.

"We are having a fine talk over our next meeting, which is to be in the spirit land. We are asking — What we are? What we shall be? How we shall feel and think? What we shall do? Shall we know one another? Shall we talk over our rambles here? We are living in the future. We have taken a trip away from earth, and are now looking about in the great unseen and unknown, feeling after God and Heaven; trying to find something to reciprocate our love and sympathy, and to fill our social nature. We are afloat in illimitable space; we search in vain; when we lay down our bodies, and assume another mode of existence, we may be able to find something here that we can see and touch; but while connected, as we now are, with the physical universe, we must serve our God in discharging the obligations that rest upon us to our fellow-beings, and to the world in which we live. We are now returned to earth, and are nestled close together in the body; looking at one another, and feeling that God and Heaven are here in our midst. I say, 'I hope there will be something to do in that spirit-state; for it will be but a poor heaven to me to sit and gaze in eternal silence, and inactivity, unless death changes my nature.' 'I think,' says C., 'there will be enough to do there.' 'Well,' said I, 'it seems to me folly, or something worse, to be dead to the present, and live in the future; to fly away from this world to find something to love supremely; to turn our backs on human beings, and forget all our human relations, sympathies, cares and obligations, and wander off in some unknown world, to find something to fill our nature, and share our affections. We shall find nothing in the universe to fill our souls more entirely, more innocently, more usefully and happily, than we can here on earth, in the persons of our fellow-beings.' I am certain, these present objects fill my nature. Those are by me, who are competent to absorb my sympathies in theirs. While I believe in a God, who exists apart from all created things, I am certain I cannot love him, think of him, serve him, and have my being lost in him, in any way more perfectly, more usefully, or more acceptably, than by loving and serving his earthly children, who are bone of my bone and flesh

of my flesh. While in this state, I must love and worship my God, in doing justice, loving mercy, and in acts of kindness and honesty to the kindred objects around me. While in the flesh, I must love and serve God as he is manifested in the flesh; and I do not believe Christianity requires me to love and worship him in any other way. My God must be a *fact*, not a mere *idea*; a *reality*, not a *phantom*; and when told 'to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,' I can do this now in no other way, except by searching out the laws under which I now exist, and in obeying them. I do 'seek the kingdom of God,' when I study to find out the laws of health and life, and obey them. To do this, is to seek the 'righteousness of God,' in the only practical sense.

"'What, then, do you mean by "seeking the kingdom of God and his righteousness"?' asks A. 'Just what I have said,' I answer. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness" is my text. The true commentary or sermon is: Rise early in the morning; open your window, and let in fresh, pure air; wash your face and hands and body all over, and keep your skin clean, soft and smooth; take out door exercise; eat only wholesome food, and in suitable quantities; abstain from all alcoholic and narcotic drinks, and use cold fresh water; warm yourselves by useful exercise, rather than by a fire; in a word, seek to know the laws of physical health, and knowing, obey them; be earnest, be devout, in feeding, clothing, and caring for your body, whose health and vigor lie at the foundation of your happiness or misery in this state. Then seek to know the laws of your social nature, and obey them; do to others as you would have them do to you; "love your neighbor as yourself;" "forgive as you would be forgiven;" "overcome evil with good;" put away anger, wrath, and revenge, and be kindly affectioned to all, and tender-hearted; in a word, apply your mind to search out and obey the laws under which you now exist, and then you will seek the "kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things will be added thereto;" you will find rest and peace to your soul. Cease to seek that kingdom in the sky or in the future; seek and find it in present obedience to the laws of eating, drinking, clothing and living, and to the obligations subsisting between you and your fellow-beings now living around you.

"'There, what do you say to my sermon?' 'Short and practi-

cal,' says one. 'Pertinent and true,' says another. 'Containing more true divinity than is preached in the meeting-houses,' says another. 'And not very conducive to sleep,' says another.

"My wee darling is crawling over me, pulling up heather, now in full bloom, and covering me with it. I give her a gentle push, and away she tumbles upon the soft heather, rolling over and over, in great glee; then she jumps up and comes at me with more heather; and all this time I scribble and talk with the rest, and our talk is of God, his kingdom and glory; and I insist that I am seeking that kingdom of purity, of love, goodness and wisdom, in entering into the sympathies and amusements of this child; and that I worship the true and living God more acceptably in mingling my feelings with hers, to make her pure, good and happy, than I should if I were singing, praying, preaching, and performing what is called divine service in York Cathedral.

"It is pleasant to sit here, amid this scenery, and talk over these matters with kindred spirits. We have just voted, unanimously, that what is called the church is one of the greatest hindrances to the progress of righteousness. Let the clergy preach that heaven is character, and that hell is ditto; let them show that love, purity, forgiveness, justice, honesty, make heaven, and their opposites, hell; and then they may do some good; never till then. What is called God by Christendom, as well as by Heathendom, is the great, leading obstacle to the advancement of the empire of love, truth, justice and humanity. For this Being, to whom men pray, sing, build cathedrals and temples, and perform pompous and costly rites and ceremonies, incites his worshippers to perpetrate all the robberies, murders and crimes essential to the existence of war and slavery. There is no difference in the spirit of what is called God by misnamed Christians and heathens. Neither has any analogy, in spirit, to Him whose nature is love and justice.

"The spirit that hovers over this scene is the spirit of heaven; my heart is a mirror, in which these lochs, glens and mountains are reflected. How true, that the appearance of this world is as the mirror in which it is seen. Seen through the medium of a dark, discontented, unreconciled spirit, how dark and horrible is the image! But when reflected from the beautiful mirror of a bright, loving, forgiving, joyous spirit, how divine it is! How like para-

dise ! It is heaven to me to see this world through the medium of the affection I feel towards the child whose head reposes on my bosom, and whose merry laugh is this moment delighting us all. But we must go down, and I leave this dear familiar spot for ever."

Monday, 5 o'clock, P. M., Aug. 16, 1847.

"I am on the quay, or wharf, at Greenock, sitting on a bench under a shed, near the Custom House. A vast multitude is around me. It is estimated that 50,000 men, women and children, came down from Glasgow to-day, and are scattered about on the banks of Clyde, to see and welcome the Queen, who was to have been here early in the forenoon from London, on a tour through Scotland. It is now 5, P. M., and no Queen has yet appeared. The sun is intensely hot, and the air full of dust and soot. What has the Queen done for these people to feed, clothe, educate and improve their condition, physically, intellectually or morally? Nothing — absolutely nothing; but, on the contrary, she takes from their earnings millions of money annually to supply her own wants, and those of her husband and children. Now, these people have left their labor, put themselves to great expense and trouble, to come down here to do homage to her for despoiling them. What spirit can keep these people here, under this broiling sun, in hunger, thirst, dust and weariness, for such an object?

"But kings and queens can outrage and disappoint the people with impunity. It is the people who are to wait on majesty; not majesty on the people. Human beings are for sceptres and crowns, not crowns, sceptres and thrones for human beings. Man is supposed to be for government, not government for man. No matter what becomes of men, women and children; royalty must be stalled and fattened, though the people starve. God, they say, makes governments, and makes them his special care, and authorises kings and queens, government-makers and managers, to immolate any number of human victims on the altar of government. It is instructive to sit here, and look upon the countenances of those who surround me. They look and act as if they were sent into the world to be appendages to jewels and crowns. They look eager, jaded, sharp, vexed, disappointed; as if it was a sorry business to wait on majesty. They are not here to do homage to the human being, the

concern for the practical affairs of human life. Here are slaveholders, war-makers and tipplers, who are gathered together on deck, and are now gone off into unknown regions to find something to love and worship as God; and they think me an impious man because I scorn their praying and singing. In imagination, they take a flight away from this world to find their God, and having found what they are ready to worship as such, they appear before him and sing his praises; make speeches to him, telling him how good, wise and great he is, and how they love him and honor him; and ask him to bless them, each one in his calling—the slaveholder to enslave, the warrior to kill, and the spirit dealer to make men drunken; and after they have gone through with these forms, they come back to the earth, and, with renewed zeal, go to the work of stealing, selling, enslaving, hanging, shooting and stabbing men. These men, who seem to live by oppressing, robbing and killing their fellow-beings, are now, in imagination, away on this worshipping expedition. My soul, go not thou with them, nor enter into their spirit nor their counsels. It is enough for me to lie here and listen to their mummery. Doubtless, many are sincere and honest in flying away from all human affairs, to seek a God to love and serve. So are the worshippers of Juggernaut, as they cast themselves beneath the wheels of his car; so are the Hindoo mothers who throw their children into the Ganges, or into the fire, in honor of what they call God.

“ ‘This is the first divine service that has been performed on board since we left Liverpool,’ said one to me. ‘What has all the other work been which has been done on board?’ I ask. ‘You would not call the labor of the captain, the seamen, the cooks and waiters, *divine* service, would you?’ asked he. ‘That is most divine which contributes most to human health, life and happiness. To keep the fires going, to regulate the steam, to spread and furl the sails, to steer, to oversee and regulate the ship, and guard it against dangers; to prepare and administer food; to cleanse the ship and keep it from contagion; to attend to all the matters on which depend the lives, the health and comfort of all on board; are not these more necessary, more ennobling, more Christian, more divine, than singing psalms and reading prayers and sermons to God?’ ‘True,’ said he, ‘our earthly well-being is more dependant on these labors

than are preaching, praying and singing ; but I never heard these called divine worship before.' 'You hear them called so now,' I said ; 'for, in my opinion, the labors, anxieties, watchings and responsibilities of these officers, seamen and waiters, are just as much more worthy to be called divine worship than the singing and praying, as they are more necessary to the existence and welfare of all on board.' 'But these,' said he, 'are not services rendered to God.' 'Indeed,' I said, 'I think they are. The captain and mariners, cooks and waiters, in laboring for our comfort, health and lives, to preserve us from want, suffering and death, are laboring for the true and living God more acceptably, because more beneficially, than you are in singing, and reading prayers. Those who labor most diligently to promote the health, purity, happiness and life of man, are laboring most devoutly and successfully for God. I know the common notion is, that steering a ship, engendering and regulating the steam, spreading and reefing sails, producing, cooking and administering food, and supplying the means of health, happiness and life, are supposed to have no connection with God ; or, rather, that God cares nothing for services on which human life, health and comfort depend, and is pleased only with singing, praying, going to meeting, keeping Sabbaths, and such like observances. These are thought, by the church and clergy, and by what is called Christendom, to be God's special concern ; the others are only secular affairs, and unworthy divine notice. In their view, human service and divine service have no necessary affinity one with the other. My answer to all who ask my attention to such a religion is, the Being that men call God, and worship as such, who yet deems those things of little importance on which the health, vigor and life of my body depend, I deem unworthy my homage ; he has nothing to do with my welfare on earth, but lets loose upon me and my fellow-beings, governments and churches, priests and politicians, hangmen and warriors, all armed with gallows, swords, handcuffs, fetters, and instruments of oppression, torture and death ; and I will have nothing to do with him, except to say to him, 'Get behind me, Satan, thou art an offence unto me ;' thine altar and thy throne stand in a sea of human blood and tears ; I will not worship at thy shrine, nor acknowledge thy dominion over me. The Being who made me, and put me under these physical and

social laws, and who 'sees the sparrow that falls,' has more delight in seeing me anxious to provide myself and my fellow-beings with the means of health and life to the body, and thus obeying the laws of my being, than in seeing me performing observances that benefit no one; or in hearing me sing, make speeches to him, tell him how great, wise, and good he is, and how I love him and long to live near him, and then sees me turn away from my prayers and observances, and perpetrate slavery, war, and every outrage upon my fellow-beings. It is an insult to his goodness and wisdom to suppose that God would be pleased with such services, while he contemplates, with indifference, from his secret hiding-place, those operations that are essential to the physical and social purification and redemption of mankind. I reject, as a demon, the Being, by whatever name called, who can feel pleased and honored with a psalm, a prayer, a sermon, a baptism, a Sabbath, a temple, an organ, or a bell; but looks with a dignified and holy indifference upon the labors of those who plough, sow and reap; who spin, weave and sew; who mount the mast, reef the sails, keep up the steam, stand firm and watchful at the helm, and supply the necessaries and comforts of human existence. The God of Christianity, who also made my body and soul, never perpetrated such folly.

"This is my fiftieth birth-day. The above have been my reflections on what I have, this day, seen and heard of what men call 'religious exercises.' That kind of inhuman, ghostly religion, I helped to carry on, from 1817 up to 1835, more or less earnestly, according to the strength of my convictions of duty at that time. That religion of observances is now my abhorrence. In proportion as any man imbibes the spirit and follows the example of Jesus, he must be an enemy to that religion, that stands aloof from those things that are essential to the bodies of men, under pretence of caring for their souls; which passes by man, crushed and wounded under slavery and war, under pretence of attending to the service of God. He that feels the most affection, sympathy and care for men, most truly and acceptably loves and worships God. Such are my reflections on the day that closes half a century's experience in human life.

"We now are steering for Halifax, and in a few hours shall enter that beautiful bay. Glad shall I be to get upon dry land once more.

The day is now drawing to a close; darkness is settling over the dreary waste. The sun has gone down in great glory. The very persons, who have been performing divine service on deck, are now performing their wine-drinking, story-telling, song-singing, in their little dining-room. One told me they prayed, that the Lord would give the winds and waves charge concerning us. I do not believe that God ever abolishes, alters, or suspends the laws of nature to secure safety to any of his creatures. God accomplishes his purposes, with regard to men, by the operation of fixed laws. He rules by law, and not by caprice; by unchanging statutes engraven upon matter and mind, that are never reversed nor repealed; and not by arbitrary commands, made known by fits and starts, to particular individuals in particular ages and nations. The good that has been, or is to be wrought out for man in this state, or in any other, has been and will be the result of those laws which God has written on the physical, intellectual, social and moral nature of man, and on the material universe; and which are, like the Author, 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' "

H. C. W.

Boston, November 20, 1835.

" The convention that formed the United States Constitution, met in Philadelphia, May, 1787, and were in session till Sept. 17 of the same year, when they issued to the world a basis of government. George Washington, who lived and died a slave-holder, was president, and more than one-half of the members were of the same character.

" The question came up in that body—Shall man or property be represented in the government? It was decided that man, only, should be represented. On looking over the nation, it was found that half the population of the slave States were property. But about one-third as many free persons existed in the South as in the North; and unless their slaves were counted in the basis of representation, those States would be mere cyphers in the government; and the political power would fall entirely into the hands of the North. The South would have been at the mercy of the North on all questions affecting slavery. So, in forming the basis of representation, Art. I, Sec. 2, they say:—

" 'Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States, which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers; which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons.'

" Who are these 'three-fifths'? Free persons, apprentices and Indians, should include the entire population; but a class is excepted, three-fifths of whom are to be counted, and two-fifths are to be left out, as having no existence. This clause was penned by James Madison, and introduced and understood as referring to the slaves that were held as property. The convention thought it would not do to admit the word slave, so they avoided the difficulty by the above obscure and clumsy circumlocution: 'three-fifths of all other persons;' i. e., three-fifths of the slaves.

" Here, in the foundation element of the government, there is a fraud. They tried to keep the odious word out

of view, while they admitted the reality. Had any one asked that convention — ‘What other persons have you in the country?’ the answer would have been, 697,696 men, women and children, held and used as chattels.

“Are these three-fifths allowed to have any voice in the government? No more than if they were stones. In 1790, Virginia had a population of 747,600, more than one-third of whom were slaves, about 300,000, leaving 447,600 others. One representative was allowed to every 30,000. By this rule, the free people would send fourteen representatives. Add to this, three-fifths of the slaves, as the Constitution directs, and it makes the population included in the basis, 627,600, which, divided by 30,000, gives twenty representatives. So that six representatives were sent from Virginia to represent human beings as ‘chattels personal.’ No other property can be represented in the Federal Government, except property in the bodies and souls of men. A man in Boston, though he be the owner of billions of dollars, in houses and lands, counts but one; but a man in Virginia, that can chattelize 1000 men, counts, in effect, 601 free persons in the North. No wonder the South has triumphed over the North, and had the control of the government. No wonder southern slave-holders look with contempt on the people of the North. They deserve the scorn and contempt of the world, for entering into such a piratical alliance with man-stealers, and giving them every earthly motive to be active and persevering in turning immortal men into brute beasts and things. That was a dark day for human liberty, on which that article was incorporated into the organic laws of this Republic. The act was high treason against God and man.

“This article recognizes the existence of slavery; makes slavery the basis of the government; recognises the slave-holders right to act for the slave, thus striking down the natural and civil rights of the slaves; and makes them appendages to their owners, as dogs, horses and cattle. Slaves are nothing in themselves; they exist only as appendages to their masters, according to this article; and two-fifths of the slaves are not recognised as having any existence.

"Does not this encourage slavery? The more slaves a State has, the more power it has in the government. Had the Constitution said, 'three-fifths of the dogs,' would not the States, to whom it referred, have encouraged breeding and raising dogs? So the Constitution offers the greatest inducement to increase and perpetuate slavery. What must slaves think of this Constitution? It is a hypocritical, tyrannical and piratical compact. So I regard it. I would as soon join a band of robbers, as this man-stealing confederacy. The Constitution, Art. I, Sec. 9, sanctions piracy, by giving protection to its citizens in prosecuting the slave-trade, declared to be piracy by the following Act of Congress, May 15, 1820:

CHAP. 113. An Act to continue in force an Act to protect the commerce of the United States, and punish the crime of Piracy, and also to make further provisions for punishing the crime of Piracy.

SEC. 4. *Be it enacted*, That if any citizen of the United States, being of the crew or ship's company of any foreign ship or vessel in the slave-trade; or any foreign person whatever being of the crew or ship's company of any ship or vessel owned, in whole or in part, or navigated for, or in behalf of, any citizen or citizens of the United States, shall land, from any ship or vessel, and on any foreign shore, seize any negro or mulatto, not held to service or labor by the laws of either of the States or territories of the United States, with intent to make such negro or mulatto a slave; or shall decoy, or forcibly bring or carry, or shall receive, such negro or mulatto on board any such ship or vessel, with intent as aforesaid, such citizen or person shall be adjudged a Pirate; and on conviction thereof before the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District wherein he may be brought or found, shall suffer Death.

SEC. 5. *Be it further enacted*, That if any citizen of the United States, being of the crew or ship's company of any foreign ship or vessel engaged in the slave trade, or any person whatever, being of the crew or ship's company of any ship or vessel, owned wholly or in part, or navigated for or in behalf of, any citizen or citizens of the United States, shall forcibly confine or detain, or aid and abet in forcibly confining or detaining, on board such ship or vessel, any negro or mulatto; not held to service by the laws of either the States or territories of the United States, with intent to make such negro or mulatto a slave; or shall, on board any such ship or vessel, offer or attempt to sell as a slave, any such negro or mulatto, not held to service as aforesaid; or shall, on the High Seas, or any where on tide-water, transfer or deliver over to any other ship or vessel, any negro or mulatto, not held to service as aforesaid, with

intent to make such negro or mulatto a slave ; or shall land or deliver on shore, from on board any such ship or vessel, any such negro or mulatto, with intent to make sale of, or having previously sold such negro or mulatto, as a slave ; such citizen or person shall be adjudged a Pirate ; and on conviction thereof before the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District wherein he shall be brought or found, shall suffer Death. Approved, May 15, 1820.

Laws of the United States, Vol. 3d.

“ Having pronounced the slave-trade piracy, punishable with death, on the coast of Africa, and on the high seas, this Republic turns round and licenses the same traffic, in its national capital, for \$400 per year, and the money goes to the literary fund of the Nation.

“ Art. IV. Sec. 2, relates to delivering up fugitive slaves :

ART. IV. Sec. 2. No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.

“ This article prevents the non-slave States from giving refuge to slaves, if they come from Virginia ; and makes the whole national domain a hunting-ground for kidnappers. It converts the nation into a nation of slave-holders. Yet the church and priests call it an asylum for the oppressed. It is a falsehood, and they know it.

“ Art. IV. Sec. 4, relates to the attempts of slaves to get their liberty as Washington obtained his, by force of arms. It is called ‘ Domestic violence.’

ART. IV. Sec. 4. The United States shall guaranty to every State in the Union a republican form of Government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, and on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive, (when the Legislature cannot be convened,) against domestic violence.

“ Thus our Constitution sanctions piracy ; and all who count themselves members of this political confederacy are as truly perpetrating theft, robbery, piracy and murder, as any thief, or robber, or pirate, that roams over the sea. No man who fears God or regards man, who understands the position of a member of this Union with kidnappers, can, without guilt, remain in it.”

APPENDIX.

LETTER TO MY BROTHER, MOSES WRIGHT.

HARTWICK, OTSEGO Co., N. Y.,
December 6, 1848. }

DEAR BROTHER:

I have just come in from a ramble about the farm, where we spent our childhood. I have visited all the old familiar places; the spring, where, as boys, we used to slake our thirst; the brook that passed the door in which we washed our face and hands and feet at night and morn; the upper pasture and lower pasture, the upper meadow and lower meadow, where we used to pick strawberries, raspberries and blackberries; the places where we used to slide down hill, where we gathered wild cherries, both red and black, and where we used to make sugar, and to wander about in dark pine and hemlock woods. I wrote down my feelings on the spot, and my recollections of each familiar scene. The woods, the house, the loved ones that were there, are gone; but the hills, the spring, the brook, the elm, under which we rolled on the green grass and watched the bright brook, as it ran bubbling and laughing by, all these remain as they were. The barn, too, is the same. I will give an extract from my journal, written in that old barn, dated 3, P. M., this day:

"I am sitting on the very beam, on the very spot, from which I used to throw myself, heels over head, and come down upon the hay on my feet. I came here on purpose to get upon this beam and jump off, though not to throw myself over as I used to do. I came in by the same door at which Miles and I entered, when I led him into danger. The beams, rafters, apartments, scaffolds, bay and stables, remain as they were forty-five years ago. The same swallows' nests are here, and in the same places. The barn is full of hay and unthreshed grain. A spell is on me; I must lie down here, and roll about as I did when a child.

"There, I have rolled about on the hay, climbed upon the beams, and jumped off. Now, I lie here on the hay, and look up at the

nests hanging to the rafters and ridge-pole. Many a time have I lain on the fresh hay, here, as a joyous child, and for hours watched the swallows, as they coaxed and urged their young to venture from their nests, out upon the beams, and to trust themselves upon the wing, and fly from one beam to another. Those were sweet days of childhood, when I lay here, and saw those pretty birds parade their little ones in a row, and feed them so tenderly and lovingly, and teach them how to fly, and help themselves. Childhood scenes, in connection with this barn, rush upon me. There I used to pitch and store away hay, wheat and rye; there I used to hide green mandrakes in the hay to ripen; there, on the floor, to play ball on rainy days with my brothers; there to feed the calves; in that stable, to tie up the horses; in that, to feed the chickens; there have I laughed, shouted, wrestled, and been wild with delight. I have been into all these places, and in them all have met and conversed with myself as I was more than forty years ago, a joyous, active, daring boy. What an experience have I not had since! My brothers and sisters I have loved; I know not that an unkind feeling or word has passed between us. I have loved them, and they have loved me, though we have seldom met since 1820. The spirit of my childhood encircles me here. I seem to hear the merry shouts and laughter of kind brothers and sisters, who then shared my joys and sorrows. Dear playmates! we will meet again somewhere in the universe, and again mingle our spirits in love and merriment, as we did in the bright and happy days of our childhood."

The following letter is from a brother of our mother, after whom you were named. The "little boy" whom he wishes to be a "good boy," is yourself. It will be pleasant and profitable to you to read it:

NORTHAMPTON, Sept. 20th, 1802.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:

I sit down a few minutes to inform you of the state of my family, and that of our friends in this part of the country. With regard to my family, we enjoy at present a comfortable state of health. The fore part of this summer, I was very unwell, not being able to do any business for near two months, having the bilious disease; but through the goodness of God, I have my health at present, although it is a very sickly and dying time in this town. The dysentery, with a putrid fever, sweeps off many of our inhabitants. About thirty have died here within a month. The disorder lies chiefly among the children, although some in middle age have been called away; among which number is our old neighbor and friend, Mrs. Hinckley. A solemn warning this to those of us who are left behind. When God's judgments are abroad among us, may we, the inhabitants, learn righteousness.

Brother Ephraim's family are all well, as far as I know. Three of his

children live in the State of Vermont. One of them is married there, and has had two children, and has lost them both. Brother Knight's family, also, were well as common the last time I heard from them. They have married their eldest daughter to a young man in their neighborhood, and have by her a grandchild. Erastus is also married in this town. Brother Seth's family are much as they were when sister was down here. His wife remains in the same deranged state of mind. She now lives in this town, and has been here for some years. The rest of his family are in a flourishing state; at least, they were so last May, at which time I was in Boston. We have accounts of its being a sickly time in Boston, but I do not hear but that our friends there are all well.

With regard to Brother Purkitt's family, our sister Eunice is no more. She departed this life last December. She was sick the winter and spring before with the dropsy. She labored under this disorder until the latter part of the summer, when they called her better. In the fall of the year, other disorders increased upon her, which terminated in a consumption. Thus one of our number is called away into eternity. A solemn warning this to the rest of us, to be ready for our own great change, which is hastening upon each of us. Brother Purkitt has since found another woman, a widow, with two children, with whom he married last May. Thus he has found a companion for himself, and I hope a good mother for his children.

Having now gone through with a detail of our family affairs, by this time, I believe you wish I had done with my letter; but I have not got through yet. I must inquire after my little boy, whether he is a good boy, whether he minds his book, and loves to go to school to learn to write and read. I must inquire, further, what is become of his sheep. I doubt your moving into the State of New York will move his sheep out of your remembrance; but I must call you to an account.

I felt sorry, when you got into a moving frame, that you did not turn your face this way. I think you might have accommodated yourself at West Hampton, as well as up among those Indians. If that had been the case, it would have been very agreeable to me, and to the rest of your friends down here. But I suppose, if we can believe all reports, you have got into the garden of the world, where I must leave you, wishing you prosperity and happiness both in this world and that which is to come.

MOSES WRIGHT.

TO SETH AND MIRIAM WRIGHT.

N. B. I send my little boy a little book, hoping he will make good use of it, as well as all other good books that fall in his way. M. W.

The following is from the husband of our mother's sister, Eunice. The past twenty-five years, I have often had a pleasant home in his domestic circle. He was of the Light Horse Guard of Washington, during the seven years of the Revolution. He died some four years since:

BOSTON, August 12th, 1802.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:

On the 22d of last month I was highly gratified by receiving a letter from you, dated May 30th, at Sharon. To hear from a friend and friends from afar, is like cold water to a thirsty soul. For a long time, we here have been longing to hear from you and family. In yours, you say you

have moved to Otsego, New York State; we should be glad to hear how you are settled, what your prospects are in that new country. Brother Seth and family are well, and were glad to hear you were all in the land of the living. His respects, &c.

Dear Sir, great and many are the changes of life, and many the scenes we have to pass through. Your sister left me with a large family; and she, for more than one year, was unwell in the country, or confined at home. (I wish to be still.) I have, I trust, been directed to make choice of one for a mother for my children, one who has two, and knows how to feel and act for children; and one in whom I hope for much comfort and happiness, please God. I was married June 6th. Some of our friends, I understand, think I was in haste; but every heart knows its own bitterness, and feels its own wants. I have acted as I thought best; those whom it pleases have my thanks, and those whom it displeases, I wish may never suffer what I have suffered. Thank God, my family are all in good health, and it is very healthy in town. I should be happy to have a line from you soon, as there are posts to write by. May you never be sorry for moving. May you enjoy all you can wish for.

With sentiments of esteem and respect, I am,

Yours most affectionately,

HENRY PURKITT.

MR. SETH WRIGHT.

Our paternal grand-mother's name was Lydia Clark, before marriage. The following is from her, her brothers and others, to our father. Ephraim Wright was our mother's brother:

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS,

That we, Samuel Clark, Simon Clark, Asahel Clark, and Lydia Wright, William H. Buckingham, Consider Little, and Rebekah Little, his wife, all of Lebanon, in the county of Windham; and William Buckingham, of said Lebanon, who acts in behalf of his two daughters, who are minors, viz., Elizabeth Buckingham and Lydia Buckingham, and Samuel Mosely, and Mary his wife, of Windham, in said County, and all in the State of Connecticut; and Ephraim Wright and Abigail his wife, of Northampton, in the County of Hampshire, in the State of Massachusetts Bay; and Jedediah Buckingham, Reuben Loomis, and Zeruiah his wife, of Goshen, and Robert Day, and Mary his wife, of Worthington, in the said State of Massachusetts Bay, being heirs to the estate of Joseph Clark, Esq., late of Lebanon, deceased, in consideration of one hundred and fifty pounds lawful money, received to our full satisfaction of Seth Wright, of Sharon, in the State of Connecticut, do give, grant, bargain, sell and confirm unto the said Seth Wright, and unto his heirs and assigns for ever, four pieces of land, being and lying in said Sharon, in the southeasterly part of the town, on what is called the mountain; it being the forty acre patch on which the said Seth Wright now dwells, and ten acres adjoining thereto southerly; and another piece a little easterly; and another northerly, adjoining the said forty acres; in all, containing about eighty-five acres, more or less, the boundary whereof may be found in said Sharon Proprietors' or Town Book of Records, reference thereto being had.

To have and to hold the above bargained premises unto him, the said Seth Wright, and unto his heirs and assigns for ever, with all the privileges and appurtenances thereof for ever, without any let or hindrance from us, or any holding under us. And furthermore, we, the said Samuel

Clark, Simeon Clark, Asahel Clark, Lydia Wright, William H. Buckingham, William Buckingham, Consider Little, Rebekah Little, Samuel Mosely, Mary Mosely, Ephraim Wright and Abigail Wright, Jedediah Buckingham, Reuben Loomis and Zeruah Loomis, Robert Day and Mary Day, do hereby bind ourselves and our heirs to warrant and defend the above bargained premises unto the above-named Seth Wright, and to his heirs, against all lawful claims and demands whatsoever. In witness whereof, we have hereunto severally set our hands and seals, this 13th day of February, 1783.

Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of

JAMES PINNEO, JR.

ELIZABETH LITTLE.

CONSIDER LITTLE,
JEDEDIAH BUCKINGHAM,
ELIZABETH LITTLE,
JAMES PINNEO, JR.
JOSIAH FITCH,
JAMES PINNEO, JR.
CHARLES DWIGHT,
EBENEZER MOSELEY,
HANNAH ROBINS,
EVERTON BESWICK,
CALEB STRONG,
EPHRAIM WRIGHT,
ABIGAIL WRIGHT,
MARY MOSELY.

REBEKAH LITTLE,
JAMES PINNEO, JR.
REUBEN LOOMIS,
ZERUIAH LOOMIS,
ROBERT DAY,
MARY DAY,
SAMUEL CLARK,
SIMON CLARK,
ASAHCL CLARK,
WILLIAM H. BUCKINGHAM,
WILLIAM BUCKINGHAM,
LYDIA WRIGHT,
SAMUEL MOSELY,

WINDHAM COURT, ss., Lebanon, 14th February, 1783:

Personally appeared Consider Little, Rebekah Little, Jedediah Buckingham, Reuben Loomis, Zeruah Loomis, Robert Day, Mary Day, Samuel Clark, Simon Clark, Asahel Clark, William H. Buckingham, and William Buckingham, signers and sealers to the within and foregoing instrument, and acknowledged the same to be their free act and deed, before me.

JAMES PINNEO, JR., Justice of the Peace.

WINDHAM, ss., Lebanon, 14th February, 1783:

Personally appeared Lydia Wright, one of the signers and sealers to the aforesaid instrument, and acknowledged the same to be her free act and deed, before me.

JAMES PINNEO, JR., Justice of the Peace.

WINDHAM, ss., May 3d, 1788:

Personally appeared Samuel Mosely and Mary Mosely, two of the signers to the within instrument, and acknowledged the same to be their free act and deed, before me.

EBEN. MOSELY, Justice of the Peace.

HAMPSHIRE, ss., May 3d, 1784:

Then Ephraim Wright, Esq., and Abigail his wife, acknowledged this instrument to be their free act and deed, before me.

CALEB STRONG, Justice of the Peace.

The foregoing will interest you, and all our family relatives. I love to study human nature as it is exhibited in the domestic and social affections, and in the countless precious kindly acts and charities that spring from these affections. May the day speedily

arrive when the intercourse of man with man shall no longer be controlled by soulless, irresponsible governmental church organizations, but left to individual mutual sympathy and interest.

The following record of the births of the children of our parents, and of our paternal grand-parents, will interest you:—

Erastus Wright was born Sunday, Jan. 11, 1778.

Sally Wright was born Saturday, Dec. 4, 1779.

Lusina Wright was born Thursday, June 20, 1782.

Merilla Wright was born Wednesday, Dec. 15, 1784.

(Died March 6, 1785.)

Chester Wright was born Saturday, Feb. 18, 1786.

Merilla Wright was born Thursday, April 17, 1788.

Chauncey Wright was born Tuesday, Feb. 8, 1791.

Moses Wright was born Wednesday, May 1, 1793.

Milton Wright was born Sunday, June 14, 1795.

Henry Clarke Wright was born Tuesday, Aug. 29, 1797.

Miles Wright was born Sunday, June 16, 1800.

By his second wife:

Miriam Wright was born Nov. 28, 1806.

Lydia Wright was born July 30, 1809.

Polly Wright was born Sept. 22, 1811.

Children of Seth and Lydia Wright, our grand-parents:

Joel Wright was born July 15, 1752.

Seth Wright was born Jan. 1, 1755.

Asahel Wright was born Feb. 27, 1757.

Lydia Wright was born Dec. 27, 1758.

Charles Wright was born March 26, 1761.

Uriel Wright was born March 14, 1763.

Lusina Wright was born June 10, 1765.

Molly Wright was born Sept. 3, 1767.

Eliphalet Wright was born Jan. 29, 1771.

Clariassa Wright was born March 18, 1773.

H. C. W.

MOSES WRIGHT, Geneva, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.

